THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Fou lin

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Henry C. Rowland—Ben Ames Williams—Avery Strakosch—Will Payne—Elisabeth Marbury
William Hazlett Upson—Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg—Clarence Budington Kelland

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ONCE there was a quaint little girl who believed that if one only *could* get up early and catch enough dew to wash one's face, loveliness like a May morning would be the gratifying result.

As she grew older she collected several other strange ideas about beauty. To her skin, which was a very nice skin indeed—a little thin and sensitive, perhaps—she gave all sorts of elaborate treatments, instead of cleansing it with simple soap and water. Nothing spectacular happened, but her complexion began to lose its transparent freshness. She consulted her family physician and, at his suggestion, abandoned her involved cleansing methods.

"In fact," said she, telling us the story after she had grown to charming womanhood, "I returned to Ivory Soap and water, with a little cold cream now and then. And I'm sure that's all one needs."

For many years physicians have been urging simple care for the complexion. For a healthy skin, they say, soap-and-water is the *safest way to real cleanliness*, the only basis of skin beauty.

Of course, the soap must be pure. Only the purest soap can cleanse gently and safely enough to guard your delicate skin. Ivory *is* pure—so pure that for nearly fifty years doctors have recommended it for the sensitive skin of tiny babies. Daily thorough cleansing with Ivory, cold rinsings to heighten your skin's resistance, a little pure cold cream if your skin is dry—and you have found the safest way to your complexion's natural loveliness.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

SIR CHARLES FINDS BEAUTY IN ARCADY!

"Oh sir, have you seen a lamb with a pink bow at his left ear?"

"Lynette! You?" gasped Sir Charles. "Wait, don't run away. You must answer one question. Why did you desert me at the very moment of our wedding?"

"I—I just couldn't bear court life any longer. And when your sister, the Duchess, kept telling me and telling me that I really should spend an hour every day with lotions and magic soaps to keep myself beautiful, I—well, I just *had* to run!"

"Poor, misguided child. But you are more beautiful now than six months ago."

"That," smiled the lovely Lady Lynette, "is my secret. I met the nicest shepherd in the Forest of Arcady, and he promised me that I could wear adorable smocks and need never use any soap but Ivory. So, of course, I married him."

"Well, well," said Sir Charles. "Fancy that!"

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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SOME DAY

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"It May be That She Threw Herself Overboard on His Account"

AS HE tied the Wanted tags to his cabin luggage Clive Pierpont was thinking deeply of Aliste O'Day, who, about a year ago, had mysteriously disappeared from aboard the liner on which Clive was to sail the next afternoon. At this moment, Mr. Robert Porthieu, of Washington and Paris, called on the phone to ask if he might have a few moments' interview. "Yes, if you come right away," Clive answered briefly. "I'm sailing for Bordeaux tomorrow afternoon and haven't much leeway."

Mr. Porthieu said that he had just learned of Clive's immediate departure and that he would try to squeeze what he had to say into twenty minutes. As Mr. Porthieu had been Aliste's stepfather for the seven or eight years before the girl's apparent suicide by slipping off the ship at night, Clive guessed that the desire for an interview had to do with this tragedy. No convincing motive for an act of self-destruction had ever been offered, but as a young woman of twenty-seven is not apt to fall or get knocked overboard from a big liner in a calm sea, the tragedy could be accounted for only by suicidal impulse or foul play, and there had seemed to be no evidence at all to support the latter possibility.

Clive had been seventeen and about to enter the Naval Academy, when Aliste and her mother had come from France and spent July and August at his mother's summer home on the shore of the Sound near Greenwich. Mrs. O'Day had been his mother's closest girlhood friend at a convent school in Paris, and Aliste, not quite sixteen, was fresh from that same school. Mother and daughter were in the heavy mourning of the French for the recent loss of the husband and father, the late Major Michael O'Day of His Majesty's Army, retired early in his career for a knee shattered by a Boer bullet. He had taken up painting in oils and become a foreign resident of France. A younger son of an impoverished Irish baronet, he had been, Clive gathered from Aliste's souvenirs of the father she adored and what his mother told him, a loving and indulgent parent, if not at all times a model husband. His widow was still beautiful and possessed a decent little fortune that she had kept intact.

Clive had fallen promptly in love with Aliste, though not so violently as to betray the fact or to interfere with his tremendous capacity for work and high ambitions for a career. He had been fascinated by her subtle contradictory type, at the same time boyish and intensely feminine, and by her piquant combination of French schoolgirl self-effacement with a Continental sophistication, picked up no doubt from the *milieu* of her father's studio friends.

Some boys fall in love with a splash, floundering about all wet and bewildered, like a pup falling into a fountain, but Clive was not that sort. Like Aliste, he was already well developed in mind and body, without the usual gangliness of adolescence, and he rode himself with a taut rein. He had realized that there was a lot of work for him to

do before filing any application on Aliste. Some day, he told himself, he would put in his requisition, duly indorsed, for those properties of which the value was immediately apparent to him. He was astonished that many people seemed oblivious to her beauty, the boyish, softly contoured face, dark indigo eyes that were nearsighted and held a misty peering look, short nose with the least upward curve over a mobile upper lip that had a little twist or quirk when she smiled. Most people mistook her sleepy blinking look and the deliberation of her speech and movements for sloth, but Clive knew that these traits were a guardedness with strangers. He had found her swift enough of thought and action, absolutely fearless, and with a surprising strength in the supple salients of her very feminine limbs and body. Her father had trained her from little girlhood in outdoor sports—tennis and riding and sailing and swimming during vacations on the west coast of Ireland, when visiting at the semiruined ancestral home of the O'Days. The first time Clive took her out on the Sound in his knockabout he was astonished to find that he could teach her nothing about a boat.

Aliste had spoken a softly modulated English in a throaty voice, with a slight accent that was rather Irish than French. She had learned Gaelic by induction, as a child, and told Clive that the Breton tongue was akin to it. On painting trips to Brittany with her father, who had also developed her natural talent for color and design, she found no difficulty in talking with the natives. Altogether Aliste had so completely filled the boy's heart and dreams of the future that only the intensive crowding of his mind and every moment of his time in the years immediately following could have kept him entirely away from her. He was forced to content himself in brief moments of pause during his activities at the academy and subsequently during the war, by assuring himself that some day, when the pressure relaxed a little, he would gather up again and more strongly the ties of sympathy formed that summer at Greenwich.

"From Biarritz to San Sebastian at All Hours of Night to Gamble at the Tables There"

But meanwhile Aliste's life could not have been a very happy one, Clive now reflected while waiting for his caller. She had not seemed to fit into the scheme of her American environment. Mr. Porthieu, a mutual friend of Clive's family and the O'Days, had married Aliste's mother, and they had lived in Washington. She had succumbed in the world-wide epidemic of influenza, and a year later Porthieu remarried. Clive knew very little about this second wife, but learned indirectly that Aliste had continued to make her home with what were now her two step-parents.

By this time the correspondence between Clive and Aliste had faded gradually away to the exchange of rather perfunctory letters, spaced at wide intervals, until the war stopped even these unsatisfying communications. Clive had been forging forward in strong and rapid strides as a naval constructing engineer, his detail during hostilities an important and responsible one at home. He had been permitted no sea service at all, but, like most technical men deeply interested and engrossed in their duties, this had not bothered him. The born craftsman, inventor or technician carries on with the same abstracted concentration the employment of his faculties, whether their results be tested by him in the yard or shop or proving grounds or in the field or marine zone of active hostilities. He is more interested in the operation of his mechanism than in glory and a hurricane of bursting shells. But in the intervals of pressing work Clive's mind would often slip into his someday dreams, though he was never, when all is said and done, a dreamer.

Consequently it was a good deal of a shock when he learned indirectly that Aliste had become engaged to a young American army officer named Johnson. The news struck Clive with that crash that is apt to happen when some day is run down in a rear-end collision by today. What price dreams of the future, Clive had asked himself bitterly, when one has slept on his title to them? But by this time his boyish passion had become more reminiscent than real, and the some day a sort of Andalusian *mañana* hovering remotely over its distant castle in Spain.

The later news that Aliste's fiancé had been killed at Soissons scarcely drew Clive's focus of Aliste much closer. Her presumable love and loss made her, if anything, more remote than before. Clive, still at high pressure after as during the war, made no effort to seek out Aliste again. Mr. Porthieu, whom he met now and then on his infrequent visits to Washington at some club or social or diplomatic function, had informed him that Aliste had, since the death of her fiancé, drawn very much into herself, never going out or seeing anybody, but occupying herself chiefly with her painting. Also that her work, though good, was never exposed. Aliste, Mr. Porthieu had said, intensely disliked publicity. He hinted that she might be drifting toward a decline. Clive had made no attempt to see her. His work continually engrossed him until he had become much akin to his tables and laboratory gear. When, nearly a year ago, the reports of her suicide from the steamship had been published, Clive was astonished and rather disgusted at his lack of emotion. He decided that he must have become a sort of soulless machine of a man, which none of his acquaintances, especially the few feminine ones, would for a moment have denied.

All the above was flitting through his head while waiting for Mr. Porthieu, whom Clive had known from boyhood as a sort of *soi-disant* diplomat and periodical writer on subjects of international diplomacy. Mr. Porthieu had, indeed, occupied, creditably enough, several secretaryships of American legations and embassies, but had never risen to the rank of minister or ambassador. Possibly he was considered too rich in chatter and contributions to periodicals, not rich enough in sound gray matter and money. His acquaintanceship was wide, cosmopolitan and in many quarters very influential. A pleasant, harmless gossip, Clive esteemed him, as did many others, and a little brother not only to the rich but to the politically prominent. He possessed a real talent for getting things done for his friends, if not for himself. As a man of leisure, with a sufficient independent income, Clive wondered a little that Mr. Porthieu should now be in Washington in this hottest month of the year. He wondered even more what Mr. Porthieu could possibly have to say to him, and this query was now answered by the prompt arrival of that gentleman.

Mr. Porthieu looked his part of alumnus in that post-graduate international school which is the upper diplomatic and social set of the great powers and many little ones, even though he had never taken honors therein. He was always perfectly turned out, flawlessly groomed, and there was to his speech, manner and style of dress a subtle blend of the élite of all the Occidental countries.

An accomplished linguist, it would be rather hard to place him as belonging exclusively to any one of them. His diction was precise rather than pedantic, and he was monocled, spatted, decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, freshly tinted and a little fat. His aplomb was habitually perfect; but, as he now entered, it seemed to Clive that he was not entirely at ease.

"Well, Clive," Mr. Porthieu said briskly, "so you're off for rainy France. Americans are finding it a little muddy over there just now, what with our unpopularity about the debt and the lees of the country all stirred up to the top. But you went to school there for several years, I believe, and so may find yourself less a foreigner."

"Sometimes I feel foreign in New York," Clive said. "I was looking for a Greek inventor who has a little shop off Pearl Street the last time I was there, and I saw a sign: English Spoken Here."

Mr. Porthieu smiled. "You still hear it on Fifth Avenue. I suppose your errand has to do with aircraft construction?"

Clive nodded. "Sometimes I wish the darn things had never been able to leave the ground. Tiresome job, trying to pry Uncle Sam into keeping up with all the Joneses overseas."

"It must be. Kipling was right in that story of his: With the Night Mail. Prophetic. Some day there'll be an international board of aerial control. Well, what I came to bother you about is the talk that's going round about the suicide of poor Aliste. It's nearly a year now, and I'm still horribly depressed at times. So dreadful a tragedy. Such an utter waste." He seated himself in the chair Clive offered.

"Waste is right, Mr. Porthieu. I'd have said Aliste was about the last person to do a thing like that."

"She was an uncommon girl, Aliste. Inscrutable even as a child, baffling and subtle. Nobody ever got inside her guard. Even her fiancé told me that he was by no means sure that she really cared for him. I wasn't either, until he was killed at Soissons and Aliste quietly cloistered herself. But if she was heartbroken at the time, then why should she have waited seven years to commit suicide by slipping overboard from a liner? And she had thrown off the veil and stepped out again not long before."

"What do you mean?" Clive asked.

Mr. Porthieu gave him a sharp glance. "You must have heard some of the gossip that's going round."

"Well, I haven't. I don't hear gossip."

"Happy man. You ought to be put in a museum. It's going round that Aliste lost her fortune over the gaming tables at San Sebastian, and was despondent at the idea of being dependent on Mrs. Porthieu and myself. They're hinting that we might have taken better care of her—and worse."

Clive did not answer. So this was the reason for Mr. Porthieu's call—to enlist his support in counteracting any floating gossip, particularly in Paris. Clive also was astonished at the reference to Aliste's having gambled. Such behavior seemed remote to all his early knowledge of her.

Mr. Porthieu continued a little jerkily: "After Johnson's death Aliste became more self-effaced than ever. Seemed to have martyred and enshrined his memory. Never saw anybody, and painted. She had a lot of talent, poor girl. Then last summer while in Biarritz I came on her one day talking to a woman who was singing in a little *opéra comique* that went up and down the coast in a round of the casino theaters. Aliste began to see a good deal of her, and from that day her whole behavior underwent a change. I believe that something this woman told her must have brought about a sudden revulsion of feeling."

"What do you know about this woman, besides her being a casino singer?" Clive asked.

"I learned later that she had been under suspicion as a wartime spy in the pay of the enemy. Her beat was said to have been the ports of debarkation of American troops from Brest to Bordeaux. Her stage name was Bella Marina, and her game to doll herself up in Allied flags and sing fervently patriotic songs. After the show the young American officers would take Marina to supper, and when she judged the party wet enough her efforts were directed to pumping them dry in regard to convoy movements and troop embarkations, and the like. An American navy intelligence agent discovered what was going on, and Marina was urgently advised to shift her talents to Buenos Aires, which she did, returning after the Armistice."

"What do you think she could have told Aliste?" Clive asked.

"I can't imagine. For all I know, it may have been merely some philosophy of life. This singer did not impress me as the ordinary type of provincial artist. She had something else—magnetism—a charm. Her beauty had suffered some wear and tear, but she held her audience. She had a force to her, and a cultured way of speaking. It is possible also that Aliste was growing weary of her detachment from the world."

Clive asked curtly, "How did Aliste react?"

"With a sudden violent change in her whole previous behavior," Mr. Porthieu answered. "She seemed to burst out of her cocoon. The first thing she did was to buy some costly gowns and a string of pearls. You know, she had quite a good bit of money of her own—more than a quarter of a million. She had a big credit placed for herself at her bank and started in on an orgy of spending. Where previously she had avoided men, she now had a swarm around her all the time. Seemed to go pleasure crazy, as if she felt she'd been cloistered too long and wanted to catch up. She renewed her painting. But where before she'd painted marines mostly, she began to do figures and to do them mighty well."

"What sort?" Clive asked.

Mr. Porthieu hesitated. "Well, rather *outré* subjects, some of them bordering on the morbid. One of them was a young Breton fisherman—*sardinier* or *thonnier*—hauling the body of a beautiful drowned girl in his net—a nude. My wife and I got worried. The more so, as she got a model—a young fisherman nobody seemed to know much about. That is to say, he dressed like a fisherman and owned one of those big tuna boats—a twenty-ton yawl—you know the sort."

Clive nodded. "What was the matter with him?"

"His looks and speech. Dress him in smart flannels and you'd have said he was a man of birth. You never can tell nowadays with so many bankrupt European nobility—and royalty, for that matter—trying to earn their livings as chauffeurs and waiters and guides and working at anything their abilities fit them for.

"Then the first I knew I got a letter from our bankers to say they'd received instructions from Aliste to place the whole of her fortune to her credit at the bank. This worried me more than ever, as I had always exercised a sort of *loco parentis* in her business affairs. We had quite a row, but there was nothing I could do about it. She had a will of her own under that soft smooth shell of hers—better call it downy coat of fur."

The simile struck Clive as apt. Aliste had reminded him at times of some soft furry animal, not precisely feline or furtive, but with the aloofness of a domesticated wild creature.

"What did you do about it?" he asked.

Mr. Porthieu moved uneasily in his chair. "Now we're coming to what we've never seen fit to mention to anybody."

"Then why to me?" Clive asked.

"Because your mother and Aliste's were schoolmates and dear friends, and you seemed to think a lot of Aliste that summer in Greenwich, and you're known to be close-mouthed and discreet or you wouldn't be going over on this mission. I want you to know the truth about all there

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"She Got a Model—a Young Fisherman Nobody Seemed to Know Much About"

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

By Will Payne

THE business forecast that you read at the turn of the year ran something like this:

In leading lines of manufacture the output of goods in 1926 was greater than ever before, and on the whole, the goods moved promptly into consumption, with no accumulation of stocks. Labor was fully employed at the highest wages ever known in this or any other country. Building operations equaled the tremendous record of 1925. As many automobiles were made and sold. There was no strain on credit, no rise in prices, no sign of inflation. Business failures were fewer than in 1925. But in many cities there were signs of overbuilding; more vacant office and residence space. In the latter part of the year the automobile pace slackened. There was some slackening of pace in other directions. In four prosperous years bank loans expanded nearly $10,000,000,000, a greater expansion than we required to finance the war. Bankers, declaring the general situation eminently healthy and hopeful, advised caution.

The forecast, or forecasts, that you read probably played many variations on that theme, and brought out other points, such as foreign trade, foreign loans, the agricultural situation West and South, and so on. But the foregoing paragraph gives a fair, shorthand consensus of the business forecasts that I have read. What does it mean to you?

Making a General Summary Personal

YOU, let us suppose, are a manufacturer, a merchant, a country banker, a salesman, a carpenter, a schoolteacher. The United States Government takes a great deal of pains and spends a lot of money collecting the information on which business forecasts are based. The Federal Reserve Board, a public agency, spends much pains and money to that end. So do a good many bureaus in state governments and public chambers of commerce. The daily newspapers, that depend upon everybody for support, give space and pay telegraph tolls to publish summarizations of the business situation and the outlook. All this activity and expenditure would hardly be warranted unless the result had some significance for nearly everybody engaged in earning a livelihood.

But what does it all come to for any given individual? I tried that out on a given, plump manufacturer who is by no means among the giants. Nooneever dreamed of investigating him as a trust, but he has grown from nearly nothing to a quite sizable girth. He looked over the column of type to which I invited his attention, and commented as follows:

"That's first-rate; good piece of analysis, I should say. It's remarkable how well we do that sort of thing now—more light on business conditions, I believe, than in any other country in the world. It's especially remarkable to anybody who can look back a generation. But, after all, the business outlook that interests me is that I'm going to sell 10 per cent more lead pencils in Omaha, Nebraska, and in Birmingham, Alabama, during 1927 than I sold in 1926. If the tide's with me, fine; if it's against me, I'll have to row harder. But I know I'm going to do it. That's my real business outlook. All the rest is just scenery."

Taking up the first portion of his comment and turning back a generation brings me to a dingy office on North Clark Street, Chicago, at the corner of Division Street. There had been a civic celebration the day before to which everybody in town turned out. The morning newspapers mentioned unprecedented swarms of passengers on the street cars. It occurred to me that readers of my column in an evening newspaper might like to know just how many passengers those swarms contained. In that dingy office I stated the case hopefully to the treasurer of the North and West Side traction lines. He listened with a frown, and replied testily, "You know very well we never give out information of that kind."

Well, I did know very well—having tried and failed often enough. But if hope did not spring eternal in the young reporter's breast he would better try another job. An extremely meager annual report was all the information that stockholders and bondholders—to say nothing of the mere public—were supposed to be entitled to.

There were plenty of big corporations in those days—Standard Oil, Carnegie Steel, American Sugar Refining, and so on. For some years Congress and the newspapers, and perhaps the public, too, had been deeply exercised about them. There was a far greater stir about big corporations then than there is now. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law, enacted a few years before, was the most conspicuous piece of legislation in that period. But the biggest of these big businesses never published even a meager annual report. Only a few insiders knew whether their trade was going up or down.

A standard financial history of the United States by A. D. Noyes dates the panic of 1893—which was followed by three years of severe industrial depression—from May fifth, for on that date the National Cordage Company confessed bankruptcy. Within a month the directors had declared a large cash dividend to create an impression that the company was in a flourishing state. The stock had sold that winter at 147. On May fifth it fell to 10 and Wall Street went into convulsions. Regarding a number of such concerns, a brilliant lawyer remarked, "They led them in a fog to the brink of insolvency and pushed them over in a condition so rotten that their fall was noiseless."

Broadly speaking, only a few insiders knew. It was considerably later that some venturesome steam railroads began publishing monthly statements of receipts. The clearing-house banks of New York City published a combined weekly statement of loans, deposits and reserve. That was the bank statement eagerly awaited wherever in the United States a ticker ticked. A really comprehensive bank statement was published only once a year, in the annual report of the Comptroller of the Currency, which appeared several months after the date when the figures were collected. As late as October, 1907, city banks generally suspended payments in real money and resorted to a currency of their own called clearing-house certificates. They had as little confidence in their depositors as they feared their depositors had in them.

More Light on Business Conditions

THE bank statement nowadays means a weekly summary of the condition of about 700 banks throughout the nation, what the Federal Reserve System calls the "reporting member banks." Those banks represent all the important trade centers and hold 47 per cent of the total bank deposits of the country. The figures covering their time deposits, demand deposits, commercial loans, loans on collateral, and so forth, are collected by the Federal Reserve Banks and published every week in a consolidated table that anyone can understand, comparable week by week, month by month, year by year. From time to time during the year, reports embracing all member banks in the Federal Reserve System are published. Experience has shown that the weekly statements of the reporting member banks very accurately reflect the whole banking situation.

Railroads report weekly the number of cars of freight handled. We have weekly or monthly reports of the output of nearly all the most important manufactures, of the output of mineral products, of forestry products, of agricultural products, of stocks of goods on hand. Wholesale houses, departmentstores, mail-order concerns, chain stores and five-and-ten-cent stores coöperate in reporting the movement of goods into consumers' hands. Nobody has done more to further this business reporting than Secretary Hoover. Probably nobody else has done as much. He says in his annual report for 1926:

> In five years the Department of Commerce has expanded the number of items of current business statistics in important lines of industrial and commercial activity

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PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY AERO SERVICE CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA

The Bethlehem Steel Plant, South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and the Lehigh River, as Seen From the Air

The Unsolvable Farm Problem

By ELMER T. PETERSON

WHEN I think of Dempsey getting $800,000 for a few minutes' work in the ring at Philadelphia, I feel like going Bolshevik."

This statement by an indignant subscriber to his newspaper is typical of a reaction among those who rail against conditions.

Much of the indignation now being expressed by the political and professional friends of the farmer is of the same kind, and that abstract and intangible factor known as "conditions" is being abused roundly and without effect. Timid politicians are being induced to vote for boot-strap legislation in a blind effort to do something for the farmer, without analyzing what they are voting for. Surely this basic and highly important industry is deserving of more study than it is apparently receiving.

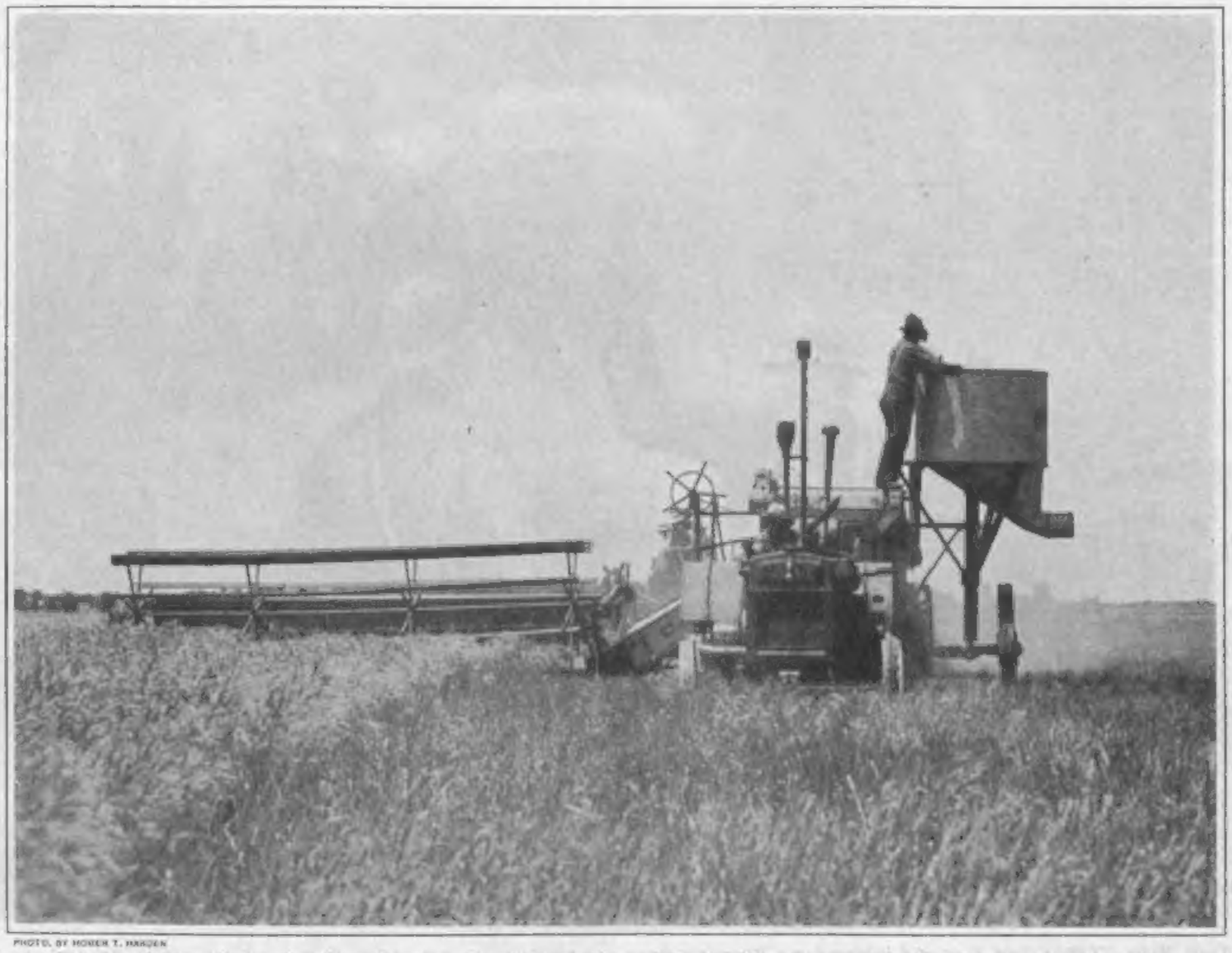

PHOTO BY HOMER T. HARDEN

Improved Machinery Has Brought Crop-Surplus Troubles. The Combine Reaps and Threshes in One Operation

By boot-strap legislation I mean the kind that ostensibly would enable the farmer to raise himself by his own boot straps—for instance, the numerous bills that seek to manipulate the surplus in such a way as to keep prices up regardless of overproduction.

Philosophically, there is a vast injustice in Dempsey receiving $800,000 for a few minutes' work and a farmer receiving only fifty cents for a bushel of corn, but in either case the price is based upon the law of supply and demand. Going Bolshevik, striking vaguely against conditions, voting blindly for some sort of farm-relief bill, won't help things a particle. It is necessary to analyze the beginnings and foundations of agriculture before attempting to prescribe relief. One fault of the boot-strap lawmakers is that they assume that a mass program will cure a difficulty which is highly individual.

3000-Year-Old Farm Machinery

AN INDIVIDUAL raises alfalfa, oats, kafir corn, potatoes, barley, cane, poultry, dairy cows, fruit, garden vegetables. Such an individual is instantly recognized by successful farmers as a most valuable member of the agricultural community. But the boot-strappers would only penalize him. They would not consider him a farmer at all, legislatively speaking. By the surplus-juggling scheme he would have to pay more than ever for his bread, meat and clothing, and for the corn he feeds his cows and poultry. In other words, the diversifying farmer, who is the mainstay of agricultural prosperity, would suffer from most of the so-called farm-relief measures, because these measures seek to increase the price of three or four specialty crops, like corn, wheat and cotton, which he does not raise but has to buy.

Under the boot-strap scheme a premium would be placed upon the most hazardous kind of farming, which is specialty and cash-crop farming. That is what comes from the dangerous habit of generalizing and assuming that the problems of an essentially individualistic industry can be solved by a mass program.

It is no use to blame conditions for agricultural distress. There are certain basic and important reasons for the present dislocation of farm economics.

In the decade before the Civil War, Sam Carrico, a boy in his early teens, bound wheat, following a cradler, in the wilds of Illinois, making a full hand. Previous to the war, he had heard of a machine called a reaper, invented by Cyrus McCormick in 1831, but it was not in general use in his neighborhood until long afterward. Money was too scarce. McCormick came to Illinois in 1847 and started a factory in Chicago. Two other Illinois men, Charles A. and Wallace A. March, invented a reaper in 1858. Obed Hussey, of Ohio, designed a reaper in 1831, the same year as the McCormick invention.

Although the various machines did good work and released a lot of farm hands to other industries, they were crude, and the work of harvesting was not speeded up dizzily until the self-binder came some time after the Civil War.

Sam Carrico, who still lives, at Alva, Oklahoma, remembers the sickle, which came even before the cradle. With a sickle a man could cut about an acre a day, which would make perhaps twenty or twenty-five bushels of wheat.

When Sam was big enough to work in the fields he went out with four other binders. Ahead of the five binders were five cradlers. The cradlers would swing their scythes rhythmically and the grain would fall and be held against the wooden rods of the cradle until released at the end of the swing. So there would be windrows of wheat. The binders would come along, divide the windrow grain into portions for sheaves, make a band out of a handful of stalks, give a few skillful twists, and the sheaves would be made.

Then a single worker would come along and set the sheaves up in shocks, which would stand and cure until stacking time. Men with wagon racks would come along, gather up the shocks, haul them to a convenient central location and stack them in large sugar-loaf cones or long ricks. After more curing, the grain would be ready for threshing.

The five cradlers, five binders and one shocker could take care of about ten acres a day, and each man was paid $1.25 a day.

The sickle was still in use during the Mexican War, a little more than 75 years ago. William Johnson, who is still living, in Wichita, Kansas, remembers when both sickles and flails were used. The sickle was the familiar curved blade with a small handle. The flail consisted of a stick four or five feet long to which another stick 30 inches long was attached by a rawhide thong. The flailers pounded the grain until the heads were beaten out. They would shovel the chaffy mixture in the wind until the grain was winnowed free of the chaff. One man with a flail could thresh and sack ten bushels of wheat a day.

The sickle and flail, memories of the boyhood of thousands of men now living, were in use 3000 years ago, when Boaz raised barley in the fields of Bethlehem and Ruth came to glean the grain the reapers had left.

For thirty centuries the method of harvesting had remained the same, and then, in the incredibly short space of 75 years, there came a Gargantuan machine called the harvester-thresher combine which, under the guidance of two men, reaps and threshes fifty acres a day.

Grain While You Wait

THIS machine does the same amount of work as 55 cradlers, binders and shockers, 100 flailers and sackers and at least 20 handlers and stackers—a total of about 175 men. And if the reaping were in terms of sickle wielders, the total number of men required to do the work of the modern combine would be about 200.

It is perhaps unnecessary to tell in detail the gradations through reapers, self-binders, headers, threshing machines and power generators. Now, on the great wheat ranches of Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas and other states where the climatic conditions are suitable, the whole operation of harvesting and threshing is lumped off into one. A huge tractor-drawn machine slashes into the standing grain and belches out, every half or three-quarters of an hour, a wagonload of cleaned wheat ready for the motortruck that is waiting to rush it to the elevator at some convenient railroad station.

The foregoing transformation, lengthening the agricultural arm of man about 100 times in 75 years, is at the bottom of the agricultural problem. The ability to take care of crops with varying degrees of efficiency in the case of different crops was bound to cause dislocation, and it is the onward march of the machine process that has produced the much-discussed surplus. Not even the steady decrease of farm population as compared with urban population can take up the slack. There is still an overproduction of the specialty crops—the crops whose production and harvesting are the most speeded up by machinery.

The combine, the improved gang plows, two-row riding cultivators, corn planters and other machinery have furnished a temptation to large-scale operations in wheat, corn and cotton. Wheat and corn have been looked upon as cash crops—that is, crops which can be sold directly, without transforming them into livestock. The demand for boot-strap legislation has come chiefly from politicians in

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HARD LUCK IN THE ARMY

"Well," Said Mike, "I Was Just Sort of Looking for a Place to Sleep, and I Thought I Could Do it Here Better Than Around the Battery"

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

ON THE drizzly dawn of the second day
Of the famous Argonne show,
The sleepiest man in Battery B
Was Michigan Mike McGrow.

That poor cannoneer had sweated and heaved
All night on the wheels of the guns
As the battery crossed the old Forges Swamp,
A-following up the Huns.

At dawn they had halted at Malancourt,
For beyond the hill ahead
A hidden German machine-gun nest
Was salting the road with lead.

The guns had been parked in a field by the road,
And Mike had sat down on the ground,
When right away there come to his ears
A most disagreeable sound.

"Unhitch! Unharness! And all you cannoneers this way to stretch the picket line!" It was First Sergeant Douglas Dann. "Cannoneers, this way! And make it snappy!"

"Always that damn top sergeant," muttered Mike. "He has spoilt my rest every morning for the past month. But this time I ain't going to stand for it. This is going to be one morning when I get a little sleep."

So while the rest obeyed the call,
As every soldier should,
Old Mike took his pack and sneaked away,
As quiet as he could.

He crept along the ditch by the road,
For a hundred yards or more,
Till he come to a trench the Germans had left
Sometime the day before.

He dropped in the trench and walked along,
In mud that was soft and deep,
A-looking around for a place to lay down
And catch a little sleep.

But the trench was soaked from the drizzling rain;
It was damp and cold as hell;
And all the dugouts along the side
Had been smashed by American shell.

So he wandered on, a-hoping to find
A place that would be some good,
And he followed the trench right over the hill,
And into the Cuisy Wood,

Till he found, in the side of that German ditch,
A pretty little door,
And he walked right in and down some steps,
And onto a fine wood floor.

"Holy Moses!" he said. "I should hope to turn into one of them Marines if I ain't found myself a swell home!"

He lit a candle that stood on a shelf,
And looked around the place,
While a smile of contentment slowly begun
To come over his ugly face.

The dugout was small, but down at one end
Was a bunk that was clean and dry,
And some crackers and cheese and German beer
Was set on a table near by.

Mike started in on the food and drink,
And soon had finished it all,
Admiring meanwhile a handsome print
Of Hindenburg on the wall.

Then he took his pack across to the bunk—
It was full of nice, soft hay—
And he reached for his blankets to roll himself up
And sleep the rest of the day.

"Come out of that dugout!" yelled a loud voice outside. "Come out of that dugout and come with your hands up! And make it snappy, or I'll send down a hand grenade."

"Keep your pants on, up there!" Mike shouted back. "I ain't no Fritz; I'm an American!"

"Come out of that dugout, and come with your hands up," repeated the voice, "or I'll send down a hand grenade."

"All right, stupid, I'm coming!" called Mike. "And don't get excited. I tell you I'm an American."

So Michigan Mike went up the stairs,
A-feeling very sore,
And he held his hands up over his head
As he stepped through the little door.

And up on top of the parapet
A dozen men he seen
A-wearing helmets shaped like pots,
And coats of grayish-green.

And one of the men came down in the trench—
A determined-looking guy—
And pointed the nose of a Luger gun
Right into Mike's left eye.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Private Mike McGrow."

"What is your organization?"

"I belong to the battery that is over back of this hill."

"And what are you doing here?"

"I could talk to you better," said Mike, "if you would sort of change the deflection of that howitzer a little."

The determined-looking man lowered the muzzle to Mike's stomach. "What are you doing here?" he repeated.

"Well," said Mike, "I was just sort of looking for a place to sleep, and I thought I could do it here better than around the battery."

"You came here alone?"

Mike

"Yes," said Mike, "and I wish you'd be a bit more careful with that gun. Also, would you mind telling a guy who you are anyway, and what is the idea of parading around in them Fritz uniforms?"

"My name," said the man pleasantly, "is Otto Hess, and I'm wearing this uniform because I'm a lieutenant in the Imperial German Army."

"Holy Moses!" said Mike. "But you talk English just as correct as me."

"I ought to," said Lieutenant Hess. "I ran a restaurant for many years in a place called Hoboken, New Jersey. At present, however, I am in charge of thirty men and three machine guns in this woods"

"So you are the guys," said Mike, "who have been shooting up the road over here?"

"Exactly," said Hess. "And keep those hands up!"

So Michigan Mike, he kept his hands
Away up high in the air,
And the rain come trickling into his sleeves
And soaking his underwear.

For still that same old chilly rain
Kept slowly drizzling down;
And up in the sky big shells went by,
With their mournful, howling sound.

"This is getting tedious," said Mike. "What was you figuring on doing?"

"I may as well be frank with you," said Lieutenant Hess. "Our machine-gun ammunition is all gone; the American infantry has passed beyond us toward Montfaucon; and our retreat is cut off. We want to surrender to your army."

"Well, that's nice," said Mike, with a sort of feeble smile. "I'm just about all in from loss of sleep, and I was afraid you was going to take me prisoner and make me hike all the way up to Germany."

"No chance of that now," said Hess.

"Fine!" said Mike. "If you want to surrender, all you got to do is walk over this hill and ask for Sergeant Douglas Dann of B Battery. Only don't tell him you seen me here, because he might come up and spoil my rest. And now, if you don't mind, I suppose I might as well go down and turn in."

"No, you don't," said Hess. "It wouldn't be safe for us to go out of this woods by ourselves. Your friend Sergeant Dann and his crew would shoot us first and take us prisoners afterwards."

"He's no friend of mine," said Mike. "But I don't think anybody would shoot you if you kept your hands in the air and yelled 'Kamerad' as loud as you could. That would be your best chance."

"No," said Hess. "We're going to have you take us prisoners right here."

"Me?" said Mike. "I couldn't capture so many of you all by myself. And besides, I'm just turning in for some sleep."

"No, you're not. You're going to take us down to your battery. When we leave this woods you're going to walk right beside us so everybody can see we're prisoners and not to be shot at."

"Aw, have a heart, lieutenant. You seem like a reasonable guy. I got to have some rest, or I'm liable to injure my health."

"We need your protection," said the lieutenant, "and you're going to give it to us, or else"—and he gave Mike a little jab with the Luger—"you can wait here till the grave-digging details find you. What do you say?"

"Well," said Mike, "I suppose I'll have to. It seems like there ain't no rest anywheres in this war. Wait till I go down in this dugout and get my pack, and I'll be with you."

"You stay right here till I tell you to move," said Lieutenant Hess. "And keep those hands up."

Then he felt Mike's pockets all around,
In front and in behind,
A-making sure he had no bombs
Or weapons of any kind.

And he called to one of them German guys
That was standing round about,
And had him go down the dugout stairs
And bring Mike's baggage out.

And he took Mike's pistol out of the belt
That was hanging onto the pack,
And after dumping the cartridges out,
Give Mike his pistol back.

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"I'm Afraid, Sir," Said Mike, "That I Really Ain't Much Good as a Guide. I Got a Terrible Memory for Roads. I Get Lost All the Time"

More Precious Than Rubies

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

CAMPART came to the desk and asked for his packet, and he asked for Sully, the house detective. "I expect a visitor," he explained. "I wish Mr. Sully to come with me to my room."

The clerk nodded. It was not the first time Campart had made this request. Campart was a Frenchman. The Paramor knew all about him. He had first registered there four months before, upon his arrival in this country; and half an hour after he registered he came down to the office to deposit in the safe a small packet.

"It is of some value," he explained. "I wish you to keep it for me."

The clerk on duty received it without comment. The packet was about six inches long, perhaps two inches broad, and an inch or so in thickness.

It was wrapped in paper and tied with a cord, but not sealed. The clerk slipped it into a large envelope and asked Campart to sign across the gummed flap.

"I'll put it in the safe," he assured the Frenchman. "Do you want to put a value on it?"

Campart hesitated, then shook his head and smiled politely. "I am quite sure it will be secure with you," he replied. The next morning he asked for the packet and received it and took a taxi at the door of the hotel. Two hours later he returned and committed the parcel to the clerk again. This happened half a dozen times. Once or twice he took the packet out for overnight. Merrill Howes, the manager, who knew everything that went on in the Paramor, began to feel some curiosity about the matter. Eventually he introduced himself to Campart, and, with apologies, asked a question.

"But, yes," said Campart. "It is extremely valuable."

Campart was a polished little man, well dressed and exquisite. His bills were large and he paid them promptly. Howes appraised him. "Extremely valuable" may mean to one man a hundred dollars, to another a million. To Campart, Howes thought, it might mean anything.

"How valuable?" he asked directly.

Campart showed some reluctance, but Howes inspired in him a certain confidence. In the end he told Howes that the little packet in the safe was worth a hundred and forty thousand dollars, and at Howes' astonished incredulity Campart opened it and showed the hotel man what it contained.

There were in it seven rubies; and even Howes—though he knew nothing about jewels—was impressed by their beauty, their deep blood color, and their size. He whistled softly.

Campart kept the rubies in a small stiff-leather case lined with red satin; and the stones were bedded on this satin, in little depressions which seemed to fit them as though they were used to lie there. Campart told Howes they had come out of Russia. He said that he had brought them to this country to sell, that he was the representative of a syndicate. Howes suggested to him that he was in some danger of being robbed, and Campart agreed to this.

"That is why I am so careful to leave them in your custody," he explained. The Frenchman spoke English without grammatical imperfections; there was only an accent to betray his nationality.

"That is why I do not trust them in my own possession," he said. "I know that the Paramor will protect me and them." And he bowed politely.

"We're not responsible unless they're in the safe," Howes pointed out. "We don't take any responsibility when you take them out."

Campart seemed faintly surprised at this. "Are not your guests protected?" he inquired a little stiffly. "If a prospective buyer comes to see me here in my room, must I guard myself against the possibility that he is a brigand?"

Howes shook his head. "No," he replied.

Thus it came about that Sully, the house detective, was occasionally sent to act as guard during one of the Frenchman's interviews with the men whom he was seeking to interest. Sully was a large, solid man, curiously phlegmatic; his heavy stolidity interested Campart; the Frenchman amused himself by seeking to break it down, he displayed a sprightly friendliness, he led Sully into long conversations, he became confidential. But Sully remained imperturbable.

"He is a lump of a man, that one," Campart told Howes. "I do not know that he has ever smiled."

Howes nodded. "Sully isn't what you'd call giddy," he agreed. He was himself inclined to like Campart. The little man was an entertaining talker; he dazzled Howes with tales of wondrous gems, weaving about the stones romances full of a deep glamour. Howes sometimes spent an hour or so in Campart's room. He had, as a matter of precaution, made some investigation of the Frenchman's credentials. He got from Paris confirmation of the other's statements in every particular. Campart was, he found, a free-lance dealer in precious stones of the finer sort; he was, in effect, a commission merchant who had usually an interest in the wares he purveyed. In the present case, Howes understood, his personal interest in the rubies was small; he was an agent and nothing more.

The fact that there was some delay in finding a market for the gems led Howes to ask him one evening if the price was not too high, but Campart laughed at this.

"You Americans must pay for such things," he pointed out. "The price is more than would be paid in European markets, certainly. But here there is the duty; and your wealthy men are very wealthy, and they find gratification in spending money, shall we say, a little foolishly."

Sully Could Not See Them From Where He Sat. But He Had Seen Them Before. So He Watched Thomasow

Yet after some ten weeks the rubies were still unsold. Campart made many little journeys; he was more than once away overnight. On such occasions, with Howes' connivance, he perpetrated a small deception. Howes had suggested that the fact that the rubies were in Campart's possession must by this time have been noised among those circles where such matters are of interest.

"Every first-rate crook in town knows about them," he declared. "If they know you take them away from here—and they can easily find out—you may be robbed."

So when Campart wished to take the gems outside the hotel, he deposited in the safe a dummy packet, and at the same time gave Howes a note confessing the deception. "That's to protect the hotel," Howes explained. "We have to be careful, you see. If they're lost, we don't want the responsibility."

"But if they were taken from me," Campart suggested, "while I was elsewhere?"

"If you were killed your principals might try to hold us," Howes explained. "Even if they failed a thing like that can hurt a hotel. So your memo protects us."

Thus the matter became routine. When Campart took the gems away he left a dummy packet in the safe: when he took them to his room to show to a possible purchaser, Howes sent Sully to act as guardian in case of need.

Ten weeks after his arrival Campart took his rubies and departed; he had, he told Howes, a potential customer in Chicago. He was gone ten days and came back with the gems still unsold; and for a month longer he remained at the Paramor. He betrayed no haste.

"These matters move slowly," he told Howes again and again. "It is a question of waiting till the right man can be found."

About four months after his first coming he introduced Howes one day to a new arrival, another Frenchman, an elderly man with a heavy beard. His name, Campart said, was Furthmann; and he explained to Howes that Furthmann was one of his principals, with a heavy investment in the rubies. He had come to this country on other business, but he would perhaps take steps to hasten the sale.

Furthmann had been at the Paramor for two days when Campart came to the desk on this particular evening and asked for his packet and for Sully. While Sully was being summoned Campart stood talking with the clerk.

"The gentleman who is calling is a stranger to me," he explained. "His name is William Thomasow. You will send him to my room?"

The clerk assented; and then Howes appeared behind the counter, and Campart repeated his statement to the manager.

"A gentleman named Thomasow," he said, having some slight difficulty with the name.

Howes nodded. "Will Mr. Furthmann be with you?" he inquired, but Campart shook his head.

"He dined elsewhere tonight," he replied.

Then Sully appeared. He was chewing gum with a slow, ruminative movement of his jaws. He would have preferred to be chewing tobacco, but during his hours on duty he substituted gum. The habit had always amused Campart; and he said now, smiling a little:

"Have I called you from dinner, Mr. Sully?"

Sully shook his head. "Been through an hour."

Campart received his packet of rubies, and the little Frenchman and the big detective crossed the lobby to the elevator and went up to Campart's room

They had a considerable interval to wait before Mr. Thomasow appeared. Campart made Sully comfortable in the deep chair by the window and offered him brandy, but Sully shook his head.

"On duty till midnight," he explained. "Have to wait till after."

"But, a drop," Campart urged, smiled at Sully's scruple. He did not expect Sully to be persuaded. The big man had an inertia hard to overcome; and he had, Campart had discovered before this, a curious pride in his work. Campart appealed to this pride now

"I am somewhat uneasy," he confessed. "Mr. Thomasow is a stranger to me. He telephoned for an appointment. I have not so much as seen him. He comes, he told me, from one of your Western cities. Would it be St. Louis?"

"There is such a place," Sully agreed

"He has no credentials," Campart added, and he smiled. "I find it agreeable to have you present at our interview," he concluded.

Sully looked at him with a calm glance; his eye was almost bovine, and the likeness was heightened by the ruminative motion of his jaws. "Afraid he'll try to get away with them?" he asked.

Campart shrugged. "Merely careful," he replied.

While they waited the Frenchman seemed to be restless. He had not yet removed the packet from his pocket, but he made his preparations to display the gems. The room which Campart occupied was not a large one. It was designed for a single occupant. From the hall one entered a narrow corridor, with the door to the bathroom on the left hand; the single bed was directly across the end of the corridor. There was a telephone on a table by the bed, on the side toward the door. In the end of the room farthest from the door there were two windows, and another table stood between them. Sully sat in an easy-chair by the right-hand window, and there was one other chair in the room. This Campart placed by the end of the table away from Sully, and on the table he laid a strip of red velvet He moved the shaded lamp so that it illuminated this strip. Upon the velvet, Sully knew, the rubies would presently be laid. Campart followed in these matters a routine which Sully had observed. Campart would sit in the chair with the rubies on the table directly before him and almost between his hands. Thomasow would have to stand.

After Campart was ready, these preparations made, he sat in the straight chair, talking with Sully; and at times he rose and moved restlessly to and fro. Sully did not stir. He had relaxed in the chair, and save for the movement of his jaws he seemed half asleep. By and by Campart rose and poured for himself the pony of brandy which Sully had refused, and he drank it at a gulp. He sat down again, rose, sat down. At length he went into the bathroom, and, without emerging, he called to Sully·

"Open the windows, will you? I find it stifling."

Sully hesitated. "I've got a kind of a cold," he said reluctantly.

Campart laughed a little. "But a little air?" he insisted.

So Sully rose and crossed and raised the window farthest from his chair. No air was stirring; the heavy hangings did not move; even the curtains of coarse lace hung motionless. Campart came out of the bathroom, and Sully, returning to his chair, said:

"I opened that one."

And he took from his pocket a fresh piece of gum and unwrapped it and put it in his mouth.

Campart asked politely, "Do you devour this substance which you chew?"

"It gets wore out," said Sully. "You need some fresh now and then."

And he settled himself in that curious immobility in the deep chair. He did not move between that time and the coming of Thomasow.

Thomasow's advent was announced over the telephone; Thomasow himself presently appeared at the door. Sully saw a man who failed, somehow, to fit the expectations he had formed. Sully had expected a St. Louis jeweler to be at least middle-aged, to be a little heavy and ponderous, to wear a vaguely clerical air. Instead Thomasow proved to be young, sleek, with a controlled eye. But his manner was all that it should have been. He and Campart exchanged polite words, and Thomasow said regretfully·

"Afraid I've kept you waiting. I had some business come up. Can we get through with this quickly? I may be called away. I told them I'd be here, in case they had to telephone."

"It is not a matter that requires time," Campart told him politely. "It is only necessary that you see the stones. If you are in the market for such things you cannot find their superiors anywhere."

"I'm in the market," said Thomasow. Sully, chewing heavily, sighed a little. He had eaten too much dinner.

"The price is most reasonable," Campart added. He was unwrapping the packet.

"We won't argue about price, if I like them," said Thomasow. He had not even taken off his hat. Campart was sitting down now at the end of the table, with the open window behind him and on his left. Thomasow came and stood beside the table, leaning over a little to watch. Sully drowsed in his chair. Campart laid aside the paper, the cord; he opened the case; he ranged the rubies in a little line along the strip of red velvet. Sully could not see them; they were, from where he sat, behind the pedestal of the lamp. But he had seen them before. So he watched Thomasow.

Then the telephone rang, and Campart exclaimed, "There, the telephone!"

"Pshaw," said Thomasow. "I'm afraid that's for me."

Campart rose and went around the bed to the telephone table; he lifted the instrument, spoke a word. Thomasow still stood by the table where the rubies were.

"Yes, for you," said Campart, and Thomasow approached him and took the instrument. Campart returned toward where the jewels lay.

"Yes," said Thomasow in a level tone. Then more quickly, "What?" And then, in a voice like a cry: "Oh, blast it! Yes, coming!"

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He Flung Out a Denunciatory Finger. "Look in His Pockets!" He Cried. "Let Us See!"

FASHIONS FOR THE FAMOUS

Dressmaking Days With Lady Duff-Gordon, as Told by Her First Model, Miss Elsie, to Avery Strakosch

TAKE off her dress immediately!" Even as recently as 1899 it was the custom of nice young British girls to consider modesty a major asset—a very fine thread, so to speak, upon which their future hung. I looked questioningly and confused at the chestnut-haired little figure in her ultra-smart cycling costume standing at my side—the bicycle was momentarily more fashionable than the horse. She saw my burning cheeks and smiled.

"My dear child," she explained, "you are such a pretty thing, but you've no idea how much prettier you could be!" The other woman, who had just entered the room, a splendid dark young person, nodded agreement.

Lady Duff-Gordon was beginning to enjoy an international reputation as a great and unusual couturière when I went to her for my first employment. Several years before, she had opened her establishment and began making the clothes that contributed to her fame in the fashionable and artistic worlds on both sides of the Atlantic. She was fast approaching that pinnacle of popularity she held for so many years in England, France and this country.

She stood in the long drawing-room of her great red brick mansion, a noble-looking house originally built by George IV for one of his favorites. A faint hope had given me courage to go to her. I had heard of the predilection she had for fair-haired people. According to the story, she liked having blond girls in her establishment, saying the very look of them was cheering. I was then in my early teens, slender, could sew a fine seam and had long golden hair. Upon this last, I felt, depended my entrance into London's commercial life.

Lady Duff-Gordon in Her London Dressmaking Establishment, 1899. The Photograph Shows the Adam Staircase

The Latest Sports Wear

THE interior of the house held many charming appointments of an earlier era. Intact was the Adam staircase, while the marvelous walls and ceilings wore their original decorations by Angelica Kauffmann. The atmosphere was perfect for Lady Duff-Gordon, who, in spite of her chic appearance and her ultramodern tendencies, was distinctly a classic personality. The neighborhood still held its own as very fashionable, not unlike Mayfair of today, although it was slowly going over to trade.

I was relieved upon my arrival when a dignified butler asked me to wait in the drawing-room, explaining that Lady Duff-Gordon was cycling. I was to know him well, dear faithful Sturgess, whose mind was a veritable Almanach de Gotha and Burke's Peerage combined. His tone implied she was out to show the people of London a thing or two in sports attire. He was right. I shall never forget her as she appeared in the doorway, standing there a brief moment before coming forward. Although on her bicycle most of the afternoon, she appeared as neat and smart as it was possible to be. Each russet hair of her large pompadour was in place under a giddy, high-crowned sailor; nor did a speck of dust mar the perfection of her high-laced varnished boots. Her short blue skirt, her stiff white blouse, with a jaunty bolero over it, made a perfect ensemble. As the final word in what the well-dressed sportswoman of the late-Victorian era should wear, she was supreme

My heart thumped, my knees quivered in the traditional manner, and I explained myself as best I could. Her critical eyes traveled from the tips of my boots to the bunched curls in my neck, and I finished to a gathering silence.

Now I stood impatient and nervous, awaiting the verdict as she walked up and down for a time. First she cocked her pretty head to one side, considering my neck and shoulders; then as her brilliant hazel eyes surveyed my waistline a frown appeared; finally she took off my hat and turned my head about as though it were on a swivel. Whistling to herself, she at last stopped before the bell rope against the wall and rang. It was then that her secretary came.

Margot, Countess of Oxford and Asquith

Upstairs, in a dressing room walled with mirrors, I wonderingly took off my repertoire of starched petticoats, which covered me like so many layers. I put on the shockingly immodest linen chemise—chiffon lingerie was unknown—which the dark young woman thrust through the door, and began to wonder if my mother's relatives were perhaps right after all in calling all fashionable dressmaking establishments questionable dens catering to the senses.

But when Lady Duff-Gordon swept in, a long-trained, wine-colored dress adding both height and dignity to her small self, I stood dazed from excitement.

"Her hair must go up, high on her head," she began.

Someone came with comb and brush. My curls disappeared and a great round pompadour piled up. I began to look tall, decidedly different and grown-up. I was fascinated as I watched a strange being that used to be me appear in the mirrors before me. Suddenly Lady Duff-Gordon shrieked and a fearful expression crossed her face.

"Why, the child wears no stays!"

This discovery was too terrible! Why had I resisted corsets all these years, meeting my mother and sisters only halfway in favor of tight form-fitting percale chemises? Ignominy, as well as the linen chemise, covered me. But a *corsetière* now replaced the hairdresser, and quickly I stifled in a stern bodice of heavy satin, cruelly lined with ribs of steel, with great long laces to bind it closer about me. A tape measure came next, and I was promised, both by Lady Duff-Gordon and the *corsetière*, if I were a very good little girl and drew the laces tighter each day I would soon have less than my present enormous waistline—of eighteen inches! I promised.

A Mannequin in the Making

AND so I was engaged, although in what capacity I did not exactly know. My salary was ten shillings a week—about two dollars and a half—an enormous sum in those days for a novice to be earning. The first few weeks I did little else but study and practice what Lady Duff-Gordon called charm of manner. She constantly gave me lessons in how a young lady of fashion should deport herself. Daily I went through the gestures which would lead to the proper manner of walking—quick, mincing, fashionable little steps or slow, languid, strolling ones. Those were the days when women felt "tolerably well."

What a picture I must have been, going up and down the long rooms, carefully balancing an expensively bound volume of Shakspere or Byron on the top of my head! Lady Duff-Gordon always insisted the aborigine had the finest carriage due to carrying his burdens aloft. I soon learned the angle at which my hands appeared whitest, long and slender; at what degree my head best displayed my slender neck. Over and over it was impressed upon me that I had the gift of beauty, and never, never must I do anything but enhance it! The superficiality of it all, the constant posing and striving for effect, as compared to the naturalness of the present-day life and mode, is almost unbelievable.

People were constantly shocked or fascinated by Lady Duff-Gordon's ideas in those days. Her arrangements of color were considered most daring, her designs original and startling. She had a gift for arranging materials so that they appeared more beautiful than was ever dreamed of.

I went to her in all innocence. I did not know she was then laboring with a novel idea, although it seemed odd

Marion, a Model at Lady Duff-Gordon's Establishment, Who So Appealed to Elinor Glyn, the Novelist, That She Used Her Picture as Frontispiece in Her Early Success, Elizabeth Visits America

that she should consider the possibilities of my appearance always, rather than my ability to sew.

Several Continental dressmakers have since claimed the idea of a living model, the mannequin on which model dresses are displayed. But Lady Duff-Gordon created the idea and put it into practice. She had planned a long time to do away with the uninspiring, headless wooden copy of the female form, whose stiffness she believed deterred her creative mind. Unwittingly, as she followed her plan not only to exhibit but to drape materials on the human form, she created a new trade for thousands of girls in the years to come.

Known as the two beautiful Sutherland sisters, Lady Duff-Gordon and her sister Elinor first came to London from Toronto, accompanied by their widowed mother. Intelligent, beautiful, witty and graceful, they seemed fully endowed by the Fates. Mrs. Sutherland, an extraordinary woman herself, watched their beauty as it blossomed and dressed them exquisitely. When friends finished gossiping of the Sutherland sisters' beauty, intelligence, wit and grace, they began all over again, exclaiming at the loveliness of their clothes and the perfect taste in which they were always worn. Although in modest circumstances, and making no secret of it, Mrs. Sutherland often entertained in her small London house for these two popular daughters. Neither Lucy nor Elinor was ever known to appear in the same frock twice, and one costume followed another, each more original and smarter than the one preceding it. Arrayed as the lilies of the field, they seemed not to sew, neither did they spin—at least, not to anyone's knowledge.

Two Famous Sisters

BUT one day a curious acquaintance dryly asked the red-headed Elinor the names of their Parisian dressmakers.

"We could never afford French dressmakers," she replied innocently. "So we know nothing about them except what everyone can see in the fashion magazines."

"Then where do you get your clothes?" Just at that moment Lucy walked into the room.

"Oh, I say!" laughed Elinor. "Here comes our French dressmaker now!"

Soon after this began the career of Lucy Sutherland, later to be known as Lady Duff-Gordon. When it became known that Lucy designed the costumes for herself and sister, and often those of her mother, her friends besieged her, as well as their friends, and their friends' friends, and so on, until all fashionable London ran after this slender Canadian girl who most naturally made a cult of beautiful clothes. At first she was a little dazed, I think, as her name became known to the trade as one of the cleverest designers in London. And just as the old dowagers of English society were coming out of the coma into which her activities had thrown them—for in those days to enter trade was a heinous crime—Lucy suddenly ceased her sartorial activities and married one of Scotland's most charming sportsmen, Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, Bart.

When Sir Cosmo took his lovely lady away from London it was said the fat and the thin as well as the medium-sized of British society gnashed their teeth and wailed, wondering to whom they would now go for their clothes. But it was not long before Lady Duff-Gordon tired of her husband's shooting-box life in Scotland and began to long for the less primitive activities of London, and secretly for the exciting novelty of commercial life.

Sir Cosmo, being an observing man, looked about him and considered. His friends were men and women essentially of the outdoors; women best described as horsy for the art they made of riding and hunting; men who knew the smell of heather at four in the morning, not the perfumed warmth of a Victorian ballroom. He sensibly realized that the routine of a country sporting life was beginning to pall upon his exquisite wife, whose tastes differed from his.

And it was just then that Lady Duff-Gordon frankly told him what he had suspected for some time—that a life in which she found no interest was gradually smothering her; that she was fundamentally creative, and the desire to fulfill her early ambition became greater each day; that she wanted to design beautiful clothes, to create exquisite new styles; in short, that she wished to return to live and work in London. Being an understanding as well as an observing man, quite in love with this unusual woman, he made no effort to stop her. But he asked her as a favor to keep the old and honorable name of Duff-Gordon out of trade. She, therefore, took a trade name. But newspapers everywhere played up the then unusual story of a lady of quality entering the business world. Lady novelists were not so rare—indeed, the beautiful sister Elinor of the sea-green eyes had married and, as Elinor Glyn, was a most successful one—but of titled English dressmakers Lady Duff-Gordon was the first.

Dolores in a Duff-Gordon Creation. Above—Elsie in the First Costume Designed for Her by Lady Duff-Gordon

Lady Duff-Gordon soon chose another blond girl, Daisy, who ultimately inspired the famous song, Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True. Daisy was an exquisite creature with enormous brown saucer eyes, and a greater knowledge of the world than I had, which I secretly envied. I was so impressed by her ways that I tried imitating her sophistication until one day Lady Duff-Gordon reprimanded me. "You foolish child," she said, "I've chosen you for your freshness and simplicity. How can I create dresses which will display this quality if you try to act so worldly-wise?"

The Mode

IT WAS true. Although we were both blond, she had been clever enough to choose contrasting types of the same coloring. She nicknamed me her Romney girl because my features—I had very white skin and sky-blue eyes—were best set off by those many-tinted flowerlike dresses for which she later became famous, the flowing gowns inspired by the Romney paintings. She would spend days in the British Museum, studying the works of that period. Later she revived and modernized this mode for the dancers, Irene Castle and Florence Walton.

By the time I had attained the necessary *savoir-faire* to wear it properly Lady Duff-Gordon had designed my first gown. Just as a young girl remembers her first party dress, so do I recall those yards and yards of palest orchid chiffon, which had the effect of mist over heather with the sun shining through. The skirt measured eighteen yards about the hem, all of which was shirred over the hips. The material in it alone would make five or six dresses of today's mode. Despite its bindings of silk, its tucks and bands of chinchilla, it was simple when compared with the jacket and blouse worn with it. This jacket was a combination of rows of shirred chiffon bands and fur, caught here and there with chubby velvet bows in varying shades of orchid. Open at the front, it revealed a blouse of heavy cream lace, while perched upon my head was a headpiece for which words could supply no adequate description. But

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ROUTINE

By EDWIN BALMER and WILLIAM MacHARG

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

She Hesitated. "I Can't Forget, Mr. Faraday, What a Dear Little Boy He Used to be; But the One I Think Most About is His—My Father"

TEN THOUSAND times you do it and it amounts to nothing. But the ten thousand and first time it pays twice for all your trouble." So had said old Steve Faraday of routine—the constant, unfailing attention to trifles which seemed to young Steve to form the chief occupation of the staffs of his hotels.

Not a guest received service in any of the Faraday chain of great hotels without a complete record of the transaction being put upon paper. Not a package could be received or delivered, not an item of supply issued, not an article of baggage handled, not even a piece of furniture moved from one part of the house to another without a slip of paper signed, countersigned and time stamped.

Routine—unvarying, inalterable routine, this was, requiring in each of the seven big hotels of the Faraday chain an auditing force at work twenty-four hours a day at the continual sorting, checking, recording and ultimately destroying of this paper flood which, in the sum total of the year, amounted literally to tons.

Young Steve, when he had become the proprietor of the hotels, could not help feeling irked frequently by the elaborateness of this routine. Theoretically, he recognized its necessity. It kept, of course, a continuous and needful check upon the workings of each house; but his experience as hotel proprietor was yet too brief to have impressed upon him the full truth of his father's words—that though such routine records seemed unimportant, even superfluous in ten thousand cases, yet the ten thousand and first might in itself justify the whole elaborate system.

"Step up to the radio room, can you, Steve? There's something up here you don't want to miss."

Steve was in Chicago, where he had arrived that morning, and was in his own hotel, of course—the Tonty. The brisk voice on the phone was that of Weibolt, the manager.

"Music?" inquired Steve. "Or an act? What sort?" He was in pajamas and sleepily had answered the room phone from bed.

"Not program stuff," Weibolt assured him. "Nothing to do with entertainment. I can't describe it; the same sort of thing never happened before. Come up."

Steve shook off his sleepiness and considered the time of the evening, which was eleven o'clock. Partly the storm, which was a howling blizzard at his black, pelted window, had brought about his early retiring. It was the sort of night when the atavistic throwback in one's nature suddenly seizes a man. He is returned to a time of savagery when, unprotected, he had to suffer the slings of wind and snow, and nothing is so attractive to him as bed and shelter. Partly, perhaps, the effect came also from Chicago; for Steve, being a New Yorker by residence, always was sleepy earlier in Chicago than in Manhattan. He did not assume this—he was

Weibolt, however, was not one to arouse him without reason or to make much of nothing. Steve dressed quickly and took the elevator up to the top floor, where was the broadcasting studio, from which could be heard only softly—so well were the walls muffled with felt hanging—the measures of saxophone, violin, cello and piano. Jazz, just at the moment, was being broadcast from the hotel roof through this raging winter storm a thousand miles in every direction of darkness.

Twice or thrice a thousand miles, indeed, Steve knew, under favorable conditions of reception; for, having decided to add to the innumerable adjuncts of hotel operation, radio broadcasting, he had installed a year ago an extremely powerful station; and its great range was attested by tuners-in from England to Hawaii and from the Caribbean to close to the North Pole.

Weibolt was waiting in the corridor. "What is it?" Steve inquired of him.

"A very peculiar development from our Quiston program of last night. I can tell you better inside."

Steve followed him along the corridor toward the broadcasting room without further question. Weibolt, the night before, in his Quiston program had had one of those inspirations which made evident his fitness as manager of a hotel. In the preceding summer, Quiston, the arctic explorer, had sent word that station SFHT—the station had been dubbed with Steve's initials and the Tonty's—had been clearly heard during the long winter night when his polar party had been listening. Quiston and his party were still in the north; and last night, learning by chance that the date was Quiston's birthday, Weibolt had hurriedly organized a special program in his honor. Messages had been hastily gathered by long-distance telephone from members of the families of the explorers comprising the Quiston party, and a distinctive musical program had been arranged.

Whether the explorers had heard any part of this program in their honor was, as yet, known to no one; but it had, of course, been heard by others, and the day had proved that nothing recently had caused more favorable comment and talk in general. It was one of the features which would show its repercussion on the register—and most practically upon the swelling receipts—of the Tonty. Many a couple from other cities or from the country would arrive with a feeling of friendliness and familiarity with the hotel from their repeated hearing: "This is station SFHT, Chicago, the Hotel Tonty, broadcasting to you." Many would comment: "We've been liking your programs for months; we tune in every night; so we thought this trip we'd stop with you. By the way, did you ever hear whether Quiston got his birthday messages?"

"When He Didn't Come Out I Took a Chance and Went In, Saying I Was a Friend of His Looking for Him"

Steve already had fully complimented Weibolt on his achievement, which had been the first thing related to him on arriving at the hotel, and Weibolt was not seeking any repetition of these congratulations. No; this was plainly something else.

Dan Kassel, the announcer, was awaiting them in the reception room, seated beside a light-haired girl of twenty, who arose with nervous alertness as they came in. The jazz from the studio, barely audible in the hall, here was reproduced by a soft speaker, which Kassel instantly switched off. He was an agreeable young man, Kassel, with a clear, pleasant voice and ready smile. Steve liked him.

"This is Miss Hillyer, Mr. Faraday," Kassel made known the stranger, whose blue eyes observed Steve absent-mindedly, absorbed in their own reflections. "She came in tonight to tell us a rather unusual thing. Shall I start it?" he appealed to Weibolt.

"Go ahead," bade the manager; and the girl, realizing after a few seconds that the men were all waiting on her, sat down. She was a slight figure, tastefully and richly dressed. In his appraisement of her, Steve assigned her at once to a family of social position and wealth; but this of itself would not have awakened the interest he felt in her. She was a resolute-looking girl; her blue eyes, in spite of her nervousness, met his with a pleasant frankness; he could imagine that, in whatever enlisted her affections, she would act with unselfish devotion.

"You didn't happen to be listening in on any part of our Quiston program while you were on the train last night?" Kassel asked.

"No," said Steve, watching the girl.

"You have heard the nature of it though?" asked Kassel.

"In general."

"You know then that we got what we could in the way of messages for Quiston and the members of his party. We got hold of Quiston's mother in Vermont, on long-distance, and got a message from her. We got the sister of Orton, his second in command, in Kansas City, and we collected in all a half dozen such messages, which we interspersed with the music. While we were giving the program, a very nice-looking boy, about twenty, presented himself here in the reception room and asked to see the person in charge of the broadcasting. I talked with him. He said his name was Morgan and that he knew Hoyt, who is assistant engineer of Quiston's ship, the Pole Star, which went to meet Quiston last summer and was caught in an ice pack and pinched. You remember that?"

"I remember the relief ship was lost," answered Steve.

"The crew went over the floe, packing supplies and mail to Quiston. So Hoyt is now with Quiston. By the original plan, Hoyt would have returned with the ship and been home before this. He took a chance, of course, but he expected to be back. Morgan asked whether we would let him send a message to Hoyt."

"What sort of message?"

"Morgan said Hoyt wanted very much to get back because his first child will be born very soon now. He said Hoyt is much in love with his wife, must be thinking about her constantly and worrying about her. He wanted to reassure him."

"You let him do it?"

"I said, 'Yes, of course.' We were sending all sorts of messages to the Quiston party. He said he didn't want to talk then, but had come in to get our promise that he could talk to Hoyt when the baby was born."

"One minute," interrupted Steve. "You hadn't called him or sent for him?"

"No."

"Or communicated with Mrs. Hoyt, had you?"

"No; until then we knew nothing about her. I fell for him so hard," continued Kassel, "that I said, 'Speak to Hoyt right now.'

"'But the baby isn't born,' he said.

"'All right,' I said, 'but send Hoyt some sort of a message.'

"'You'll let me use the radio again to tell him about the baby?' he asked.

"'Sure,' I said, and he stepped to the mike and spoke to the Quiston party. Of course, I knew nothing about this fellow, but I figured if the message was authentic and reached Hoyt, it would be some satisfaction to him; if it was not authentic, no harm would be done."

"What did he send?"

"He said just about this: 'Tim Hoyt, with Quiston. Tim, this is Bob Morgan speaking. I want to tell you everything is all right. Everything is all right and nothing's happened yet, Tim. She sends you love. This is Bob Morgan.' After he'd finished, he reminded me he would come in again later, when the baby had been born, and send Hoyt another message.

"It looked to me like a good thing. A lot of people were, of course, listening in, and quite a few of them called up to find out what the message to Hoyt had referred to, and I told them. There was a lot of interest in it, and I was sorry then that I hadn't explained over the air about Hoyt and his wife and the baby she was expecting. By that time,

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"It's a Girl, Tim," He Screamed Into the Microphone. "Girl, Born at 7:45 This Morning!"

THE PERFECT SMASH

When He Opened His Eyes He Was Lying on the Ground and His Head Rang, and Ann Was Kneeling Over Him and Raining Tears on His Face

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

YOU will say that they must have been in love with each other or it couldn't have happened, and perhaps that is the simplest explanation of a thing that was carried to such outrageous lengths. It is very rare for a man and a woman to treat each other with so much malice aforethought unless they are married to each other. And when you consider that these two were very young—well, there must have been something, some violent attraction angrily fought on both sides.

The wily Ulysses contrived to hear the sirens' song without being destroyed. He stuffed his sailors' ears with wax so they could not be tempted, but he had himself lashed to the mast so he could be tempted but could not yield.

Bill Bowman was less guileful, in the beginning; and, besides, he lived in the same town with Ann Wilder indeed, in the same street. He couldn't avoid seeing her when he came home from school and college unless he quit tennis and gave up going to dances and stayed away from the bathing beach. He might have locked himself in his room, but even then he would have heard her voice. Ann was a great friend of Gertrude's, and Gertrude was Bill's sister, so Ann was often in the house. He went away every ten days or so all summer to play through a tennis tournament. But Ann was usually there also. She was one of the fifteen or twenty girls in the world who can play tennis. She won more cups than Bill did, and he could hardly avoid knowing it. All their Fairport friends knew that they had it in for each other, and some of them made a point of telling Bill the details of Ann's triumphs.

He had many times turned away his head in Westchester or New Jersey or Rhode Island from the sight of Ann, in the finals, running some older and heavier and more experienced woman ragged as well as purple in the face. He read the story of the match the next day in the New York Sunday papers. He read it again on Wednesday in the Weekly Fairporter. He saw Ann's photograph in the rotogravure section on the following Sunday. In the meantime his sister Gertrude was sure to have remarked several times that this made the twenty-ninth cup Ann had won; and Gerald Morgan had dropped in to tell him exactly how Ann had taken the match; and wherever Bill went people talked about it. By the time Bill was ready to tell everybody that he was sick and tired of hearing the story, Ann entered another tournament.

Bill was sorer than he had ever been before when he awoke the morning after the young Frenchman, Hermet, had beaten him in the semifinals at Providence. He awoke, and simultaneously he had a dark—an altogether too dark—suspicion of how it had happened. He tried to dismiss the idea. He couldn't believe that Ann would play him so dirty a trick. She had it in for him, but she was not wholly without honor.

The morning paper surprised him. He knew well enough that he had lost the match because he had lost his temper when Hermet had twice thrown him a point. But he didn't know that the fact had been apparent enough to get into the papers. He found the story, told with some glee. The reporter began by describing the first two sets, which the young Frenchman had won, and continued:

> The turning point in the match came in the third set, when the games stood at three all. According to the score, Bowman was two sets down and was being beaten. Actually this was far from the case. Bowman had been playing well within himself, while Hermet had been going at top speed, rushing the net and running back lobs and making impossible gets. No man can keep such a pace for five sets, and Hermet was about to collapse, when he proved that there is more than one way to win a tennis match.
>
> Bowman opened the seventh game with two whizzing service aces in succession. Hermet returned Bowman's next service. Bowman hit down the side line so fast that Hermet failed to get his racket on the ball. The linesman called the shot out. Hermet stood and gazed at the line; he shook his head vigorously; finally he called out "*C'est lamentable*," which seems to be the French way of announcing that the linesman is mistaken. He proceeded to throw the next point to Bowman, purposely knocking the ball over the grand stand. The gallery applauded, as it usually does when a player takes it on himself to give away a point after a decision in his favor.
>
> Bowman was plainly angry. He took the seventh game, but in the eighth Hermet did the same thing over again, questioning the linesman's decision against Bowman and presenting the next point to Bowman. This time the gallery applauded for three minutes and Bowman got furious. He began to drive like a wild man, and though he made several burning placements, his attempt to put the ball away every time he hit it resulted in a succession of errors. Hermet ran out the game and the set and won the match.

Bill read that far and threw the paper away. Of course somebody—somebody who knew how he felt about questioning a linesman's decision in your favor and the old gallery play of presenting the next point to your opponent—had told Hermet. Bill was sure Hermet had only pretended he thought the decisions bad ones. And who could have tipped him off if not Ann? He had seen them together a lot. They had dined together the night before and danced together all evening.

Bill went out to the club with the idea of getting a workout, and perhaps staying for luncheon and watching the finals between Hermet and Jimmy Page. But, once there, he decided not to get into his tennis clothes. He was off tennis. He wandered out of the clubhouse and toward the practice courts. He saw a little group watching a practice match. As he got closer he saw that Ann Wilder was playing Hermet. He didn't want to see either of them, but he wasn't going to avoid them. He sat down on a bench.

The majority of the feminine race look their worst on a tennis court. They can't run well enough; they can't hit well enough; and they get red-faced and blowzy and winded. They look short-legged and awkward and pathetic.

Ann Wilder was a startling exception. She had form, and hit with deceptive ease and grace; she had superb

legs, and ran with a speed and a freedom that are rare among men; and she wore the right clothes. The slim young Frenchman was plainly happy, and the little impromptu gallery was enthusiastic over her dash and verve. Bill was probably the only man in the world who could have continued to sit there and watch anything so handsome and look as if he had a bad taste in his mouth.

Andy Gill, the professional, detached himself from the little group and sat down beside Bill. Andy wore a broad grin.

Hermet put a short lob over Ann's head.

She ran back and smashed it. But the ball went into the net.

"Her overhead is rotten," Bill said. "She can't smash."

"W-e-ell," Andy said mildly, "her overhead isn't as good as the rest of her game. She's a woman. You can teach a man to turn sideways and balance himself with his left arm and drop the racket well down behind him. And when he's got the form right, when he knows the motion, you tell him to swing as if he were banging somebody on the bean in a fight and he knows what you mean. A good smash requires a certain viciousness, and Miss Wilder hasn't got that." Bill snorted. "You know what I mean," Andy continued. "Her swing is fairly full and her direction is good enough, but she hasn't got that intent to kill."

While he listened to Andy, Bill's eyes followed Ann. She ran at top speed for her left-hand corner and sent back a beautiful drive off her backhand—low and fast and true down the side line

"Look at that now," Andy said "Look at that backhand "

"I saw it," Bill said. "But just the same, she's too erratic. Some day one of these women who just plug along and keep getting the ball back is going to beat her."

"Well," Andy admitted, "that's maybe so. She won't practice five hours a day, and nobody that won't do that can have real accuracy—not when they have as much speed as this girl uses. She doesn't take tennis seriously enough. But there isn't any woman alive that plays a prettier game to watch—not even Lenglen."

"I know that," Bill answered; "but last year, in the state championship, a little girl of sixteen or seventeen who didn't have a real stroke in her system took a set off Ann Wilder and made her work like a nailer to win."

"That was Edna Tuttle," Andy said. "She's pretty steady—that little girl. And she chopped everything. She didn't give Miss Wilder enough bound or enough speed for her drive. She had to come in and volley those chops."

"And if that little girl had known how to lob, Ann Wilder couldn't have stayed in the forecourt and she would have been beaten," Bill said bitterly.

Andy looked at Bill inquiringly. "Gosh, but you're sour on the world this morning! Why did you let Hermet get your goat?" Bill shook his head. "You'd just about run him off his legs," Andy went on. "I wouldn't have given a nickel for his chances when he pulled that hippodrome stuff on you."

"It oughtn't to be allowed—throwing points," Bill said.

"Of course it oughtn't," Andy agreed. "And by the same token, you hadn't ought to have blown up that way. You let him get away with it."

"I got mad," Bill said sheepishly.

He saw that Ann and Hermet had finished their set and were picking up their spare rackets. He got up and started back toward the clubhouse. Ann overtook him.

"Hello, Bill," she said gayly as she came up behind him.

Bill turned to look at her, and the fact that she was so handsome deepened his anger. He could have stood it if she had been a homely girl. But she wasn't. She was slim and well made, and her cheeks were flushed under the tan, and she was laughing, and the close curls that covered her head were golden brown in the sun.

"You told him," Bill said.

Ann looked him in the eye. "Told him what?"

"Told him I couldn't stand throwing points."

Ann smiled a peculiarly exasperating smile. "You were so funny, Bill. The way you lost your temper—I thought you were going to explode."

"That's all right," Bill said. "You needn't have told him. It was a dirty trick."

Ann surveyed him coolly. "If you'd learn to control your childish temper," she said, "it wouldn't matter what anyone told him."

Bill clenched his fist, but, of course, he didn't hit her. He walked off and got his car out and drove home to Fairport in a rage. For twenty-four hours he was so mad he couldn't plan anything. He couldn't think of schemes. He could only think how satisfying it would be to turn Ann over his knee and spank her. He could only think of pounding her black and blue. He would never have believed she would do anything so unsporting as to coach Hermet to throw him points if she hadn't admitted it herself. But she had admitted it. At least she hadn't denied it. She was probably in love with Hermet.

II

BILL remembered late Sunday afternoon that the state championship was only three weeks off. Ann had two legs on the cup; this was her year to win it outright. He looked up Edna Tuttle in the tennis annual and found that she lived at a little place called Bradley's Corners, and the road map showed that Bradley's Corners was only fifteen or twenty miles above New Canaan. Bill's favorite aunt

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"You Always," She Began in Quite Her Old Manner, But Her Mouth Quivered as if She Were Going to Cry, "Were a Little Bit Cuckoo"

The Two Battles of St.-Mihiel

By THOMAS M. JOHNSON

THERE were two battles when the Americans wiped out the St.-Mihiel salient in twenty-six hours—and then stopped. You read about the battle that was and got one of your greatest war thrills. The battle that might have been if the Americans had kept on going, and why they didn't who has heard of it?

People want to know now, they say, what really happened in the war, as distinguished from what propaganda and censorship made them think was happening. At St.-Mihiel, those twin furies were cleverly enlisted, for perfectly good military and political reasons, to tell the world all about the battle that was and nothing about the battle that might have been. To this day almost none, even of the 1,500,000 of the A. E. F. then in France, have heard the rest of the story of the first independent American offensive of the World War.

German Shells Falling in Thiaucourt, the Largest Village in the Salient, After its Capture by the Americans. Just Beyond Here the Germans Feared a Break Through by American Troops Approaching Their "Hindenburg Line," Which, However, the Americans Were Forbidden to Attack

The battle that was made a spectacular news story, even in that tremendous last year of the war, 1918. The papers were full of it. When it broke on September twelfth, whistles blew and bells rang and you whacked strangers on the back and bought extras from newsboys shrieking about "Saint-Meheel!"

A Soft Spot

IT WAS great reading, glorious reading! The salient that for four years had thrust out as the most conspicuous feature of the Western Front, pinched out in twenty-six hours by an amateur army!

Its more than 100,000 German defenders overwhelmed! Some 15,000 of them captured, with 443 guns! Our losses, 7000! A complete local victory!

But it might have been a great deal more. The American Army's first battle might have been the German Army's last.

It might have had the same decisive effect in ending the war that the terrific Meuse-Argonne, biggest battle we ever fought, had two months later at a cost of 190,000 American casualties of all kinds, including 26,277 killed and died of wounds.

That is what some very high ranking officers in our Army believed then and believe now. At St.-Mihiel they think we had found a soft spot in the German break-wall. They say that if the thundering wave of husky young Americans that had just hit it could have gone on, that wave would have burst clear through the German front, entered the great fortress depot of Metz, cut vital communications and forced a wide German retreat in Belgium and France in September instead of November, without such heavy loss to us or to our Allies.

Heavy Railroad Artillery Firing Upon Junctions of the Network of Lines About Metz That Were Among the Most Vital Parts of the German Supply System. These Guns Had an Average Range of Twenty Miles

Stopped

THESE men think that Marshal Foch's rather suddenly conceived idea of the Meuse-Argonne prevented all that. His orders dammed up the wave at St.-Mihiel. His change in the American plan tied our hands, so that with a great victory within reach, the battle that might have been could not be. They quote the leaders of the two armies. General Pershing said in a report that few but army men have seen:

"Without doubt, an immediate continuation of the advance would have carried us well beyond the Hindenburg Line"—the base of the salient—"and possibly into Metz, but our success could not have been thus exploited without delaying the Meuse-Argonne operation already planned."

General Fuchs, who commanded the German Army Detachment C holding the salient, said in his report to Hindenburg and Ludendorff, a copy of which reached American hands:

"The failure of the Americans to recognize their tactically favorable position prevented the latter from bringing catastrophe to Army Detachment C."

The Americans recognized their position—their hands were tied.

Others, including almost all Frenchmen and Englishmen, say that the great French strategist was right, that the hand of the master did not shake. Marshal Foch could not, they say, have counted upon the Americans dealing such a tremendous blow at St.-Mihiel, nor upon the Germans wilting as they did. He did the sensible thing in obliging our inexperienced army and staff, in their first independent attack, to stop on a limited objective, easily reached. He had no right to risk the consequences, political as well as military, had

we been beaten in our first attempt at an American offensive. And at last, at whatever cost, the marshal's plan certainly worked.

None of that was in the newspapers that you read at the time. A war without some sort of censorship and propaganda would be possible only between Utopia and Elysia, it seems. People are examining ever more closely the wartime version of the war. They may find it differs a bit from this story of the two battles of St.-Mihiel.

On August 30, 1918, some six weeks after the last German offensive had been shattered and the tide turned by the first Allied counter offensive of July eighteenth, the Lorraine town of Ligny-en-Barrois—famous for poor climate and Bar-le-Duc jelly—had just become headquarters of the new American First Army. There, behind locked doors, General Pershing and the army staff, with Brigadier General Hugh A. Drum as its chief, were working day and night directing the concentration of troops, guns and supplies for the attack upon the St.-Mihiel salient, plans for which had already been promulgated to the troops.

A Radical Change in the American Plans

TO LIGNY came Marshal Foch, Allied commander in chief, with the plan of a new battle, within forty-seven days of whose opening, it proved, the war was won. The German revolution was not included in the plan. It has been said since, however, that the marshal expected even then, at the end of August, to win the war in 1918. If so, he was about the only man in France who did. The Allied commanders thought on July twenty-fourth that it could not be done before 1919. The German Army was weakened, but appeared far from beaten.

But now Marshal Foch wanted to hurry things up. The British and French attacks planned July twenty-fourth were going well, and were becoming steadily less limited objective affairs. German morale was sinking rapidly. American troops had shown greater military value than expected and were arriving 250,000 a month. "So," said the marshal, "let's commence our general attack now instead of next year."

He had made this decision finally only in the last week or so, and had worked out a plan. Now, characteristically and, considering the circumstances and the hour, quite naturally, he wanted no delay in carrying it out.

Major General Joseph T. Dickman, Commanding the IV Corps, With His Aides, in Front of His Headquarters at Menil-la-Tour

Looking Over the Lowlands of the Captured St.-Mihiel Salient, Toward the Great German Fortress City of Metz

But this meant, for the Americans, changing radically other plans that Marshal Foch had approved two weeks before, and the initial steps of which had already been executed. He had O. K.'d on August seventeenth the American plan for St.-Mihiel, which would have made it a real battle. When the marshal arrived at Ligny, General Pershing and the staff were working upon the execution of this plan. The fundamental strategical conception had been prepared originally in September, 1917, by Major General Fox Conner, now Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army, and Brigadier Generals Hugh A. Drum and Le Roy Eltinge, all recognized American tacticians. The battle plan had been prepared and promulgated by the First Army Staff, of which General Drum was chief, in August, 1918, immediately after Marshal Foch's approval had been received and less than two weeks before his visit to Ligny.

PHOTOS FROM THE SIGNAL CORPS U. S. A.

An Advanced Patrol of the 165th Infantry, the Old 69th, New York's Irish Regiment, Entering a Village Abandoned by the Germans

The Jugular Veins of the German Army

THE plan called for a powerful attack in which twenty-five American and French divisions—mostly American—were to wipe out the St.-Mihiel salient; but they were not to stop there. They were to push on through the Hindenburg Line the Germans had prepared on the base of the salient, and beyond, into open country, "in accordance with the extent of the initial success obtained and the character of the hostile opposition encountered." In other words, they were to go about as far as the Germans would let them.

Right there in the Woëvre Plain, beyond St.-Mihiel, was a great place to do it. The whole German front in France and Belgium was really a great salient, a peninsula, the country between there and the southern tip of neutral Holland its neck. That neck was only about 125 miles across, and was traversed by two main railroad systems that were the jugular veins of the German Army. If we could get far enough across the neck to cut, or threaten to cut, one or both of these—as we did two months later in the Meuse-Argonne—it would mean a big German defeat and a retreat from France and most of Belgium.

If we did not go far enough actually to cut the southern and nearer of these, the Metz-Sedan railroad, we could stop a few miles beyond the Hindenburg Line of defense that the Germans had prepared on the base of the salient, and still make a lot of trouble. Our heavy artillery and bombing airplanes would be near enough to interrupt railroad traffic on the Metz-Sedan line and the

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LIKE TO THE LARK

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

THE meeting between Caleb Hope and Governor Wilcox took place in a neutral town; it was of the governor's seeking. Caleb, in some manner not to be comprehended by your old-line politician, had acquired right, title and interest to no less than seven counties in the southern part of the state; and any gentleman with seven counties hanging from his belt becomes, whether he likes it or not, a personage. What Caleb would do with the principality he had carved out was a question of chafing interest to the governor, who for a dozen years had held the whole state in fee simple. Hence the reproduction of the conference of Tilsit.

The governor was genial. "Young man," he said, "I have seen many strange things in politics, but nothing so phenomenal as your own rise. Can you give me the formula?"

"Why, yes, governor," Caleb said in that weary voice of his. "It's simple. All you have to do is get the voters to agree with you."

"Eh?" said the governor, but it was more of an ejaculation than a question. He blinked and shook his head and peered to determine if the young man was serious

"That's all of it," Caleb said solemnly.

"The party," said the governor, "comes before everything."

"Oh!" exclaimed Caleb, as if he were listening to the pronouncement of a novel political doctrine.

"What this state needs is dependable party men."

"They're nice to have, of course."

"And I assume," said the governor, "that we may depend upon you—as we were accustomed to depend upon Mr. Rooney. You will bear in mind that the state organization kept its hands off your fight with him."

"Once," said Caleb, "there was a man who kept his hands off a red-hot cookstove."

The governor smiled wryly. "All the same," he said, "we're entitled to a certain amount of gratitude for not interfering."

"About how much do you want?"

"Only your assurance of regularity; that you will work with the organization. We mustn't have anything that looks like dissension within at this time."

"Let me see—at this time. You wish to be governor for another term?"

"That is the plan."

"And then senator?"

"Yes."

"In perpetuity, of course. A permanent senator is a fine thing for a state—and for the permanent senator. Yes, if I were going to be a senator, I'd want to be a permanent one."

"The question is," said the governor, with broad pretense of genial frankness, "are you going to help me be one?"

"Which gives rise to another question."

"Such as?"

"Are you the man I want for my permanent senator?"

"Have you anything against me, Mr. Hope?"

"No; I rather like you. But then, I like so many people. I'm only wondering if I would like you better as my permanent senator or as a private individual. In private life you would have so much more time to be genial."

"What do you want?" asked the governor.

Caleb sighed lugubriously. "I'm so unfortunate," he said. "I don't seem to want anything. The happy man is the one with an itching ambition. Mine doesn't even tickle."

"Then for gracious' sake, why are you in politics?"

Miss Rooney Was Sitting on the Front Stoop, Which Disappointed Caleb Greatly. He Hoped She Would be Inside and Invisible

"I guess," Caleb said, "I'm like the drunken man in jail. I just woke up and found myself there."

"Mr. Hope, we seem to be talking in circles. Can't we get down to brass tacks? We're not fooling ourselves about you. You are important; you've made yourself mighty important, and we've got to have you."

"It's pleasant to be indispensable," Caleb said with a sigh.

"It is," the governor said dryly, "and I envy your strategic position. I came down here to get your assurance of party regularity. We're willing to make any reasonable concession to get it. Would you like to go to Washington?"

"As a member of Congress?"

"Yes."

"I saw a congressman once. I couldn't wear that kind of a hat. No, I might grow to look like a congressman. Why, governor, I might even grow to think like a congressman!" He lifted his mournful eyes to the governor's face. "Let's move on to the next cage."

"How about the attorney generalship?"

"The trouble with that," said Caleb, "is that I really know the law. It would surprise you to find how much law I know. A useful attorney general is often one who gives out opinions which will do the most good in the circumstances. He is an expert in expediency. Besides, I'm hampered. Incredible as it may seem, if I umpire a ball game, I call 'em as I see 'em."

"A reputation for honesty is a splendid asset," agreed the governor with unction.

"But actually to be honest," said Caleb, "is a first mortgage, with interest overdue and foreclosure proceedings imminent."

"I came here," said the governor, "to get you. I've got to have you, and I'll go the limit. You can have anything in this state except the governorship and the senatorship—anything."

"I'm sure you won't mind, governor, if I compare you to a personage with a bad reputation. A much-maligned personage, no doubt, and possibly a nonexistent one."

"Not in the least."

"I'm speaking of Satan," said Caleb. "I've always had a sneaking sympathy for him. Everybody's against him, and all on hearsay evidence. You can't bring a credible witness to testify to a single overt act, but any jury would convict without leaving its seats."

The governor smiled amiably, but somewhat blankly.

"What I'm getting at," said Caleb, "is this rather sweeping offer of yours. It reminds me of Scripture. Maybe you will remember. Once Satan took a certain Man to the top of a high mountain and showed him the kingdoms of the earth."

"Scarcely a parallel," said the governor shortly.

"And promised to give them to him if he would join up with Satan."

"Yes."

"And there they stood, looking about at all the kingdoms of the world, and it must have been a grand sight. But there was a joker in it."

"I never heard that," said the governor. "What joker?"

"Why," said Caleb lugubriously, "Satan didn't actually own a dog-gone acre of it."

"You'll find," said the governor, "that I can establish title."

"Nevertheless, you admit that now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of their party."

"Mr. Hope, will you give me a categorical answer? Are you with me or against me?"

"Against," said Caleb.

"One last offer. In two years I'll make you governor of the state."

"It positively cannot be done. . . . Governor, you would shine as a distinguished private citizen. It's your *métier*. The more private, the better, so to speak. You could live in peace and plenty and give out interviews and speak at graduations. I never saw a gentleman more suited for what a great Democrat once referred to as innocuous desuetude. The happy country is the one that has no history. You'll like it, and one day you'll thank me from the bottom of your heart."

The governor got to his feet and frowned. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hope. I fear your phenomenal success has gone a trifle to your head. I hoped to avoid war."

"I shan't mind being licked," said Caleb wearily.

The governor looked at him intently a moment. "Darned if I don't believe you," he said, and then held out his hand. "Mr. Hope, I've got to abolish you—in the way of business. But after messing around for forty years in this game, I've met at last a man I can respect. Good luck, young man."

"I'd love to visit you on your Sabine farm," said Caleb.

"I'd prefer to receive you in the Senate Office Building," said the governor.

II

CALEB stepped into Jinks Baker's cigar store and sprawled along the show case. He was so tall that he could drape a considerable portion of it, though he was too angular for that grace which is dear to the heart of an interior decorator.

"Jinks," he asked, "have you girded your loins?"

"I keep all the best cigars in a humidor," said Jinks.

"That's a great help. But you can't carry a humidor into battle. You'll have to gird your loins. There's historic precedent for it. I'm told David did it when he went out after Goliath."

"If I got to, then I got to," said Jinks. "But I hain't never practiced it. What battle?"

"The big one," said Caleb. "We've got the governor on our neck."

"Gosh!"

"Are you the captain of your soul, Jinks?"

"Farthest I ever got was sergeant in the National Guard."

"Well, you're promoted. Have you seen Mr. Rooney while I was away?"

"Saw him yestiddy, lookin' like the cat that et the canary. Been strangers in town."

"Find out who they were," said Caleb. "Keep your eye peeled. Don't let the boys go clattering off after strange gods."

"Most of 'em is Congregationalists," said Jinks. "I kin watch their politics, but you'll have to git the parson to see to their religion. Cigars is my profession."

"Let nothing escape your all-seeing eye. And remember, Jinks, no unreasoning terror, no panic of fright, when you face the panoply of the enemy. Have you ever faced a panoply, Jinks?"

"Once," said Jinks, "but I never give back an inch."

"Fine! Just bear in mind that you're now captain of your soul and all will be well."

So saying, he undraped his long form from the show case and walked droopingly out of the door. Jinks stared after him fixedly; he swallowed three times so that his Adam's apple moved rapidly upward and downward like an agitated elevator.

"Gosh!" he said to himself. "Somehow you most always know what he means, but by dang, you don't know it by what he says! Huh! Captain of my soul! A body'd think my soul was a canal boat maybe. And girdin' loins! If I had a loin and knew what it was, I wouldn't know how to gird it, because what's gird?"

Caleb sauntered down the street; one would have thought his last friend had abandoned him, that he was about to be cast into bankruptcy and that his last earthly hope had turned to ashes in his mouth. But he was not so depressed as he looked; nobody could be. In fact he was not depressed at all. He was merely engaged in what Mr. Poe so pleasingly called ratiocination. He was not worried about the outcome of his political battle with the governor, because, after all, what did it matter who won? But he was a trifle worried by something else, and this was the fact that his feet seemed determined to carry him up the hill past Marty Rooney's house. He didn't like that, because he knew what inspired his feet. Now a man may have great strength of character; he may be able to walk past a cigar store, or decline a game of poker, or set down a glass untasted. His will may enable him to do all these things and more, but no man's will was ever powerful enough to stop him from walking past a young woman's house when his feet have determined that is the road he shall take—especially when he has been away from town for a week and nobody has assured him that she is in health and not laid low by some deadly illness.

He surrendered. He walked up the hill, telling himself that uphill walking was better exercise and that Seena Rooney had nothing whatever to do with it. He assured himself of it ten times, but believed not one of the assurances. Therefore he was alarmed; the thing wore a threatening aspect.

Miss Rooney was sitting on the front stoop, which disappointed Caleb greatly. He hoped she would be inside and invisible. But she was very visible indeed. She was, he told himself ruefully, the most visible young woman he had ever met. In fact she was visible to him a great many times when she was not there at all—and he resented it.

Nevertheless, he lifted his peculiar hat and said good morning. Then instead of going on about his business—which was to saunter—he turned up the walk to the steps.

"Are you looking for uncle?" Seena asked with a malicious twinkle in her eye

"Ostensibly," he said gravely, "but not actually. He's not at home, is he? No? How fortunate you have an uncle! If you didn't have one, I couldn't ask if he was at home, could I?"

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Hope?"

"No," he said emphatically, taking a chair. "By the way, you may call me Caleb if you like. I sometimes grant that permission. Rarely to young ladies—but sometimes."

"Thank you," said Miss Rooney crisply.

"I'm sure you're welcome. I call your uncle Marty, so you are clearly entitled to call me Caleb. One must be fair about these things."

"Did you come for any special reason, or is this supposed to be a social call?"

Seena Rooney

"A very particular reason, doubtless. But I haven't the least idea what it is. You see, it was my feet."

"Your feet!"

"Yes; they brought me. I was thinking of something else, and all at once I found myself here. I don't know what they had in mind. One is so slightly acquainted with one's feet, you know."

"Do you often trust yourself to them blindly?"

"Seldom—if ever. They take advantage of my preoccupations." He cleared his throat and regarded her mournfully. "I see you are in good health," he said.

"Did you think I was ill?"

"One never knows," he said.

"Are you and Uncle Marty going into another fight?" she asked suddenly.

"I'm going into one," he answered, "but there's lots of room in the grand stand for uncle. Of course, I can't pointedly exclude him. He's socially eligible."

"I hoped that was all ended," she said.

"It's over the left ear," he said with some astonishment in his voice, "and I'd have taken my Bible oath it was the right."

"What are you talking about?"

"That little taradiddle of hair," he said. "It's very annoying. One remembers it at the oddest times. Do you let it do that on purpose? Um—I must remember—the left ear. Memory is so tricky."

"Do you think you can beat the governor?" Seena asked.

"The captains and the kings depart," he said. "Maybe governors are included. Nothing is permanent. So fleet the works of men back to their earth again. But I doubt if the governor is one of those ancient and holy things which fade like a dream."

"Why do you do it? Why must you mix in? What do you expect to get out of it?"

"Why do the boys play checkers under the barber shop?" He got to his feet, erecting himself slowly in sections.

"I suppose your feet are taking you away now," said Seena.

"No," he said, "I'm going on purpose. I'm flying to ills I know not of." He frowned at her. "Sometimes I'm sorry I have no available father," he said

"Why?"

"So," he said, "he could ask you the nature of your intentions."

Seena opened her mouth a trifle and held it so as he slouched down the sidewalk. Then she expelled her breath as one who is exasperated, and compressed her lips. "Of all things!" she exclaimed.

III

POLITICS became apparent from one end to the other of the state. They flared up and flamed up and tunneled under. Earth, air and water were confused with them and there was no place for the nonpolitical-minded to rest his ear. The governor invaded the seven mountain counties; billboards became exclamatory; bands played; town halls reverberated with oratory. It was all the governor's fireworks, for Caleb did not light a fuse. He did not seem even to look to the state of repair of his fences, and Jinks Baker became alarmed.

(Continued on Page 74)

"Governor, You Would Shine as a Distinguished Private Citizen. It's Your Métier. The More Private, the Better"

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 29, 1927

"Oh, Doctor!"

THE present cult of internationalism is peculiarly for and of America. There can be no true internationalism until more than one nation becomes internationally minded, and even inside the League of Nations other countries seem content to remain intensely nationalistic in everything that affects their trade, their territory and their other vital interests. Russia may be urged as an exception, but the gospel of her little band of rulers has been one of international destruction. The real Russia, the peasants, is intensely individualistic and interested in little beyond the confines of the villages.

In our own case, internationalism takes many forms, all clothed in the garment of idealism and all based on selected facts or pure fiction, according to the aims of the propagandist.

Some of these internationalists would break down our barriers and welcome any and all immigrants with one broad gesture of brotherhood. Fine or asinine, according to one's point of view.

Others would level our tariff walls and throw our home markets wide open to those that covet them. Generous or dangerous, according to one's knowledge of the business structure.

Others would regard our raw materials as a sacred trust for Europe, Asia and Africa. A grand idea or a bad one, according to what one lacks or owns. But one may ask the internationalist whether England regards rubber, and Brazil coffee, as sacred trusts or just plain trusts.

Others would have us disarm and bare our breast with a noble gesture, firm in the belief that it is perfectly safe for an unarmed man with a pure heart and a thousand dollars on his person to walk down a dark alley. According to Chairman Butler of the House Committee, our internationalism has already put us in third place as a naval power.

Still others would proscribe patriotism and love of country as ignoble and un-Christian, though heretofore all the Christian nations have claimed the Lord as a national and a belligerent, fighting on their own side.

Nationalism has been slowly evolved from the family and the tribe. With all its faults, there is no immediate substitute for it except disorder and disorganization. There are biological facts that must be taken into account; historical lessons and economic laws that cannot be disregarded. In improving men or nations, in shaping them to a better understanding and a higher point of view we must go back to first principles, recognize fundamental laws, and then proceed with a clear recognition of possibilities within the limitations imposed by those laws. That does not sound so noble, so inspiring, as the writings and speeches of those who believe that they can weld the world overnight into one great brotherhood, but it will advance the cause of peace inch by inch and foot by foot.

Nations, like individuals, may have a certain proper pride, may insist on due respect for their rights, may even choose those whom they prefer to have as fellow nationals, and still not lack in courtesy, kindliness and neighborly consideration. But there is no more reason for a nation than for an individual to permit the passer-by to make free with his house and his pocketbook.

Years ago there was a high-school paper, called The Lever, that carried this ambitious sentence of Archimedes at the head of its editorial page: "Give me whereon to stand and I will move the world." The only thing that kept it from moving the world was that there was nothing to stand on but air. But the man who would move his village or his city, or even his country a little, can always find solid ground on which to stand.

America had one chance to make itself felt internationally for world peace when we came out of the war at full fighting strength. We threw that away when we permitted the politicians to dictate a hard-boiled peace. We have another chance now by keeping our Army and Navy fit, pushing our trade and collecting our debts instead of giving four or five extra billions to Europe for more cruisers, more airplanes and more fighting men. Brotherhood is a fine thing, but a big brother, a strong brother, has a much better chance of being heard internationally for peace than a weak sister.

"Professor, How Could You!"

THE law forbids the practice of amateur surgery. The ingenious plumber who has invented a new way to remove the vermiform appendix is given no opportunity to demonstrate the beauties of his method to the surgical profession, but he may experiment all he likes on the body politic. Most plumbers have too much good sense to tackle delicate jobs for which they have had not the slightest training, but the country teems with college-bred men and women who are never quite so happy as when they are meddling with matters of which they have no real understanding. And yet they mean so well!

The European war debts offer to amateur financiers more temptations than a greenhouse offers to a boy with a new sling shot. They simply cannot let them alone. And almost invariably we find the cancellationists using that postwar textbook of economics put out by Europe for the education of recalcitrant Americans.

The war debts have a real literature of their own. It is extensive, intricate and highly technical. Scarcely a page of it could be called easy reading. The labor which devolved upon our Debt-Funding Commission in sifting this vast assemblage of data was colossal. And yet the experts employed did not shrink from months of intensive study of the task before them. They tempered their just findings with generosity. They made proper allowance for the divergence between theory and practice. They properly subordinated the rights of their own country to the welfare of debtor nations. They did an honest, painstaking job. The terms of settlement they proposed were equitable and liberal.

Now come professors in several of our colleges who propose to change these accepted terms of settlement, and to do the work all over again, with the idea of adopting new agreements which shall be less favorable to us and more favorable to the people who are calling us Shylocks and who are borrowing colossal sums in Wall Street, despite the fact that they say that it would ruin them to pay and us to receive the smaller sums borrowed from our Government during and right after the war.

As Mr. Garrett has said in an article, there is no strictly American point of view on cancellation. The arguments that our cancellationists put out from time to time are largely those that European newspapers and public speakers have prepared for American consumption. Of these the economic theory that payment of the debts would swamp us under a sea of cheap merchandise and bankrupt our manufacturers has for some time past been discreetly relegated to the background. But a prominent manufacturer, on his return from Europe a few weeks ago, repeated to the reporters this same old argument.

That argument, as European borrowers have realized, puts the cancellationist on the horns of a dilemma. If we cannot receive payments on account of the public debts without being swamped, then the private loans that we have been making to Europe are bad, because they will soon total very much more than the payments to be made on war and post-Armistice borrowings. If payment of the public debts will swamp us, we shall be sunk without a trace under the payment of private ones. Of course, both are in exactly the same case so far as our ability or inability to receive payment goes.

There are many fields in which indiscretion does no harm. There are others, such as those involving international relationships, in which it may do irreparable mischief. Perhaps the men who are best qualified to consider and decide the questions involved in the public debts in their relation to both the United States and Europe are the President and the members of the Debt-Funding Commission.

"The Man From Home"

A GREAT many of our returning tourists have something to say about the bad manners of other Americans in Europe, but if you ask them whether they themselves did anything rude or offensive while abroad they indignantly deny the insinuation. As so many thousands of these superior tourists who so freely criticize their fellow citizens testify that their own conduct has been irreproachable, one can only conclude that much of the talk about American bad manners abroad is baseless.

Anyone who travels much in Europe, and who frequents the hotels where Americans put up, is impressed by the fact that our tourists in general are well behaved, and that class by class, and in proportion to numbers, they compare favorably with the tourist nationals of other countries. We must not forget that one fool tourist is news to the press, while a thousand well-behaved ones are a matter of course. Probably there are no more offensive travelers than the cockney or the German of a certain class, and even the polite French have their moments on the streets, on trains and in hotels. And the foreigner in America is not always a model of good manners and good taste.

Many of the most boorish and braggart of those who provoke criticism are lower-class and peasant Europeans who came over steerage and are returning first cabin to visit the old country. Often they are naturalized Americans without being Americans in any true sense of the word.

At that, the European probably finds them less offensive than those Americans who are continually proclaiming that they are ashamed of their country and apologizing for the shortcomings of their countrymen. Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen rarely apologize for or explain their own countrymen. When they are offensive and unmannerly, they assume that they explain themselves.

Many Americans have the habit of comparing the best of Europe with the worst of America—the youth from a small town on his first tour, with the Oxford man; the buyer for a small cloak-and-suit house, with Lady Clara Vere de Vere; the Champs-Elysées, with Main Street; the small charges at a petty *pension* that would rank as a second-class boarding house at home, with the prices of Park Avenue hotels.

One is inclined to prefer the blatant Yankee, proud of God's country and of coming from it, to the snobbish American whose inferiority complex is his most prominent characteristic when he is in the presence of anyone or anything European. If American critics of American tourists would be Americans and spend more of their time on their own manners and less on those of their compatriots, we should be in better repute abroad.

THE STAGE COMPLEX

By Elisabeth Marbury

IT DOES not seem fair to ask actors to clean up the stage or the managers to produce only pure plays, for the actors cannot refuse parts which mean their livelihood, nor can the managers shut up their theaters and yet go on paying taxes.

The fault, in my opinion, lies between the author who has written salaciously and the public which enjoys the salaciousness when written. The one creates the evil which the other patronizes.

But beyond all this is the basic fact that we are living in a riot of sex. Sex appears to be a recent discovery in the minds of the majority. It would almost seem that until now babies had been born under cabbage leaves, and that the past generation had been a heavy drain upon the strength of storks.

Illusions have been buried, and between human beings today the iron hand of death has clutched at the throat of romance and a host of pseudo-psychoanalysts have, through themselves and through their writings, plunged with destructive force into the arena of love, so that the breath of even maternal affection has become fouled and the idealism of children's faith has been destroyed.

Fairy Tales and Spiritual Dissection

FREUD and a score of others have marched clanking up the stairs while the corpses of beauty, of poetry and of imagination rattle by in their coffins. It is a sorry state of mind, and I frankly say that I am personally glad to have lived a youth in which a kiss thrilled without analysis and a declaration of love made one's pulses beat without the invasion of scientific research. The present-day modern viewpoint has become so exaggerated that truth is thereby as difficult to find as when kind hearts were more than coronets and simple faith was greater than Norman blood.

Fairy tales are as worthy of credence as are spiritual dissections. The former are less dangerous to the community, because they float before our minds recognized for what they are, whereas the half-baked discoveries of the so-called modernists especially deceive the young, owing to their lack of experience and from the dearth of ideas which the average human mind suffers.

People whose lives are busy and productive have little time and less inclination for introspection. Dabblers in psychology are as a rule dilettants and idlers. There is no indolence in the world like that of impractical dreamers. They proclaim with pride that they are deep thinkers, whereas in truth they are cumbersome wasters and not worth their salt as a rule. To sit hour after hour indulging in the luxury of vagabond thought is a far easier line of resistance than to bestir oneself to a simple and common-sense activity. To be sterile of mental production, to be barren of performance, is even worse than the cultivated attitude of the day directed against child bearing and against child raising.

So long as the public mind is saturated with these so-called sex problems just so long will our literature and our plays reflect this reaction against simplicity and common sense. Everything has become so involved in the mental processes of the times that the word "complex" has to be torn from the dictionary and applied to the most natural expression of taste and to the normal form of impulse. We are born with the assumption of age. Children are instructed as to the mechanism of an engine, but are strangely ignorant of the spirit of the creator of this propelling force. Were it possible, Lincoln's bones would be of greater interest than Lincoln's spirit, which has been an inspiration to thousands of those who have succeeded him. Poetry and beauty, idealism and faith are today in danger of being covered with a dry rot which will drive the world into an abyss of ugliness the like of which has never been conceived.

When a son clasps his mother in his arms we are told that this is merely the budding expression of sex, because the mother in his ignorant eyes is the first woman in whom he recognizes the physical appeal. Yet let us carry on with this suggestion and we wonder what becomes of such a monstrous theory. This boy, grown up, has become separated for years from this mother who bore him; nevertheless, she is always the lodestar of his life. He has lost her as an entity; he has perhaps become steeped in crime; he has struggled and fought for bare existence; but not for a moment has he turned his back upon the duty which was his from birth—the duty to nourish her, to sustain her and to be of help to any possible degree which lies in his power.

He has not seen her for several decades, yet the glow of the relation warms the man as it warmed the boy, and all the destructive forces of which he may have been a victim have been unable to efface the memory of tenderness and of affection which were the gifts of life learned at the mother's knee. These were the realities; these were the memories which dwelt eternal in his mind.

In Pursuit of the Abnormal

NEVER was this poor old world of ours quite as old as it is at present. The babies are born grown-up. Childhood such as we knew it even a quarter of a century ago is no longer recognizable.

Nursery rimes and nursery jingles are to a large extent out of print. For many modern children Santa Claus and his reindeers are restored only through ancient samplers worked by great-grandmothers. Schoolbooks which proclaimed that George Washington never lied are relegated to the dust heap, and so it goes through a myriad of memories which are, like the old-fashioned literature, lost and forgotten. Yet children go on being born in the same way that they were born centuries ago. While their conception and arrival may be approached from wholly modern angles the basic facts remain the same and God's old-time method still prevails. Sex *per se* was begun with the first man and the first woman, and whereas the modern writer may pretend to discover a thousand and one explanations of very normal acts, still the acts remain. But the world of today, believing itself to be oversupplied with the normal, has suddenly determined upon pursuing the abnormal, with the result that self-consciousness, self-analysis and self-absorption meet at every turn. No one, young or old, can draw a natural breath. No one dares give way to natural impulses. Every emotion is subject to a pretentious vivisection which destroys it. Cynicism has supplanted belief. Skepticism has

THE OLD-FASHIONED GIRL COMES BACK

The Young Lady Who Tested the Well-Known Theory That the Modern Youth Would Rush the Old-Fashioned Girl!

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Benjamin

YES, woman's place is in the home,"
He begged. Perhaps it is.
But though my place is in the home,
I'll swear it's not in his!
—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Futility

"WE STROLLED beneath the orchard boughs,
Through meadow grasses lush and deep;
And there were cows and cows and cows,
And likewise sheep and sheep and sheep.

He sighed, "This world's a fleeting show;
Our empty lives have no excuse;
We strive and toil; we come and go;
And where's the good and what's the use!"

And still beside the purling stream,
In care of doughty ram and bull,
The cows went right on brewing cream,
The sheep went right on sprouting wool.

I groaned, "I know the way you feel;
We just drag on till something stops;
And still the calves keep making veal,
And still the lambs keep growing chops.

"We're tossed about like bits of cork,
Or ocean weed, or empty kegs;
And still the pigs keep adding pork,
And still the hens keep laying eggs.

"And still the bears keep raising fur,
And still the bees keep working too.
I don't know why these things occur,
And yet I'm sometimes glad they do."
—Arthur Guiterman.

Samples Supplied

A CLERGYMAN was very fond of a particularly hot brand of pickles, and finding great difficulty in procuring them at hotels when traveling, invariably carried a bottle with him.

One day, when dining at a restaurant with his pickles in front of him, a stranger sat down at the same table. Soon he asked the clergyman to pass the pickles.

The divine did as he was requested, and in a few seconds had the satisfaction of seeing the stranger watering at the eyes and gasping for breath.

"I see by your dress," said the man when he had recovered, "that you are a parson."

"I am, sir."

"I suppose you preach?"

"Yes, about twice a week usually."

"Do you ever preach about Hades?"

"Why, yes. Sometimes I deem it my duty to remind my congregation of eternal punishment."

"I thought so," said the stranger; "but you are the first of your class I ever met who carried samples."

On Every Family Tree

WHEN Cousin Fanny's husband gave up selling Lightning Rods and perfected his Synthetic Sausage Skins for Frankfurters they gave up the old flat on Wilson Avenue and moved into one of the imitation châteaux down on Long Island, completely surrounded by movie magnates and a few of the real aristocracy who had managed to put a whole generation between themselves and corned beef and cabbage. Well! Fanny had hardly got the calluses from her hands before she got the terrific hunch that the family must be descended in a straight line from old William the Conqueror. And away went Fanny to a Heraldry expert.

But Old Grandma Sykes says: "Ancestors and sleepin' dogs is better left lay! Like as not Fanny'll only find that great-great-grandfather Step'n-fetch-it was hanged on Boston Common for killin' a man in a tavern brawl!"

Deep Stuff

I LOVE the quartet with its mingling of notes,
Its barber-shop chords from four separate throats;
The first tenor's warble, so dulcetly shrill,
The second's harmonious seconding trill,
The baryione's notes from his resonant chest—
But I love the basso the best!

The rumble and grumble,
The bull-throated roar
Of breakers that stumble
And crash on the shore;
The foghorn's hoarse bellow
That echoes through space—
Loud cheers for the fellow
Who sings them in bass!

Yo, ho!
Yea, bo!

Down dives the basso appallingly low
Under the bottomless oceans that flow,
Under the ooze where the sea serpents creep,
Under the tombs where the Pharaohs sleep.
Deeper and deeper he drops with a plunk,
Deeper than Davy Jones' locker is sunk,
Down goes the basso's reverberant roll
Seven miles under the last seam of coal.

Rough, gruff,
Hairy-ape stuff,
Pitched in an earthquaking key;
That's what gets over with me!

What though the baryione
Sings, oh, so fair a tone!
What though the tenors are good as can be!
Yo, ho!
Hark to me, bo;
Basso profundo for me!
Heavy and grating notes,
Reverberating notes,
Smashing and pounding tones,
Crashing, resounding tones.

(Continued on Page 58)

Argumentative Dentist: "There, You See? You Can't Cite a Single Fact Against Coolidge!"

The Man Who Married a Mind Reader

"Joe, What in the Dickens Do You Suppose Our Wives See in a Guy Like That?"

Hearty pieces of nourishing meat in every spoonful!

12 cents a can

EAT SOUP and KEEP WELL!

"SUCCESS is largely a matter of habit," wrote a very successful man. Just as truly he might have said that *health* is largely a matter of habit. For success, socially or in business life, goes hand in hand with health. Of course what this prominent man meant was that being successful and happy and prosperous depended on doing daily a few essential things which in a short time became matters of habit. After that, the desired rewards are reaped with surprising regularity.

Buoyant, rosy health seems so far off and difficult to attain, for many people. "If only I wouldn't tire so easily!" "If I only had the pep and go of Alice—!" "If I had her good looks, wouldn't I make a fine impression!" "Nothing ever seems to get on Bob's nerves—wish I could say the same about myself!" Don't you hear remarks like these almost every day?

YET SCIENCE is teaching us as never before that good health depends mostly on a few simple fundamental rules, certain to bring the wished-for results, if only—and this is the all-important fact—if only these simple rules are followed habitually from day to day. Sleep, exercise, the open air, the right kind of food!

Eating soup and keeping well go hand in hand. Soup is one of the foods the experts tell us should be eaten every day. Soup appears in the daily menus for the family table as recommended by the leading dietitians and teachers of domestic science. Soup is a hot, liquid food which has a special place and usefulness in the daily diet, well recognized by the authorities. So do not think of soup as simply a delicious dish to be served or omitted as your fancy pleases. For soup *belongs* in the daily diet and should be eaten regularly, not just occasionally.

AND HERE are the reasons: Soup offers to your appetite a variety of tempting and delightful flavors you cannot get in any other food. Soup stimulates the appetite, arouses the desire for food, not only satisfies you but makes you keen for your other food as well. Soup causes the digestive juices to flow more freely. This has a favorable effect both on appetite and digestion. Not only is more food eaten but it is assimilated into the body tissues more thoroughly.

Let this be one of your daily habits that go so far toward the building of health and success. Let no day go by without its plateful of hot, nourishing, delicious soup. You will enjoy it so much and it will do you so much good. So easy and convenient, too, with all the charming soups to choose from at your store!

If I may speak, as man and sheik,
This secret I'll impart:
Each Campbell's kind will always find
A soft spot in my heart.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

By CORRA HARRIS

I WAS right about going to a fashionable hotel. It is the place where the family life of the public goes on gayly, elegantly, commercially, secretly and every other way. I must have appeared as strangely out of place there as the portrait of a female ancestor, done, with an awful veracity, in crayon, would look hung upon the walls of a very fine public house. I have seen such likenesses of farmer men and women in even stranger places, and they always give the impression of being more observant than, say, one of those far more ornamental Portraits of a Lady painted by a master. These lovely dames frequently appear to omit what is going on with a loftier, sweeter look. But your crayon-featured grandmother never ceases to regard you with a personal stare of implacable candor. No art has softened the weathered sternness of her countenance or the accusative thou-art-the-man look in her coal-black crayon eyes, though she may have been dead before you were born and had gentle blue eyes in real life.

I do hope I did not appear to be so forbidding as this, for I spent some of the happiest days of my pilgrimage in this hotel. I had a certain experience there which was entirely new to me, and very gratifying. I awoke on the morning of perhaps the third day to find myself literally and personally famous. What I mean is that I enjoyed all the thrills and some of the adulation of being a popular writer, for the first time in my life.

This is almost a derogatory statement for the author of twenty-odd novels and autobiographies to make, and calls for an explanation. It is really not so bad.

I am gun-shy of the public. I have written so much truth about men and women without including the popular features of sex transgression, that I know I do not deserve to be popular, as authors of fiction frequently are. I do not think I am such a bad actor when it comes to interpreting the human heart, having always put in the tender, mitigating circumstances along with my other interpretations. Still, I know I have betrayed the confidences of a great many men and women whom I have never actually seen or known. In no other way can I account for the desire I have to take to my heels every time I do it again. I live in the strictest retirement, feeling frequently the embarrassment of many men's consciences. You never see me prancing to the front on a rostrum before the public, waiting for the deafening cheers of the audience.

The reason is, I think, that I have told something on every man and woman in it, and I am in grave doubts about whether they will feel like applauding me for doing so. Besides, I have never felt the need of this kind of stimulation, as, I suppose, one who has never tasted champagne does not crave it. It has always been enough for me to find more and more deeply hidden truths of the human heart and to set them to tune with the right words. I have been a Forty-niner at that business for more than twenty years. And in all this time I have never taken but one cowardly advantage as an author—I write what I know and believe as if both were sound truth, but I never give the public a chance to contradict or reproach me by subscribing to a clipping bureau! You may vent your spleen, but if the offender does not know you are doing it, never sees your brilliant arraignment of him, he is not affected by your accusations, and his vision is not darkened by your adverse opinion. He can go on seeing clearly what you really are below your own speech line of visibility, and copying it into his next book under the nom de plume of his little personal pronoun, as usual.

This is the reason why I never read what critics say of my work. If it is appreciative, God will bless them; even if it is not, I doubt if He will damn one of them for revealing a little self-consciousness in his review. My loftier business is to give them the same liberties I take, and to avoid the shooting. Thus, by exercising discretion, I retain the valor to go on interpreting and explaining why they do it. "Vain is wisdom if a man be not wise for himself."

I do not always escape, to be sure. A generous stranger sometimes sends me an item of bitter news about myself, clipped from his morning paper. Lately a remark I made in what I supposed to be a private conversation, praising men for the strides they are making in modesty and shyness, was published as a complaint. I hoped the thing would pass unnoticed. But there is always somebody with a net spread for bad news about you.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

A Dead Wall in San Francisco's Chinatown

It is censure, not praise, which makes the deepest impression on us. Very few writers can endure much of it without being chastened into trimming down what they really believe to please their critics instead of their readers. If a reader does not like what you have written, he backbites you to the editor, but if he is particularly pleased, he writes to you personally, God bless him! Out of every thousand letters an author receives probably three will be faultfinding. And in my case they are anonymous, unless he happens to be a grammarian with no more than a mechanical use of words. Then he proudly signs his name. It is a mystery to me how these merely word-parsing people can be so vain of their mental limitations. Lately a young man sent me two closely typewritten pages calling attention to the many grammatical errors I had made in my last book—two hundred in all. I forgave him, knowing how mischievously contentious I am about the naked words other writers use, however grammatically. But if that young man ever achieves a literary career it will be a frightfully dull one.

This is the way I feel toward grammarians and the kind of cowardly insurance I have always carried against critics who publish opinions of my work. I have never dared to face the numerous adversities attached to my reputation as a writer, until that morning at the hotel, when more personal, sweeter, kinder fame than I had ever known began calling me on the phone and sending up cards. Real men and women wished to speak to me, or to see me, because I had written this book or that one, fifty of them in one day! I was entranced, and frightened half out of my wits. Nothing like this had ever happened to me before, and since it is not likely to happen again, I may be pardoned for making a handclapping note of it here.

You should bear with me, seeing how hard I had worked for years, always fearing your judgments, putting a bold face on that; but keeping out of sight and hearing, hiding my face, writing it out for you a trifle homelier than it really is, hoping thereby to win a little charity, always anxious lest I should never win your regard. Then suddenly to be overwhelmed with so much love and praise, to experience for a few days the grand sensation of being a popular author! It literally made me weak with piety and gratitude to God, which was not in accord with my rational views about Providence. But why be rational all the time, when even the materialist is not that much reduced to being just himself? I prefer being spiritual beyond the limits of my mortal faculties now and then, knowing that when all is said and done the Presbyterians are right and that "the chief end of man is to glorify God." I never am excessively happy without taking a little spell of glorifying my Maker.

For days I was too fearful to receive these visitors, having been long committed to the belief that authors are disillusioning in their personal effects upon their readers. At last one afternoon I made a faintly smiling toilet and started downstairs to meet some of these dear importunate people.

When I came through the door of my room there was a very old man standing just outside. He was short and broad, snow-white hair and beard, weather-beaten countenance, seafaring eyes, fadeless blue and very keen. His clothes were rough, collar open at the neck, showing a brown breast covered with that same beard.

He said he had been waiting for me a long time. He was a tentmaker, he explained, much as if he had said, "I am Peter, who lives down here by the sea." He did not actually tell me his name; the inference being that he was just himself under any name. I did not think to wonder until afterward how he got up there unannounced.

We walked together down the long corridor to the elevator, no compliments. He went on speaking kindly, with soft husky tenderness, to me about what I had been, and what I had done, as a father speaks to his son who has made an honorable record in living. When we reached the lobby where those other people were waiting, he blessed me with a few more gravely praising words and went his way. I had never heard of him and did not see him again, but I shall never forget the compelling majesty of his presence. Don't tell me that plain people are not gifted sometimes with a quality and a dignity which grander people never attain! They know you in a way no one else does, and they can be the very bread and wine of love to you, when you need it, without making a fuss about it.

I was obliged still to spend my mornings in bed. On one of these mornings a young woman got by the bell boys and came in. She was tall, very slim. Coal-black hair, slightly waved as Nature makes it, and bobbed. She had a curious gleam of humor in her wide gray eyes. She was dark, very pale and strangely beautiful, like one line of a lovely old ballad, the rest of which you cannot recall—something obscure about her loveliness. She wore a blue-dimity frock with tiny white dots in it, frosted on the edges with narrow white lace, a touch of rose-and-green

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Fruit Tarts
(12 tarts)

Here's a way to get the light flakiness and delicate flavor of puff pastry in fruit tarts without the usual tedious work:

Mix 1 cup flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Cut in ⅓ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Moisten to dough with 3 tablespoons cold water. Roll into thin sheet. Spread one-half of surface with 2 tablespoons "Silverleaf", fold other half over, and roll lightly. Repeat folding and rolling twice. Cut and bake. Fill with stewed cranberries or other fruit

New points of interest on shortening in American cookery

" " a special delicate richness in baked foods and a new time-saving method " "

Throughout the country, a new interest in baked foods! Few other kinds of cooking offer such an opportunity of creating unusual delicacy and richness. Tarts, breads, pies—what a joy it is to make them with that extra goodness, so appetizing and mellow, which comes from the shortening when it is just right!

More and more women, realizing how much this highly prized quality means to their families and their guests, are turning to the shortening used by so many housekeepers for years—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure from choice pork fat, "Silverleaf" enriches all baked and fried foods with that tempting dauntiness you long for.

And because of its remarkable creamy smoothness—just the right consistency to mix well with other ingredients—there is special lightness and tenderness in baked foods made with "Silverleaf."

Then, too, cooking is made easier by the exclusive self-measuring carton in which "Silverleaf" comes to you. Gone is all the old bother of packing a measuring cup and spoons! Just score the print as indicated and cut the exact amount needed.

To make certain of special delicacy in your baking and frying, ask for "Silverleaf" by name. Your grocer has it in the self-measuring, one-pound carton, and also in 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

Just score the print as shown on the flap and cut the exact amount needed

"Silverleaf's" carton does your measuring for you, saving time and labor and assuring exactness in amounts

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

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embroidery on it somewhere, probably the pocket, but very faint stuff, as if she did not care now to bloom much.

During the whole time I knew her I never saw her wear a hat, but she frequently carried a curious straw thing hung by the strings over her arm, which she must have got out of one of the earlier English romances. I thought she might be anywhere in her twenties, and could be thirty, and undoubtedly married for better or worse—that type.

She wished me good morning and looked around for a chair, drew it close beside the bed, sat down and said that I did not know her—which was the truth. I had no idea, even after she gave me her name—a pretty, wild one that had been picked like a rose for her from one of the brighter hedgerows of nomenclature, and it was now joined to a plain husband-sounding one, which some women wear like a stone hung around their necks.

She failed to surprise me only because I had been in the West for six months and had learned that no matter what their former state or antecedents may be, they escape into a sort of freedom from the tyranny of conventions. They can do the worst things and the best with a verve and charm we know nothing about. They have all been born again.

She had her sewing bag with her, pulled out a very small child's dress and began to put the hem in it with the needle-and-thread-whipping grace fair ladies have. The inference was that she had come to spend the morning with a sick friend, but had no time to lose. She assumed me, you understand, and I lay back with supine satisfaction, watching her do it; not realizing at the time that she had already taken out naturalization papers in her affections for me, and that I was now a pensioner upon her strictly maternal bounty. Such was actually the case. From that time, as long as I was in California, I could never get beyond her love and care. She knew many pleasant people who were distinguished one way and another, not as we know such men and women, but with the same peaceful intimacy of affection which she now incontinently bestowed upon me. What I mean is that she was the most universally beloved woman I have ever known, without being obliged to finance herself in manners or clothes—generally supposed to be essential to the high parts and fine parts she was frequently called upon to play socially and personally.

This woman is a notable example of the charm and hospitality of the West. I am still at a loss to account for her amazing power to achieve so much goodness and loveliness in addition to a life of what we would call drudgery, but her hospitality is very remarkable on account of its romantic derivation. Hospitality is not so much a virtue as it is an instinct, in the West. If someone catches sight of you on the highways, or even the byways, she is liable to compel you to come in. The fact that she does her own work never figures in her calculations. She may be the wife of a millionaire who has been out driving all the afternoon, still if she gets a glimpse of you she may ask you to dine with her. If so, you had better accept the invitation. You are sure to find a table plentifully supplied with sumptuous food, well prepared and beautifully served by her or her belle of a daughter, with practically no interruption in the table conversation, no matter how abstruse that is.

Lincoln Park, One of San Francisco's Municipal Golf Courses

One afternoon I was going up in the elevator in a country town hotel with a couple who were stopping there. Joseph Jefferson, Jr., was playing at the theater that night, and was also stopping at this hotel. They were giving a little dinner upstairs for him and would I come in? It was then ten minutes before this dinner would be served! As casually as that are they liable to invite you to meet a touring queen or a world-wide celebrity.

The mind of the West is in a similar state to that of the planet Saturn—not yet congealed into form and firmness, surrounded still with the bright rings of theories and wonderments. They like to dabble in mysteries with the same ardor that children explore fairy lore. They are always prepared to believe anything remarkable, and to make you believe it, even if they do not, if you are the happy pilgrim in their midst. They like to discuss obscure subjects, not to appear intellectual because they really are fantastically intellectual without affectation. They enjoy getting themselves picked to pieces by a psychopath just to find out whether there is anything in this sensational science of the mortal mind. They are perfectly capable of digging up some ancient effigy of a heathen god and setting it up for mesmeric contemplation; not worship, mind you. They are practically no good at worshiping anything but the Brobdingnagian scenery of their marvelous country, but they want to find out how it feels to be mesmerized by a dingy little Buddha with the dust of a thousand years sticking to him.

However it may be with others, for me it would be as dangerous to study heathen religions and prance around heathen gods as it would be to choose my human companions from among powerful but doubtful people. Therefore I am bound to conclude that it is a dangerous folly to dabble in the sorcery of heathen religions. This is something many people of the West do not know. So far from being rationalists or materialists in this matter, they are lightly romantic. They have a questing faith that will try out any kind of religion. They are not pagans, but they have some strangely pagan instincts when it comes to their spiritual relaxations.

One thing is certain: We will crave some kind of exaltation as we aspire blindly toward the highest so long as men and women exist. They will have it through beverages, jazz, political rallies, revolutions, wars, or the misuse of their spiritual faculties in religious excitement. As for me, I prefer to get mine through great poetry, great music, eloquence, the contemplation of heroic deeds, never by prostituting my faith in God to obtain this purely sensuous and physical gratification. We are bound to God by faith and certain principles in living, not by emotional excitement, which, in the very nature of things, must be brief, when sobriety leaves us on the dead level of what we were before we shouted ourselves drunk the night before.

An honest mind, a clean heart, peace and the power to live cheerfully by faith through every adversity should be

(Continued on Page 97)

PHOTOS BY HARRIS & EWING BY COURTESY OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

Looking Down Market Street, San Francisco, From Twin Peaks

A Landslide to the Hupmobile Eight

During the last two years, the Hupmobile has done more than make a brilliant conquest of the eight market.

That is only one side of the picture; for today there is literally a landslide of buying opinion toward the Hupmobile Eight.

For Hupmobile has proved the prestige of eight power and performance.

Hupmobile has proved that an eight reaches the very apex of smoothness and ease.

Hupmobile has proved that an eight can be economical, by building an eight that gives generous gas mileage.

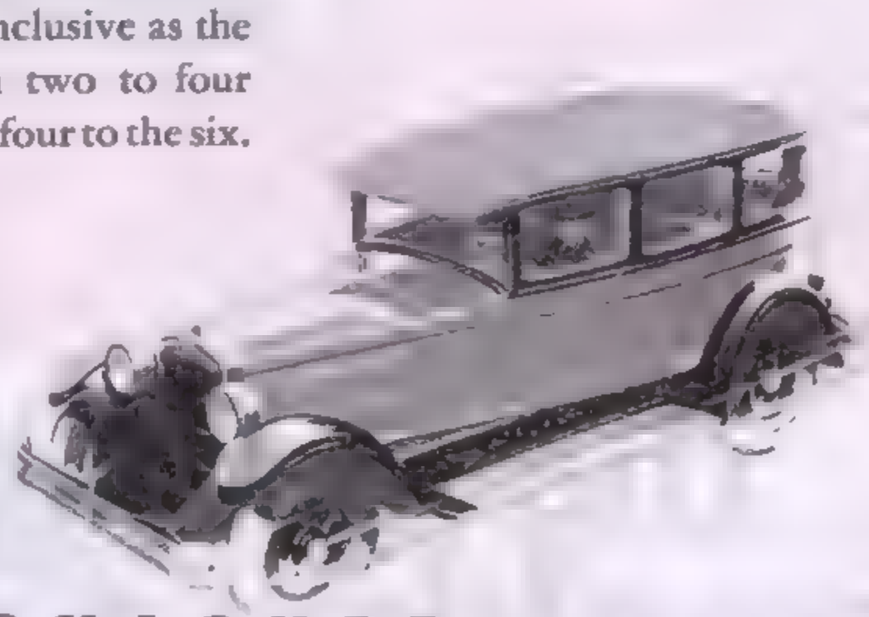
Hupmobile Eight owners, thousands of them, will testify that an eight can be as simple and as free from repair complications as a six and even a four. Finally, Hupmobile has proved that an eight can be produced in volume and priced as reasonably in proportion as a six.

In other words, on the score of value alone, Hupmobile—as an eight—has proved its superiority conclusively.

Hupmobile—by proving these things over a period of two years—justifies in every way our belief that the Hupmobile straight-eight is the greatest car of its class in the world.

And Hupmobile Eight has set in motion a change of buying preference in its price range that will be as far-reaching and conclusive as the historic changes from two to four cylinders, and from the four to the six.

Ten Distinguished Body-types
Priced from $1945 to $2595 f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax



THE DISTINGUISHED

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

Quality

the first *different*
smoking tobacco
in a generation

15¢

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The American Tobacco Co.

How Good is a Realty Bond?

By MORGAN G. FARRELL

DURING the twelve months of 1925, the people of the United States purchased the round sum of $700,000,000 worth of first-mortgage bonds secured by urban real estate. That is to say, they lent their savings, in that huge aggregate, to the building industry to finance new construction and the acquisition or improvement of existing properties. Nearly $300,000,000 went into mortgages for office buildings; $250,000,000 into hotels, apartment hotels and apartments; and the remainder into structures of a semi-public character, such as theaters, freight terminals, garages, arcades and warehouses.

If the recorded sales of building shares and rural and suburban loan bonds are included, the total amount invested in real-estate securities by our people, in a single year, is estimated by no less authority than the International Bankers' Association, to be $1,000,000,000. Five years ago, in 1922, one-fifth of that sum would have covered all similar investments. To be accurate, that particular year witnessed a total sale of first-mortgage bonds amounting to $160,000,000.

Probably 2,000,000 people, mostly wage earners, have invested in realty bonds and shares. Complete statistics are not available, but it is evident that the number is approximately correct. Stocks and bonds are issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1000. If $500 is the average investment and the annual sales amount to $1,000,000,000, the buyers would number exactly 2,000,000. It is apparent, then, that the present and future developments in this class of security are of interest to a very large class of investors.

The attitude of the public toward the mortgage bond as an investment has been profoundly influenced of late by two circumstances. One is the persistence of pessimistic predictions that urban construction will soon be overdone. The other is the receivership of a certain prominent house of issue. Both are not without weight. If there is too much space of all kinds any building loan would be a bad risk, and if one bond house failed through mismanagement, others may do the same. Let us see if the premises are correct.

Not So Simple as it Seems

CONSIDER first the statements that there is a condition of universal overbuilding. It may be recalled that reports to that effect were made public more than a year ago. Nevertheless, building is nearly as active now as it was at that time. Those who made the predictions were, for the most part, officials of loan institutions other than bond houses, who could hardly be expected to watch with silence and equanimity the alienation from their companies of a $1,000,000,000 business. In the meantime, they themselves have not curtailed their own loans to any extraordinary degree. Finally, no one can say unqualifiedly that a city is oversupplied with space, until the for-rent signs appear. The mere fact that large numbers of buildings are going up is not conclusive proof that there are already too many of them.

The settlement of the affairs of the bond house which is in default and the coincidental hearings in court have emphasized several points of the utmost interest to investors in realty bonds. Thus far it has been shown that about 70 per cent of the issues brought out by the house are perfectly sound and will probably run their full terms. Some of those issues have been taken over by others, who are completing the buildings involved. It has developed, also, that the bond house had conducted its affairs properly, except for one glittering example of bad judgment: When unable to sell an issue in full it was the custom of the house to make up the deficit from its own funds. When these were exhausted the firm passed into receivership.

The truth, indeed, seems to be that the bond-issue system of financing mortgages has come to stay. It is unlimited in its scope, uncomplicated in its workings, but at present largely unregulated. It attained its most striking growth during a period of easy money, furious construction and general prosperity. It has now assumed a place of high utility in the national economic scheme. The present problem is to determine what defects have appeared in the system and how they can be remedied by legislation and public demand. The last named is the most potent agency for reform. If the public requires certain definite information about a forthcoming issue, and certain definite assurance of the conduct of the finances, the bond house will be obliged to give both or forgo sales.

It is the purpose of this paper to review the present state of the mortgage-bond field, tracing briefly its evolution and pointing out the abuses which have so stealthily crept in; and more especially, to indicate how investors can analyze an offering and determine at once whether or not it is worth buying. Moreover, the information and safeguards which the public should demand will be set forth in detail.

Ask any holder of mortgage bonds what is back of his investment and he will answer, most likely in shocked tones: "Why, so much land and such-and-such buildings"—in Chicago, Des Moines or New York.

The real and correct answer is not quite so simple. It is true that the annual increment of land value in the cities continues to expand at a phenomenal rate. In the midtown section of Manhattan Island—that is, in the new business and financial district near the Grand Central Terminal—the assessed valuations have increased 631 per cent in twenty years. Part of this is due to the improvement of sites with expensive buildings, but at the same time the values of adjoining and unimproved parcels have shared in the advances. Inside plots on Fifth Avenue have sold for as much as $35,000 a front foot.

There is seldom a recession of ground values within the limits of our first-class cities; never a protracted, downward trend. Certain sections may remain dormant for a long period. Yet, sooner or later comes the inevitable rise in values, usually in the form of a short-lived, but decisive, boom. Urban land is, indeed, a stable security for the mortgage loan, provided it is owned in fee by the borrower. Whether or not a certain type of building, to be erected on the land, is also stable security depends partly on the economic need for the building and partly on the conditions of the loan. The building may be rentable enough, but the loan may be too big to be carried by it, or the loan may be reasonable and the building unrentable. The ideal mortgage is one of moderate amount secured by a thoroughly rentable building.

When Lender and Borrower Met

UNDER the old and time-honored system of lending money on real-estate security, it rarely happened that too much money was lent or that it was advanced on the wrong kind of building, for the borrower and the lender were closer together than they are now. Even if some broker initiated the negotiation, his job was over when he brought the principals together. Then the capitalist looked his would-be debtor over, and if he liked his face and his credit, intimated that he was ready for some information regarding the security. Possibly a tenement would be offered, whereupon the two would proceed to the edifice, which one of them would minutely inspect. He would then inquire: "How much did you say you want?"

To which the borrower would reply firmly: "Sixty thousand."

The lender would register mild surprise. "I'll let you have $47,500, at 5 per cent, payable quarterly, at my bank. This offer is open until six this evening. Good day, sir." And the borrower could take it or leave it.

Forty years ago most lenders, or mortgagees, were successful business men who believed the first mortgage on real estate to be a safe and sane medium of investment for surplus income. Their methods were quite direct, as indicated. Few would lend against a building under construction. "Finish it up and let's see what you put in it and how it rents."

The next largest lenders—the banks—were equally circumspect, though less prejudiced against construction loans, especially if the work was to be done under the supervision of reputable architects. But they did scrutinize the credit of the borrower and the value of the security. Applications were turned down or toned down with dispatch and finality.

Mortgagees kept severely to their own localities, where the lenders were thoroughly familiar with the borrowers and their properties. They made few mistakes. Foreclosures occurred only when financial mishap left the mortgagor definitely unable to meet his payments, and not always then. Mortgagees were often quite human. They have been known to carry some unlucky clients for years, until they were again able to struggle to their feet.

The direct, personal touch disappeared with the advent of nation-wide operation. The title companies, insurance companies and trust companies had accumulated such immense surplus accounts that they were obliged,

Continued on Page 50

If Only We Could Get One of Those European Debt Experts to Plead for Us

50 BODY STYLES AND TYPES — 500 COLOR COMBINATIONS

A notable tribute to the high place which Cadillac holds in universal esteem is the fact that its price is quite generally believed to be much higher than it really is.

Closed Cadillac
Cars from $2995 up
f.o.b. Detroit

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

BACK OF BEYOND

Maclyn Held it in His Hands, Staring at it Stupidly. "Where Did You Get This?" He Inquired at Last

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXV

ON THEIR return in about two hours they found Breck outside the canopy of the big tree, seated on the sidehill, his glasses in his hand. He was as near excitement as Maclyn had ever seen him.

"But this is extraordinary—most extraordinary," he said, "and very important from every point of view. It is our duty to make the most of our opportunities here. I suppose this place must be unique in the geology of the world. It's fresh, untouched material. We must get at it just as soon as we are able."

"We must explore it thoroughly," submitted Maclyn.

"And map it accurately," agreed Breck. "I have my prismatic, and we can make shift by pacing to get our base line. That's just a start. Think of what we have to do! What is the growth on the plains, and why does it stay green? Source of all this water? We must look at the country outside all around the crater too. If it's like what we came over, how did all these animals get here? If Mavrouki is correct and there are hippos in that swamp, there'd be a puzzler for you!"

"We used to wonder how trout got into some of the high mountain lakes at home," said Maclyn. "We concluded birds must have brought them in originally. It seems hardly likely that birds would bring in hippos though, does it?"

"We must find if there is another and easier entrance," went on Breck, ignoring this frivolity, "through which they might make their way. And another thing: Are these beasts here descendants of strays which blundered in and multiplied over a long period of time, or is there a regular migration from some game fields over the other side? And we must look into the geology of the place too. That part's very interesting. You see the floor is practically level—no blow cones or anything of that sort. The crater must have been formed ages ago; it's gradually been filling with earth and silt ever since. Look at those walls and try to imagine how long that would take! And how—by wind and rain erosion? Then there must be a season of great rains or else the climate has changed utterly. We must find indications of which it is. There are probably big dust storms, too, sweeping in from outside. I'd like to be able to analyze the soil of the bottom land. There's probably some chemical combination that brings about that astonishing growth. Have you looked at it through your glasses?"

"There's an awful lot of game, and I've never seen it so tame," supplied Maclyn; and he detailed his experience when he had shot the impalla.

"What species did you see?" asked Breck. Maclyn told him. "We must make a careful list, especially of the smaller species."

"And the Pharaoh johnnies!" cried Maclyn, kindling. "By Jove, we must hunt them up!"

But Breck at once became skeptical. "I doubt that part of it," said he.

"But why?" persisted Maclyn. "Supposing you were a *shenzi*, wouldn't you make tracks for a place like this? What more would you want?"

"Nothing," agreed Kali Sana.

"Then why do you think we won't find them here?"

"The tameness of the game. Animals don't act that way unless they are totally unfamiliar with human beings—especially natives who drive them in pit hunting."

"Maybe this sort don't eat meat." Breck smiled skeptically. "Or it may be that it is as Mavrouki said—this is a sort of sacred place to them and they come here only to church."

"I never saw or heard of any Central African tribe that elaborate in their religion," said Breck.

"Maybe," persisted Maclyn, "this isn't a Central African tribe. Didn't you say yourself they weren't prognathous, or whatever it was?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well," explained Maclyn in embarrassment over knowing anything, "I wasn't any greasy grind in college, or anything of that sort; but I sort of remember in a course I took in ancient history—I took it because it was supposed to be a snap, you understand—there was something about a dynasty of what they called the Shepherd Kings who conquered and ruled Egypt back in the good old 'steen thousand B.C. days. They came from the outside and took charge after licking the stuffing out of the then ruling family. As I remember it, quite a lot of the standpatters couldn't stand for it and beat it south up the Nile, didn't they?—and nobody knows how far—where they could run their own show in their own way. Isn't that right? Well, what's the matter with some of them getting this far south? Golly, if I were an ancient Egyptian, totally addicted to cats and pyramids and million-ton temples and such things, I wouldn't want a better place. I'll bet a hat we dig up all sorts of sphinxes and things."

"It might be; it's barely possible, of course," agreed Breck slowly. "Anything is possible in this country."

Maclyn got up and danced about a little. "'A reception was tendered last evening by the Royal Geographical Society to the celebrated African explorers, Mr. Kali Sana Breck, P.D.Q., C.O.D., and Mr. Maclyn Keough, with the rest of the alphabet,'" he chanted. "'These heroic men were presented with the society's gold medal for their distinguished services in throwing a flood of light on hitherto unknown prehistoric Egyptian culture. In view of their discoveries there can no longer exist the shadow of a doubt that the said ancient Egyptians understood the value of jazz in keeping worshipers awake during services. It is understood that the primeval saxophone excavated by our alphabetical heroes is to be presented to the British Museum. The jewels and gold utensils they will keep for themselves. It is said on good authority that our beloved sovereign is to bestow on them the Order of the Bath.' And he might order me one right now," observed Maclyn parenthetically. "How does that sound, honored sir?"

Breck grunted, his lips twitching beneath his beard. Maclyn grinned at him boyishly.

"It strikes me we are going to have some fun in this place!" he cried.

"Well," said Breck practically, "the first thing to do is to move down off this sidehill nearer the center of things. We'll do that tomorrow. Then we'll have to send back for our supplies. We can be looking about near here until the men get back. Then we'll march over to the forests under the cone yonder. That is likely the most useful base. But we'll map this end first."

"I can map," supplied Maclyn happily; "at least I think I can. I swatted away at it once in an officers' training camp. But what we going to map with or on?"

"I have the materials. I always take them," Breck assured him

"Nothing doing in the geology or botany line, and no deductive power in the old bean as to wherefores or why," disclaimed Maclyn. "Maps let me out. Otherwise I'm a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. Wish we had a camera."

"I think I know enough about it to take field notes," admitted Breck.

"And can't you see us next trip!" cried Maclyn, off on another tangent. "Camels—I insist on camels! And a whole staff of scientific specialists! And excavators! Golly! Somebody'll have to write the book. You've got to do that. There'll be a lot of books. Our specialists will probably each write one—total circulation four hundred and twelve. Our book will be the best seller, written in the well-known flowing style of its loquacious author."

"Are you talking about me?" queried Breck mildly.

"None other."

Breck grunted. "However," he admitted grudgingly, "it is extremely probable that we have found something of considerable scientific importance. It is now our duty to make a sufficiently detailed report to warrant a properly equipped expedition. That is all we can do."

"It's already warranted, as far as that goes."

"By the facts—yes. But," warned Breck, "we have still to persuade others in order to enlist the necessary backing. Such an expedition, properly equipped and conducted, is very expensive."

"Look here," demanded Maclyn, "I am flattered, of course; but apparently you have overlooked the fact that not only is my revered governor a man of substance but I also, without fault or merit of my own, am an idle rich."

"Yes, I had forgotten that," said Breck.

"And," stated Maclyn positively, "I'm here to state that I'm going to blow myself to those camels, not to speak of those scientists." He chuckled contagiously.

"Now what?" inquired Breck.

"I was thinking what a gorgeous joke it would be on dad. He's firmly convinced I'll never amount to anything."

They sat silent for some time, lost each in his dream. The long narrow shadow of the needle cliff marched across the plain.

At the base of the wall opposite, it seemed to pause. Maclyn raised his glasses to his eyes.

"It's been doing that for a hundred thousand years or so," he muttered. "Seems as if it ought to be pointing to something worth while, instead of nothing but a bare cliff. Now if it had only been slued around a little so it pointed toward the Mountain of God, that would have been perfect. Nature seems to have no artistic or dramatic sense whatever."

He continued for some moments to gaze discontentedly across the crater.

"It isn't right," he complained; "it's sort of anticlimax. It ought to point to something. Before I leave this place I'm going to make some paint and go over there and paint something for it to point at—Swallow Pills or Use Scrubber's Soap or something."

The shadow of the rim was by now far out over the plain. A chilly wind stirred the grasses. They arose and turned toward camp.

"Tomorrow we'll get at it," promised Breck.

"Tomorrow!" echoed Maclyn.

XXVI

BUT tomorrow, when, at the first call of the dawn birds, Maclyn threw aside his blankets and leaped to his feet, Breck did not stir.

"I'm sorry, lad," he said weakly, looking up at the young man in the firelight with unnaturally bright eyes, "but my old friend, the fever, has got me."

Maclyn was at once all anxiety, but Breck reassured him: "It's not pleasant, but it's not fatal. I may go off my head a little later, and I may not. But don't be alarmed. I've been through it dozens of times, and little the worse."

"What can I do?" implored Maclyn

"Nothing; not a thing. I have my phenacetin, and my quinine for when the fever breaks. But I'm afraid it delays our plans for a time"

"As if that mattered!" cried Maclyn indignantly.

Mavrouki looked upon Kali Sana and clicked his tongue. Then he roused the other men and gave certain orders.

During that day Maclyn was in a state of continual admiration. Heretofore he had had no chance to see what could be accomplished by these wild people with no other tools than their knives. First of all, they made a low bedstead of forked sticks and poles, binding them with strips of the inner bark of thorn trees—a tough, flexible sort of withe which proved to retain its strength even when dry. This was bottomed by crisscross strips of the same material and upholstered with dried sweet grass which Kiberiti brought in after an hour's search. When it was finished it looked very comfortable. Breck, rolled up like a cocoon, very sick and obstinate, refused to bother with it; all he wanted was to be let alone.

When urged, he merely shrugged and voiced this desire in no uncertain tones. Whereupon, under orders from Maclyn, Morenda and Kiberiti descended upon him and picked him up bodily and put him on the new bed, despite his Swahili profanity. They were very polite and gingerly. Maclyn tucked in the blankets with an exaggerated courtesy.

"Excuse us, but we must be firm," said he; "you're sick. We know what's best for you. That's what they used to tell me when they intended to be especially disagreeable. There now, isn't that pretty good?"

Breck continued to grumble, but as he looked up at the solicitous young giant hovering over him somewhat like a motherly St. Bernard, a curious welling of emotion almost

(Continued on Page 134)

The Two Wataasi Still Huddled Together as Far From the Cave as the Platform Would Permit. Mavrouki Was Not in Sight

New factors in driving

– which call for an engineering margin of safety in winter lubrication.

AUTOMOBILE engines of recent years show marked changes over those of only a few years ago. For example, there have been distinct trends toward high-speed design and heavier crankshafts with more and larger bearings.

The growing use of cars in winter has added to the burden imposed on lubrication. Your oil must facilitate quick startings and distribute quickly and freely to every frictional surface.

In lubrication you must have an engineering margin of safety as never before. Gargoyle Mobiloil has this margin of safety. Every winter requirement in lubricating your engine has been studied by the Mobiloil engineers. Their analyses of two prominent 1927 engines are shown here. This is but a part of the careful analysis which they make of *all* automobiles. Their recommendation for *your* car—both for winter and summer driving—is printed in the Mobiloil Chart. Your Mobiloil dealer can supply you with the correct grade.

Star

THE new Star models, Four and Six, are continued with no mechanical changes from the preceding series. Both the four- and six-cylinder engines are of L-head construction, and are water-cooled by pump circulation. The conventional type of piston is made of aluminum alloy for both models.

All pistons are provided with three piston-rings above the piston-pin. The third ring is of the oil-control type, which tends to reduce carbon deposits and oil consumption.

Both engines are equipped with the force-feed system of lubrication. Oil is delivered by a gear pump to all main crankshaft, crankpin, and camshaft bearings, and also to the timing chain and sprockets. All other engine parts are lubricated by the oil spray which is thrown from the crankshaft. An oil screen located in the crankcase prevents sediment from entering the oil pump intake.

To insure the most efficient operation, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is recommended for both models in summer. (On four-cylinder models built prior to 1925, use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in summer.) Under winter conditions an oil of exceptional fluidity is necessary on all models; and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used to facilitate starting and to permit positive oil circulation at low temperatures.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

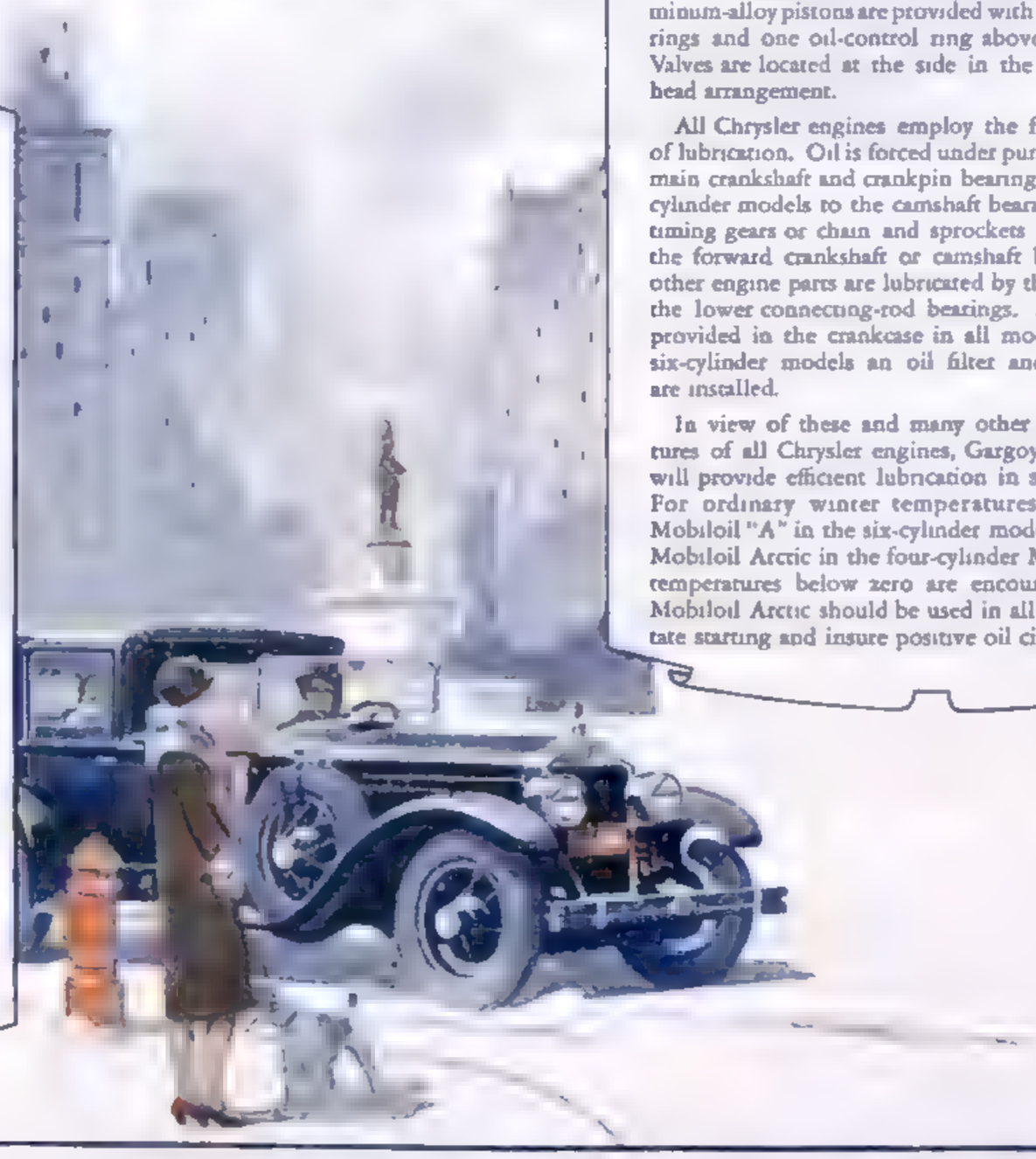
Make this CHART *your guide*

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32°F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. When below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chandler Sp 6	A	A	...	...	...	...	...	...
" other mods	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	....	...
" other mods	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	E	E	F	F	F	F	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Jordan 6					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	....	.....
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys-Knight 4			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" " 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	...	.

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Mobiloil Chart at your dealer's.



Chrysler

THE current Chrysler Models 50, 60, 70, and Imperial 80, vary in engine size and power; however, their lubrication requirements differ but slightly The cooling water is circulated by thermo-siphon action in the Model 50, while a centrifugal pump is used on the six-cylinder engines. On Models 70 and Imperial 80 a thermostatic valve is also provided to insure uniform operating temperatures. Special aluminum-alloy pistons are provided with two plain piston-rings and one oil-control ring above the piston-pin. Valves are located at the side in the conventional L-head arrangement.

All Chrysler engines employ the force-feed system of lubrication. Oil is forced under pump pressure to all main crankshaft and crankpin bearings, and in the six-cylinder models to the camshaft bearings as well. The timing gears or chain and sprockets receive oil from the forward crankshaft or camshaft bearings, and all other engine parts are lubricated by the oil spray from the lower connecting-rod bearings. An oil screen is provided in the crankcase in all models, and on the six-cylinder models an oil filter and an air cleaner are installed.

In view of these and many other engineering features of all Chrysler engines, Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" will provide efficient lubrication in summer weather. For ordinary winter temperatures, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in the six-cylinder models and Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic in the four-cylinder Model 50. When temperatures below zero are encountered, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used in all models to facilitate starting and insure positive oil circulation.

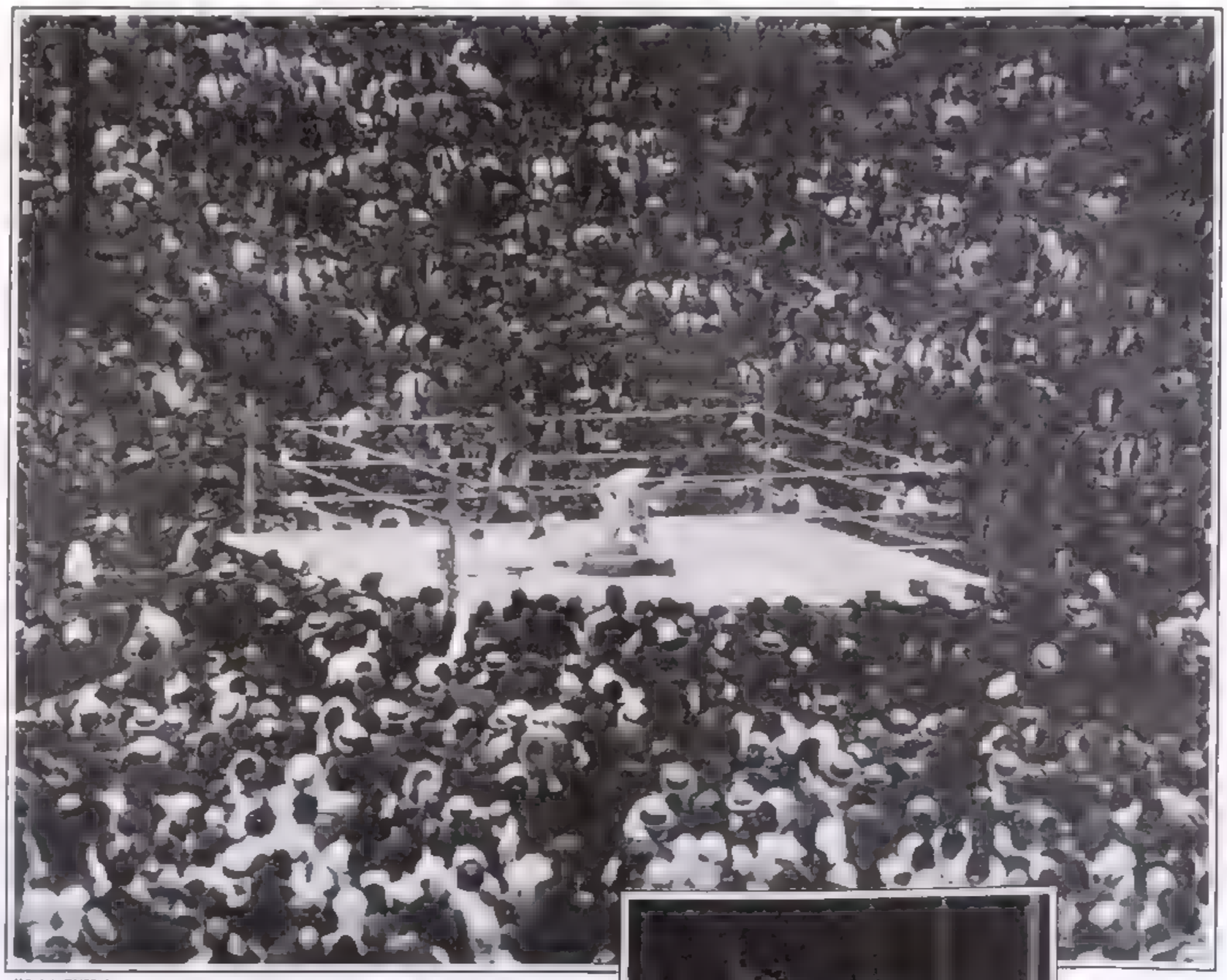
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas.*

Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

Classics of a Ring Recollection

As Told to Charles Francis Coe



"P. & A. PHOTO."

Dempsey Knocks Out Carpentier Before a $1,600,000 Crowd at Boyle's Thirty Acres, Jersey City, July 2, 1921

VISUALIZE if you will an elevated platform set under a glaring halo of white lights. Picture row after row of humanity banked about that platform, stretching in sheer numbers far back into the hazy reaches under overhanging balconies also freighted with excited spectators. A sea of phantom faces.

Catch the odors of stale tobacco that eddied and swirled about that ring; the endless monotone of a huge crowd tense with anticipation; the sharper voices of officials and the clang of a timer's bell as the instrument was given a final test.

Look across the ring under the lights at the set face of a champion and the steady countenances about him; see for yourself the glint of determination in his eyes as he glares at you over a stretch of white canvas. Contrast the sweaters of his handlers and his own vivid bath robe with the mufti of the multitudes behind them.

See, at your feet, powdered rosin, with here and there, left from the preliminary bouts just ended, specks of blood on the canvas. Know in your heart that here and now is the hour of a lifetime, the most dramatic moment that life can hold for you, and you will sense my feeling as I stood in that championship ring awaiting the bell that would start the battle of which I had dreamed.

"The kid looks great," a voice outside my corner piped. "I'll go for seven to five. I'll short-end it on him tonight—bets off in case of a draw."

"For how much?" asks another crisply. "I'll take all you got."

Seven hundred against five hundred was bet, the seven by a professional gambler who, I knew, followed fights. He had bet against my chances of victory.

"The fool!" Stip whispered as he pressed me down onto the little chair. I sensed that Stip feared the incident would remind me that my chances were believed to be slight. Somehow it did not. Stip's own words came to me as I watched the champion across the ring: "He ain't got only two hands!"

Just Before the Battle

I VERIFIED that fact with another glance across the ring and from it drew a queer sort of satisfaction. After all, that adequately summed the matter up. He had two and I two. We were even. What if he was a champion?

It really did not seem that it was I in there fighting, if you can follow such a weird thought. Somehow I felt disassociated with the whole thing. I knew that I must do the fighting; knew that by it I would win or lose and thousands of men, either way it went, would be saying shortly, "I told you so."

But it did not seem a personal thing. I did not take it to heart in that manner. Instead, I shrugged care away and let a supreme confidence govern me absolutely. Here was just another fighter to beat; just a lad like all the other lads. And at last I could shed the worries that had besieged me in the past.

No longer was it necessary for me to handicap myself by sparing my hands. This was the fight in which I was to give all I had, and I felt liberated from a burden, anxious to get set and fight to whatever end awaited us.

I was told afterward that I was nervous as a canary at a cat show during the preliminary wait for the bell. Perhaps I was, but I did not feel it. Any nervousness, I know, was less of concern than impatience.

We met in the center of the ring and the referee asked if we would come out fighting. I permitted the champion to decide that. Either way suited me. At last I had him in the ring with his title at stake—that was my big thought. Details had little to do with it. I think I liked him then for giving me this chance.

"Sure," the champ grunted, "we come out fightin' at the bell."

"An' break clean at the word," the official warned. "When I speak step back—savvy?"

We both nodded agreeably. Both of us knew, too, that neither would comply with that last command when the test came.

All the rules in the world would not alter the fact that we were in there fighting for a world's championship. Titles do not change hands on moderate rule infractions. We could chance a few tricks.

"How about the clinches—both understand?" the referee asked.

"Hit with one hand free," the champion snapped, glowering at me with a mien which said quite plainly, "Let's get all the fightin' we can into this. I got a date for after I lick you, so the sooner it's over the better."

"Right!" I agreed. "Hit with one hand free—I got you."

Then the official slapped us each on the shoulder. "Make it clean and hard, boys," he said impartially, "an' good luck to both of you."

PHOTO BY WHITE STUDIO, N. Y. C. FROM THE ALBERT SHOR COLLECTION

Georges Carpentier

Bell!

I WHIRLED back to my corner and Stip met me and slipped off my robe. I caught the top rope of the ring and stretched my arm, leg and back muscles. They felt great, ready for oodles of plain fight. I had a wild desire to laugh and shout.

"Go git 'im, kid!" Stip muttered, his gnarled hand rubbing easily over my shoulder. I remember, too, feeling the setting of his beloved diamond on my akin. "Git 'im like we both know you kin."

Bell! At last—bell!

I whirled and saw the champion gliding toward me. He had slipped into a half crouch and I realized at once that he would be hard to hit. Unless he caught me clean, I thought, here was a fight that would go quite a way before either did great damage.

He did not rush me. About his demeanor there was a deadly calm. He came just to ring center, then set himself lightly and waited for me. There was no handshake; we came out fighting.

I circled slowly around him, feinted once and he merely lifted his left hand to block the lead. As I looked at him his left shoulder protected his jaw beautifully. His body glistened behind his two forearms as though crouching behind pillars of safety. His face was greased to aid him in shedding punches. That got by the referee and I did not complain. I was in there to fight, not question.

He led a sharp left, which I slipped aside. I swung a short right to the head and the crowd bellowed its delight, but I knew that the punch meant nothing. As prettily as ever a man did, the champ had rolled the sting out of it.

He settled again and I reached down and pushed his hands aside. My old trick. But how it worked! Like a tiger he was at me, both hands shooting to the body. I caught the right with my left forearm, but his left got through and I felt its impact against my side. The champion could hit. He could fight, too, as I promptly discovered.

(Continued on Page 39)

This game of penny ante *can break a man*

JUST a little game. The stakes seem so small. You *can't* lose very much in one session!

No, you can't. Perhaps if you could, the game would be less dangerous. You probably wouldn't play.

But it's only penny ante—only a little bit out at a time, at the most.

That's the kind of game millions of men in this country play every day. Only a little bit out at a time. But they play *every day*.

Some "trivial" abuse of themselves, *every day*. Food that doesn't digest. Loss of sleep. Lack of exercise. Artificial stimulants. It breaks them.

It breaks them years before their time. The average man in America starts on the down-hill road at the age of 31!

It happens because he plays a kind of penny ante—with his health. He knows better than to gamble with typhoid, or small pox, —so those and similar diseases are on the wane. But heart disease, and other "degenerative" diseases which come from *small daily abuses*, are on the increase. Penny ante!

One of the widespread practices is the use of artificial stimulants —of caffein at mealtime. Caffein acts on the heart—a little. It excites the nerves—a little. It disturbs sleep—a little or quite a lot.

It *seems* to give fresh energy—temporarily. But it contributes nothing to create this energy. Actually, the energy comes from the body's reserve store. Bit by bit the reserve may be lowered. Penny ante!

A low reserve of energy means loss of confidence —loss of ambition—loss of the best insurance against disease. No one would risk such possessions all at once, but a game for small stakes—a *little* game every day—that's different.

It is so unwise—so needless. You can have all the benefits of a hot drink—the social qualities, the invigorating warmth, the fine flavor—without a trace of any stimulant. Try Postum!

It is made of roasted wheat and bran. It is as wholesome as the grain itself. Its flavor is liked better than that of any other mealtime drink in millions of homes.

The best way to judge is to make a test—a thirty-day test that will show the *results*. Make Postum your mealtime drink during this period. Note the effects. *Then* decide.

If you want to play a game, here's a *winning* game! Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, will help you start the test. Accept her offer!

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Let me send you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my personal directions for preparing it, as a start on the 30-day test.

"Or if you would rather begin the test today, get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"Please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P---B.S.P.1.20.27

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me without cost or obligation one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐ Check which you prefer

Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling)

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. 65 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario

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Postum is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post's Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Your grocer sells Postum. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

Seeing the car is only *half* the story

Take a Ride *in the Most* Beautiful CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

Its distinctive beauty and style may have thrilled you on sight—but that's only half the story. For The Most Beautiful Chevrolet *also* offers a host of mechanical improvements and qualities of performance so unique as to be almost unbelievable in a car so low in price.

Take a ride in this most beautiful of all Chevrolets. Note its splendid power—its superlative smoothness under all conditions—flashing through traffic, lugging through mud or going at full throttle speed. Mark the greater ease, convenience and safety of driving—the result of the new and larger steering wheel, of much narrower front corner posts between side windows and windshield, easier operated gear-shift and emergency brake levers and many other immediately apparent improvements.

Then you will realize that The Most Beautiful Chevrolet is infinitely more than a truly beautiful car—that it represents, beyond all doubt, the most outstanding motor car value ever offered by any manufacturer! See these cars at your nearest Chevrolet dealer's.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH., *Division of General Motors Corporation*

—ask for a demonstration!

AC Air Cleaner and AC Oil Filter

These are among the host of improvements offered on The Most Beautiful Chevrolet in Chevrolet history. By preventing road dust from entering the motor and by automatically removing impurities from the crankcase oil, these two new quality features assure even longer life and more satisfactory operation.

The LANDAU

QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 36)

The force of his attack carried us into a clinch and I snapped his head back with a shoulder under the chin. He cursed me in an undertone and started to charge in, then stopped. I danced away, grinning at him.

"Come an' get it!" I urged. "Be as tough as you like, you cheese champion!"

He grinned and spat complacently, then from no real position and without the slightest evidence of his purpose, leaped in with another of his furious attacks. In my first article I stated that there is an instinct that guides a born fighter. I recall it to your mind, because it was that instinct which served me now.

I avoided the rush without even suspecting how it was done; then, as I slipped between his arms, I drove a right hand in half uppercut and half hook full tilt against the champion's chin. It was almost a lucky punch. He went down like a felled ox and the crowd rose with a roar that seemed to shake the very building.

The champion rolled over, knelt on one knee while the referee counted five. I saw him shaking his head to drive away the fog of mind the punch had induced. I saw also that there was nothing of panic in his eyes or manner, knew that I never would get another chance like that. He possessed a perfect calm.

At the five count he rose, steady, strong, careful. I belted his arms in an effort to get them down for another shot at his jaw. He gave ground, rolled along the ropes, even slipped through them to stall for time while the referee extricated him.

I knew that the round had not far to go. Perhaps a minute, perhaps but forty-five seconds. I threw discretion to the winds, feeling that the real power of his punch would have dissolved until he could shake off the effects of the knockdown and regain his strength.

I charged in, both hands trying with all I could put into them to bring him down again. Here was a break that meant everything in the world, this first-round knockdown, and I wanted to finish the fight right there.

Trapped

WHAT happened I cannot to this day explain. We tangled on the ropes. I hit him lightly with a left to the ear and saw red gush onto his cheek. He mugged me viciously with the palm of his glove, my head being carried backward and the excited crowd booing with a will.

He brought a left to my stomach which carried but little power and I banged him to the hurt ear again. I was trying desperately to free my right and he was just as desperately clinging to it. He had caught it under his own right as we clinched on the ropes. I dug an elbow deep into his ribs in the hope of making him release it, but no chance.

Defeat for him was in that right and well he knew it. We had a bitter tangle there, the referee pulling and hauling at us in an attempt to break the champion's clutch upon me. I knew that the bell was about to ring.

I was pulling away with all my strength, when suddenly the champ released my right unexpectedly and shot his own to my chin with power enough to run a trolley car. A clever trick managed cleverly Stip said after the fight that when that blow landed I "must 'a' seen my own shoulder blades fer a minute." I am sure he was right, so far back did that wallop tip my head.

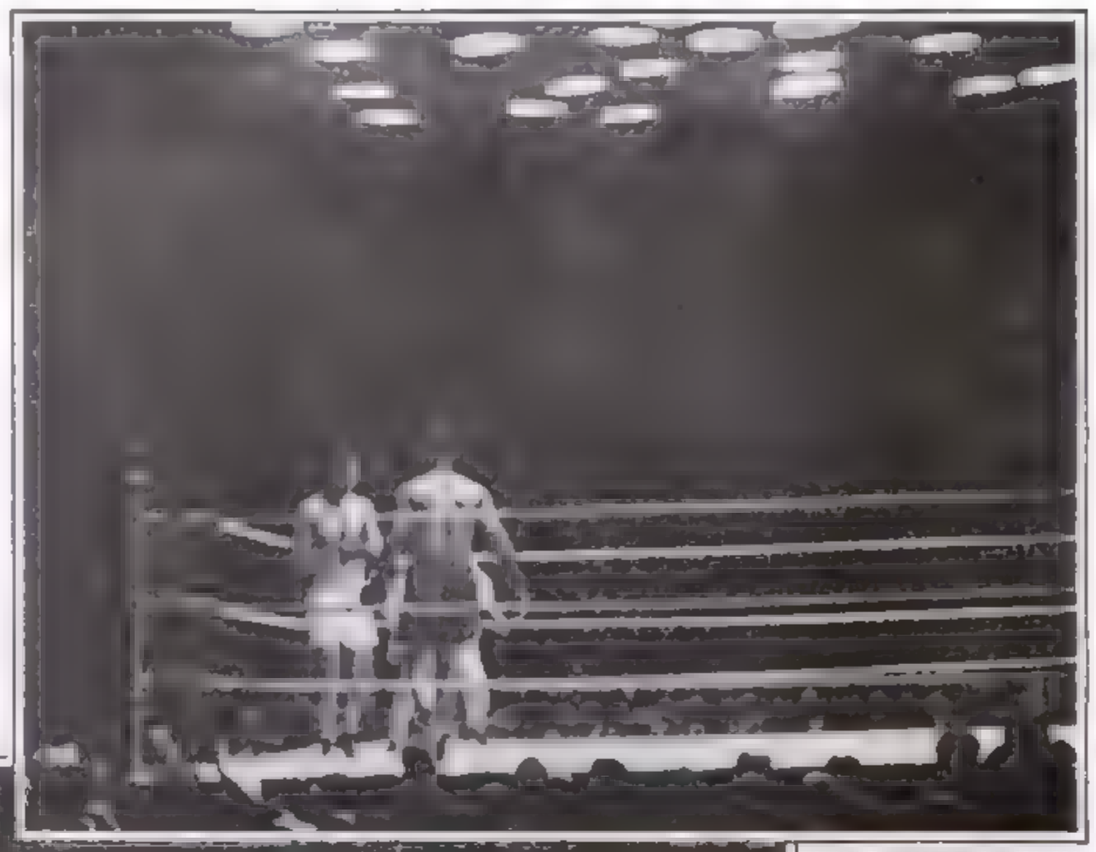


PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

Dempsey and Firpo in the Ring at the Polo Grounds, Sept. 14, 1923, Ending in the Knockout of Firpo in the Second Round

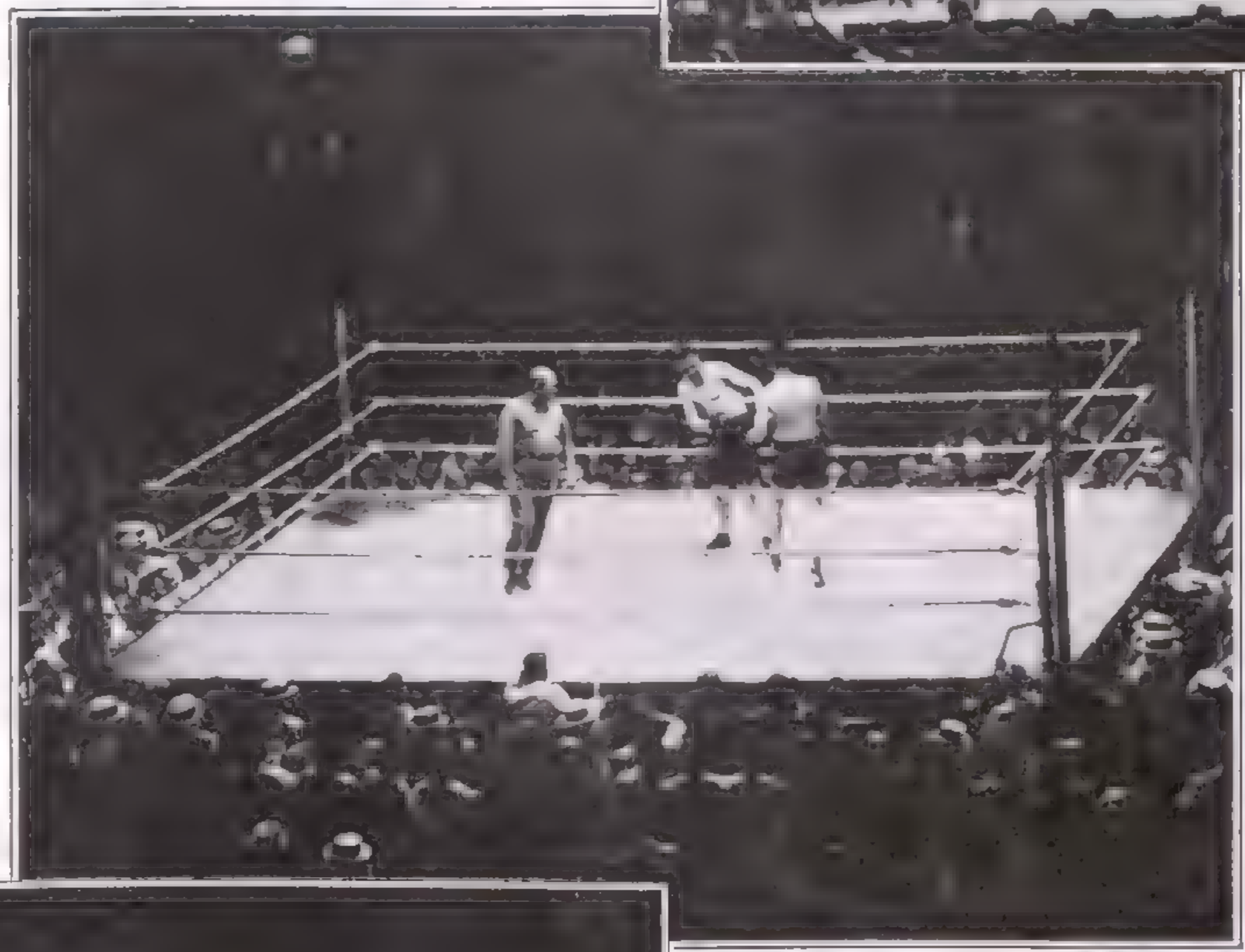
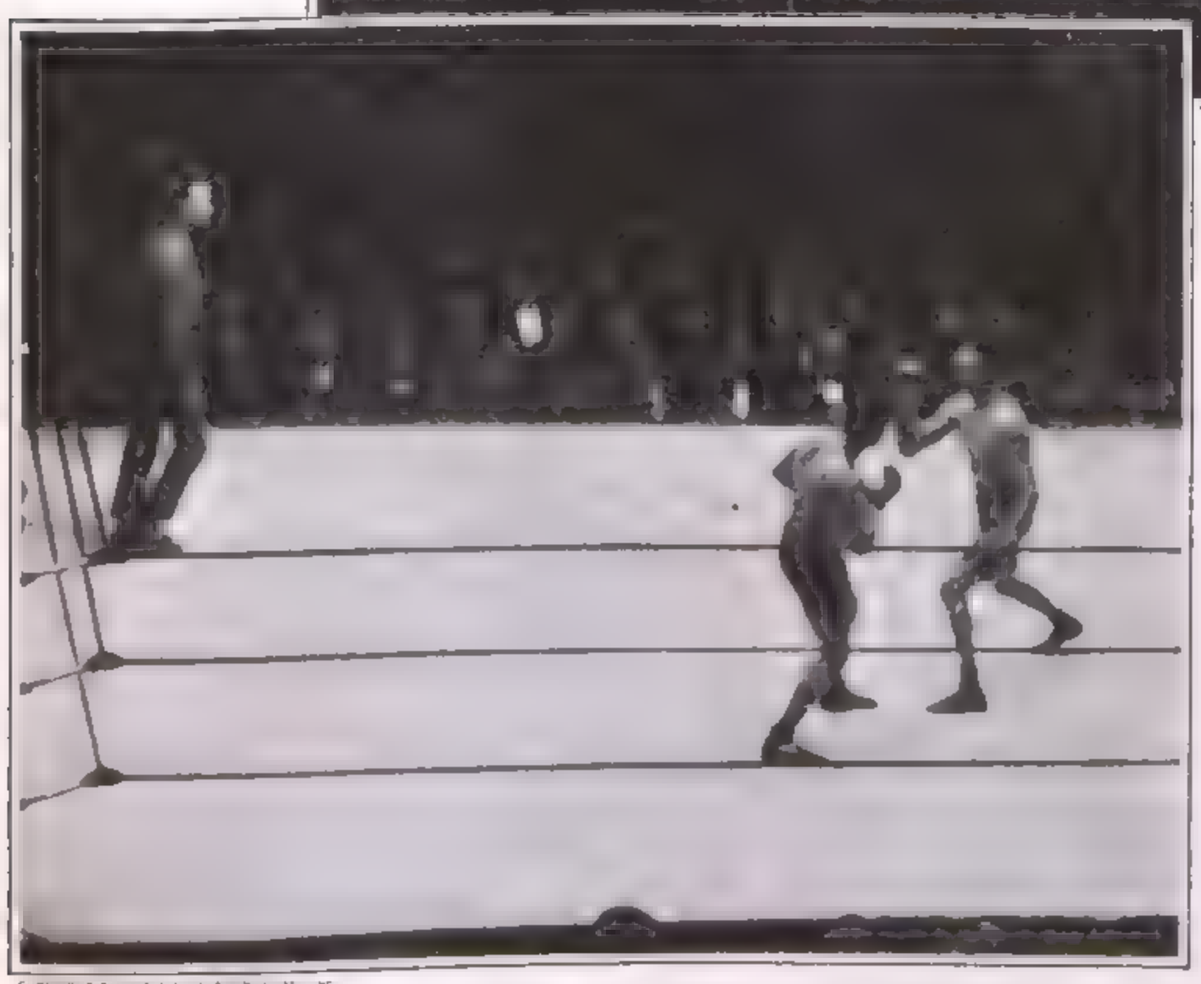


PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

Tunney and Tom Gibbons in the Ring at the Polo Grounds, June 5, 1925. Tunney Won on a Knockout in the Twelfth Round



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Paul Berlenbach Outpoints Jack Delaney in Fifteen Rounds and Retains the Light Heavyweight Championship in the New Madison Square Garden, Dec. 11, 1925

The Cheers and Jeers of the Crowd

I REELED into the center of the ring. The crowd had gone utterly insane with excitement. The champion, still a little dazed, I think, trailed after me. I could see him clearly, yet realized that I was certain of nothing. It seemed to me that my eyes were as beads suspended on a wire and I dared not trust them fully.

Stip shouted something—what it was I never knew—and I fell into a cover. When the bell rang both the champion and I had to be led to our corners. We were both punch drunk.

How Stip worked on me in that short minute of rest! How the frenzied crowd stamped and bellowed and whistled and shouted! Here was a fight!

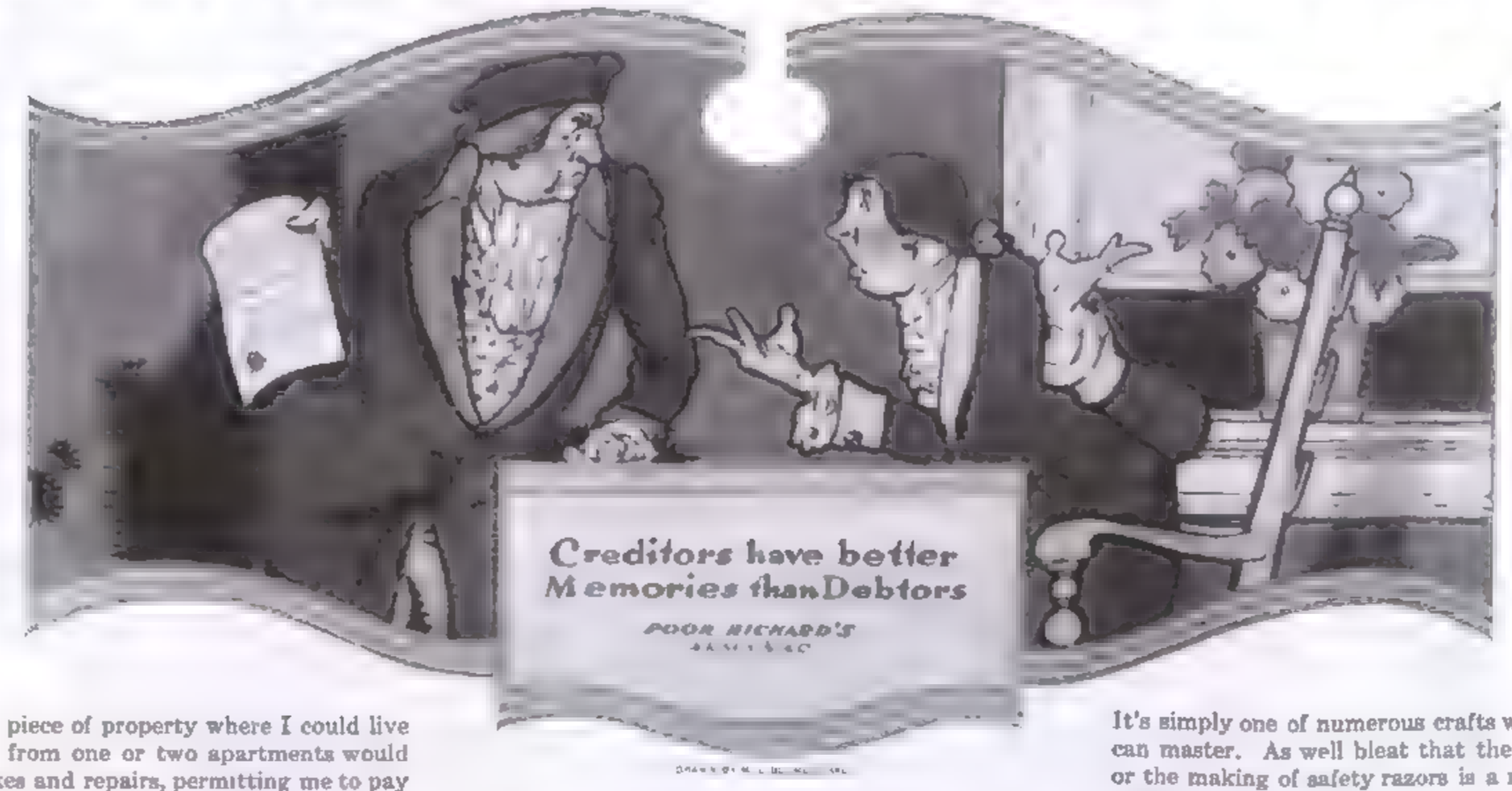
The rest period was half over before my mind cleared fully. Then I realized what had happened, and how it had happened, and I looked across the ring and sensed that the champion, too, had shaken off the effects of his grogginess.

In the second round the crowd booed me hugely for dancing safely around my man. The fight slowed because each of us had tasted the other's punch. We both knew, as the boys have it, that we were in a fight. I speared him with lefts to

(Continued on Page 131

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The Tenant Carries the Burden



WHEN I met Blython the street this morning, he was very enthusiastic about a piece of real estate he had just acquired.

"I am using the same method you have found so advantageous," he explained. "I went to Troutman, the real estate dealer, told him that I had $6000 to invest and that I wanted a piece of property where I could live and where the rents from one or two apartments would cover all interest, taxes and repairs, permitting me to pay off the mortgages from income and what I had been accustomed to pay as rent. It took him a month to locate an ideal piece of property, but he found it at last—one of those big, substantial houses on Wainright Avenue. I paid $16,900. The first floor rents for seventy-five dollars, the second for sixty-five dollars and the third for fifty dollars. I haven't decided which apartment I will use for myself."

He is the third of my friends who has discovered that it is quite possible to buy a house and permit someone else to contribute largely to its maintenance; provided you have a few thousand dollars with which to make the initial investment.

I don't suppose my plan is by any means a new one, although, personally, I experienced a rather gratifying feeling of discovery when I ran across it several years ago. As in the case with millions of renters, the idea of some day owning my own home was a perpetually recurrent one. After several years of slow accumulation and the sudden bequest of $2000, the saving-fund balance stood at $5000, and it was felt to be high time for the venture to be made. I had very decided opinions concerning the kind and location of the property I would buy, and the finding of a house that fulfilled all the requirements did not prove as easy as I had imagined. One of the real-estate dealers happened to have upon his list a fine old sandstone dwelling that seemed to be the very thing for which I had been searching. The drawbacks, however, seemed to overbalance every other consideration. The price was $15,000, whereas I had fixed upon $8000, or at the utmost, $10,000, as the maximum I would pay. Furthermore, the house had been turned into a two-family apartment, and it seems that I had never visioned the possibility of being a landlord and receiving rent instead of paying it. "A wonderful bargain," said the real-estate man. "The property is worth $20,000 if it is worth a cent."

"Very possibly it is," I assented, "but I don't care to saddle myself with a big mortgage. I have made up my mind to divorce myself from such a thing."

"A $10,000 mortgage may seem a bit large," admitted the real-estate man, "but the burden of carrying it would be a great deal lighter than in almost any other circumstance. The ground floor is rented for eighty dollars a month and the other at seventy dollars, which means that you could occupy either apartment and your tenant would bear the cost of maintenance. Your expenses would be comprised in the amount of money that your $5000 would earn if invested at the normal rate of interest—that is $300.

"The yearly cost of your $10,000 mortgage would be $600, taxes would be approximately $250, while necessary repairs should not average more than $100 a year. Adding these three items together we reach a total of $950. If you occupy the cheaper apartment, a year's rent at eighty dollars a month will be $960. Thus income would cancel the outgo and you would not have to contribute one cent for interest, taxes and repairs."

I could find few logical arguments against so attractive a proposition and I speedily made up my mind to go ahead with the deal. I have never regretted it. The money formerly expended for rent, plus savings, is being used to pay off the mortgage, and I can foresee the day four or five years hence when the property will be absolutely and conclusively mine. The apartment has been steadily tenanted and the return therefrom has not only covered all expenses, but now that the mortgage is periodically decreasing, contributes an ever larger amount in excess.

My advantages are many. With probably no extra outlay of time and money, I am acquiring title to a piece of realty that is worth a full third more than the house I formerly had in mind. And that does not take into consideration a well-built structure, an unusually large plot of ground, a good location and a neighborhood where values promise to increase greatly within the next few years.

The method has few complexities. Properties entirely applicable to the system may be found in almost any community. A very practical method is to explain your desire to a reputable real-estate man and permit him to make recommendations. Then let the tenant help carry the burden.

—J. LEROY MILLER.

Mr. Stenog

ONE morning, a bobbed decade ago, I was faced with the stern necessity of making, instanter, one of those wartime reports that men spent agonies compiling and that no one reads.

My stenographer was among the day's casualties, having gone to another position he thought offered a more secure future. In a futile endeavor I phoned several department heads to borrow for an hour the services of a substitute. Nothing stirring! They had reports of their own to compile. Desperate, I made a fleeting survey of my office force. None were stenographers, I was certain, but the chance of plucking at least one man from a crowd of twenty-odd who could make a fist at straight typing I knew was more than fair. I put the question broadcast, "Can any of you boys pound a typewriter?"

There was silence, a shuffle of feet, and then one of the registration clerks, who extracted the more or less vital statistics from the thousands of men we employed each week, slid from his high stool.

"Hunt and Peck system, you mean?" he grinned. "I'm a little rusty, but if you want to take a chance ——"

I shackled him and led him to my white-pine sanctum. Without a slip he typed my dictation as I gave it. Within a half hour my report was finished.

"Charlie, where did you pick up that touch?" I asked as he started back to his desk. "You were stroking those keys like an old-timer. If you only knew shorthand I'd nail you right to that chair."

"I do, but—no stenographer's job for me," was his crisp but good-natured retort.

The incident passed from my mind, although at the time I was jostled by the fact that the salary he was receiving was considerably below what he might have earned as a stenographer in any one of the many departments for which we employed.

But today, eight years later, it bobs up whenever a young hopeful, looking for his first white-collar job, tells me he wants a position with a future, because during those years I have met many men whose attitude toward a stenographer's job was the same as his—youths who opined it offered no chance for advancement; who called it a blind alley or labeled it a woman's job. Some were graduates of business schools, had followed the vocation for a lap or two and then, like him, chucked it for another line of work that paid them less.

First of all, it's not a woman's job. It's simply one of numerous crafts which men and women can master. As well bleat that the managing of a hotel or the making of safety razors is a man's job, or that art and science are the children of men. To an outstanding degree a marketable knowledge of shorthand carries with it an ability to secure a job not alone in normal but in distinctly dull times. It is a perennial gangplank that I have rarely seen lifted in good times or bad. And furthermore, not only is the call for men stenographers constant and insistent but the supply is inadequate.

And as for the blind-alley stuff—the bare established fact that the demand is unceasing proves in a measure that the opportunity for advancement is unceasing. The widespread demand is not for the purpose of filling newly created positions. To a very great degree it is to fill the boots of men who have been moved up the ladder to more responsible positions in the same or other spheres of industry, commerce, construction and merchandising.

In no sphere is the upward sweep more apparent than in that of transportation. If a youth wants to get a white-collar toe hold in the far-flung field of railroading let him amble into the general offices of any trunk-line road and tell an assistant to a vice president or a chief clerk in the motive-power department, for instance, that he wants a job. He needn't be specific. Just say: "I'm looking for an office position."

The chances are even—and I don't mean about—he will get substantially this answer: "We haven't anything open today. We're pretty well taken care of—unless, ah-h-h—you don't happen to be a stenographer, do you?"

The reason is elemental, simple, for five to one—and again I don't mean probably—the very man who gives the youth that answer was himself a stenographer two, five, ten years before; the very desk he then cleaned out for the first time has since been the transient property of other youths who, because they knew stenography, started where he did—at the foot of the ladder.

Within the orbit of my friendships and acquaintances are men who, a time-pant ago, started their business treks as somebody's stenogs. Today one is a judge, another a commissioner of public service, another assistant to the president of one of the country's largest public utilities, one secretary to a governor, another manager of a very substantial trust estate, another title officer of a suburban trust company, one district sales manager of a large paint concern, another credit man for a trade association, another a Y secretary.

Stenography gave them their start, and it also gave them in overflowing measure that priceless opportunity men have craved since one human first worked for another—a continuous day-to-day tuning in with the boss; a knowledge of what he wanted done, as well as why and how he wished it done; a chance to learn at first-hand all that one man can learn from a wiser one by the eternal exercise of gumption and the senses.

Opportunity there, they made the most of it, some to shift their talents into other areas of endeavor, others to follow upward the fortunes of the boss, because the boss had seen enough of their daily handiwork to know how much he needed them.

A blind alley? A woman's job? No chance for advancement? Ho! Son, set 'em up in the other alley!

—KENNETH COOLBAUGH.

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YOKOHAMA. . . . . +9 days by boat to . . . . . SEATTLE . . . . . +6 days by special express trains to . . . . . REALSILK, Indianapolis . . +6 days for manufacturing . . . +9 days by U. S. mail . . . . =total of 24 days to YOUR HOME

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When the man at the door says "Realsilk" *have him come in*

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YOU'D BE SURPRISED	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH	Arthur Rosson	
THE ACE OF CADS	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Alice Joyce and Norman Trevor	Luther Reed	
THE QUARTERBACK	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Esther Ralston	Fred Newmeyer	
THE EAGLE OF THE SEA	Florence Vidor and Ricardo Cortez	Frank Lloyd	
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers.	Gregory La Cava	
THE GREAT GATSBY	Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, William Powell and Georgia Hale	Herbert Brenon	
EVERYBODY'S ACTING	BETTY BRONSON, Ford Sterling, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall and Raymond Hitchcock	Marshall Neilan	
WE'RE IN THE NAVY NOW	Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton.	Edward Sutherland	
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN	William Beaudine	
LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM	Evelyn Brent, Louise Brooks, Lawrence Gray.	Frank Tuttle	
STRANDED IN PARIS	Starring BEBE DANIELS. With James Hall and Ford Sterling.	Arthur Rosson	
Zane Grey's MAN OF THE FOREST	Jack Holt, George Fawcett, El Brendel, Georgia Hale, Tom Kennedy, Warner Oland.	John Waters	
THE POPULAR SIN	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR With Clive Brook, Greta Nissen, Philip Strange, Andre Beranger.	Malcolm St. Clair	
LET IT RAIN	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN	Eddie Cline	
PARADISE FOR TWO	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Betty Bronson.	Gregory La Cava	
THE POTTERS	Starring W. C. FIELDS.	Fred Newmeyer	
BLONDE OR BRUNETTE	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Greta Nissen and Arlette Marchal	Richard Rosson	
GOD GAVE ME 20 CENTS	Lois Moran, Lya de Putti, Jack Mulhall.	Herbert Brenon	
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MAN OR A MOUSE

By Lowell Otus Reese

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

She Rode Down the Trail With Bill. I Had a Queer Feeling as I Watched Her Go. I Could Have Loved Jessie May Just as I Loved Bill—if I Hadn't Hated Her So

NO, I AIN'T never got married, and I don't reckon I ever will. I've studied a lot about it, too; for living alone out here in the Coast Range, a man gets plenty of time to think things out good. And, taking it up one side and down the other, I think I got this marrying business down fine. Life's complex, take it at its simplest; but when you go and marry you a woman it gets complexer than a snarled fishing line.

You can't get around that. Now me, when I make up my mind to go get me a deer, for instance, why, all I have to do is pick up my rifle and teeter out of my cabin into the brush—just like that. Nobody to ask can I do it, and if anybody raises any objection, I can just tell them to go to hell. And if I want to be a spendthrift and buy me a new pup with the money I made last summer guiding a party of pop-eyed tenderfeet over the hills, or if I get reckless and decide to invest a couple of dollars in some newfangled stink bait for my traps next winter, why, I do it, all free and complacent. Nobody to regulate me or tell me when and how.

And that reminds me of Bill Gerlack. Bill came up to my camp the year after the war. Doc Springer sent him up. Doc is a dentist that likes to hunt, and he has been coming up nearly every season for ten years or maybe fifteen. I like Doc fine, for he is one tenderfoot that never kicks when it rains or when he finds a long-tailed lizard in his bed.

"Billy Gerlack needs quiet and good water and plain grub and fresh air," Doc wrote me. "He got shot twice over in France, and he sniffed up a bunch of gas, besides—and I want to tell you that gas doesn't improve anybody. Mac, I wish you'd sort of take Billy in with you for a while and feed him deer meat and flapjacks and help him forget it. He's a fine kid, Mac, and his old man was my friend."

Well, I'd do anything for Doc Springer, though I had misgivings about taking a sick young fellow into my camp. But after Bill had been with me a month I'd about as soon have parted with my right leg as with Bill Gerlack. He was a six-footer, but wasted to four bones when he hit my camp, and he was plumb green. But he filled out something remarkable, and before the end of the deer season he was working like a horse; and when winter came he was still with me, and looked like he was there permanent.

But he wasn't. Now, he was the keenest hand with traps that I ever saw—for a young man—and if he'd been a coyote he would have lived to be a hundred, for no man would have been able to catch him. And yet Nature had set a trap for him—the old, old trap that gets the shiest of them—and Bill walked straight into it and never even squealed when it snapped and got him. Any other varmint would have gnawed a leg off and got away, but not Bill Gerlack. No, sir; he just humped up, meek and passive, and surrendered his fool hide.

It happened like this: Bill had been with me four years when Doc Springer wrote us that he was coming up as usual, and could he bring his wife and a couple of his wife's friends along—a Mrs. Zeigler and her little girl.

"They're good, quiet folks, Mac," Doc wrote, "and they won't make you a bit of trouble."

Now I never did have any women in camp, and I didn't want these of Doc's. Women squeal and they ask you fool questions and feel sorry for the poor jackass, and they never know that the jackass is laying low and waiting for a good chance to kick your shin bone loose from the rest of you. I thought Doc was playing it a little low on me, herding a flock of females into my camp that way; but I liked Doc, and so I wrote him to bring them along. Bill thought it was a fine idea, and he told me I was scared. I don't know how he got the idea, for I didn't say a word, beyond a few remarks that I reckon an old fellow like me had no business using in the hearing of a boy.

But he wasn't far wrong, at that. Women do just naturally scare me to death. Living alone in the mountains all my life I've got to be a good deal like the rest of the wild varmints, and I'm easy scared by anything I don't understand. Bill told me he understood women fine, but later on I found out that Bill was a liar.

We were camped at the mouth of Crazy Squaw Creek that summer, just across the river from the trail. There's fish in Crazy Squaw and in the river, too, in spite of what the fish ducks do to the trout every summer. It was a mighty quiet, peaceful spot, there at the mouth of Crazy Squaw, and I could have been contented and happy with just me and Bill. But as the time for the Springer party came closer I kept getting scareder and scareder; and when at last the day came, why, I sent Bill down to the stage station to meet them. Bill was a whole lot eager, for he still said he understood women.

I remember I was putting the finishing touches on the pot of beans when I heard a great splashing and looked over the bank to see Bill galloping recklessly across the ford, throwing water ten feet above his head. He dashed into camp and slid from his horse, all flushed and trembling. I was scared stiff, for I was sure somebody had been killed.

"Mac," says Bill, "her name's Jessie May and she's a peach."

"Whose name's Jessie May, and wherever did you get it?" I demanded, for I thought he was stewed.

"Jessie May Zeigler, of course!" says Bill, and hands me the bridle rein. "They're coming right behind—I got Joe Evans to help bring 'em up—and where in heck's our razor?"

"Use a skinning knife, you great big jackass!" I said, for I was all upset.

Do you believe in hunches? I've thought about that a lot, and sometimes I think they're just plain foolishness, and other times I don't know. But when I looked down again and saw that Springer party coming across the river I had a hunch that trouble was riding in with them.

II

I GOT to admit that Bill was right. Jessie May Zeigler was a peach. She had her hair cut short like a boy's, and it sort of crinkled and trembled in the sun like it was alive. She wore cute knee pants and golf socks and a shirt that was open at the throat. Her eyes were alive, too; the kind of eyes that seem to be looking eager and excited for something wonderful to happen all the time. She moved quick and easy, like a wildcat—something like that. It's hard to describe.

Nor there wasn't anything wrong with her nose. Usually, you know, the nose is the lame duck of most any set of features. Everything else may be all right, but you look close at the nose, and you'll generally see the place where Nature got tired and quit in a hurry. But not Jessie May's nose. She was a nice girl too. I had to admit that, and I could even understand how a young fellow might forget his old pardner, just looking at her and listening at her laugh. Away out here in the wilderness I guess a young man does get sort of lonesome for sights and sounds like them. But I was hurt—just jealous, I reckon, but hurt.

It hurt still worse when Bill began to lay down on me. Always, up to this time, Bill and I had taken turn and turn about taking the hunter up on the mountain and showing him deer. But it soon got different this time, for Jessie May wanted to hunt, too, and somehow or another Bill got elected to guide her. She mighty near shot his leg off the first trip, and if it had been any ordinary tenderfoot Bill would have socked him in the eye and kicked him out of camp.

But—I ain't asking you to believe this—he seemed to think it was cute! Laughed about it and thought it a great joke. But Jessie May cried; and when she cried, I saw a new expression in Bill's face, and he quit laughing.

I had been across the river, staking out the jackass on the flat, and was coming back through the moonlight. The sand was deep, and I made no sound, so Bill and Jessie didn't hear me. They were sitting on a log, just outside the circle of firelight made by the camp fire.

"I didn't mean to laugh at you, Jessie May," I heard Bill saying. "I just thought it a good joke."

"But I might have killed you!" Jessie May's voice sounded tearful and a whole lot repentant. "It was rotten careless of me, Billy, and I ought to be sent home.'

They saw me then, and their voices fell lower. I went on, feeling considerably warmer toward Jessie May. She knew she was a clumsy tenderfoot and was sorry for what she'd done—and that's more than you can say for most tenderfeet.

They quit hunting soon after that, but Bill didn't resign from his job, for he had to help Jessie May take pictures. Later on he showed her how to fish, and this seemed a lot more popular with them than anything they had done so far. It was surprising, too, how much better the fish bit by moonlight. And the best fishing place of all seemed to be a big, mossy rock, just out of sight of the camp, for they'd sit on that rock and fish for hours at a time, sitting so close together they made a single shadow. I saw them.

I was going to be mighty glad when Doc Springer took his females home again so Bill and I could get our camp back to normal. But I didn't tell this to Bill. Bill didn't know I was alive.

But about a week before the party was due to leave for home Bill suddenly changed. Where he hadn't been even seeing me for three weeks he now turned round and began to act as though I was a human being and not just a sort of companion to the jackass. I'd glance his way once in a while and catch him looking at me, his eyes sort of sad and wistful, like the eyes of a young pup that's expecting a good licking. Then he'd brighten up and tell me to go to bed, and he'd wash up the dishes and put the horses out on the flat; I must be tired, after tramping the ridges with Doc Springer ever since daylight. Or I'd find him reading the daily paper that Doc Springer always had coming into camp. Doc was a nut on the fight news and baseball.

"What you reading, Bill?" I asked once, and Bill hesitated and looked sheepish.

"Real-estate news," he said, still with that sheepish sort of grin. "Market reports and real-estate transfers. You know, Mac, when I was just a boy ——"

"You're only a boy now!" I told him, for I was still sore over the long days of neglect. Bill took it meek and submissive. "Well, then," he says, "when I was a mere child, even -back before the war, you know—I was crazy to get into the real-estate game. Dad was alive then. Dad said I had a flair for it, young as I was."

"What's a flair?" I demanded, for I wanted to get it straight.

"Oh, an instinct, or something. Anyway I always wanted to sell real estate and buy it and sell it again. And so - "

I couldn't understand it. The sheepish look was gone, and in its place a sort of wistful, unhappy look. But presently Bill got up and went out to the woodpile. He was whistling as he chopped wood, but after a while the chopping ceased, and I saw him going down to the river with Jessie May.

The jealous feeling got me again, and I hated every bright, clinging hair on Jessie May's head. You got to make allowances for me. Living to ourselves, the way us old, mountain men do, we get terrible set in our ways. When we hate we hate clear to the marrow; and when we get a pardner that's all right, why, we cling to him desperate. We're one-man men. And to us our pardner is father and mother and brother and sister, all in one. We take it hard when something comes along and pries us apart.

It was the evening before the party went home. Everybody else had gone to bed, but Bill Gerlack fooled round the camp fire a while and whistled softly to himself. It seemed gay and festive, but I could sense that there was something a trifle wrong with that whistle. Bill sat down across the camp fire from me and began reading his paper.

"I see Teddy Upton's father is dead," he said after a while. "Teddy's going to have a hard time hanging onto his millions. It's most all in real estate, and poor Teddy's a waster."

I yawned, for I had had a hard day. Besides, I didn't care anything about Teddy Upton and his real estate, nor his millions. After another silence Bill cleared his throat.

"Teddy's a booze hound," he said, and I could sense that he was making conversation and that something lay beneath it. You see I had been close to the boy for four years. "Good fellow too. He was in my company over in France—buddies. But Teddy's always had too much money. Too bad!"

"Too bad!" I agreed, but still I wasn't interested.

"If he'd only quit streaking along the primrose," Bill went on, "and if he'd only study up on the real-estate game instead of leaving everything to agents he'd keep his fortune sweet all his life. If he goes on as he's going now he'll be clean inside of five years."

"Well," I says, "I guess I'll roll in. Doc wants to get off early."

I rolled into my blankets and went to sleep right away Sometime later I woke to find Bill squatting beside me The moon had gone across and was nearly behind the Camasilla, so I knew that Bill had been sitting up until after midnight. Then I did know that trouble was in our camp, but I didn't know what it was.

"Mac," Bill said, "I got to tell you. Jessie May and I—we're going to be married, Mac."

I didn't say anything; just lay there feeling all tired and numb. Somewhere an owl hooted -a terribly lonesome sound.

"Mac," Bill was saying, "you don't know how I feel. This life has got hold of me. I've sunk my roots so deep in these old hills that it's going to be a tough wrench tearing 'em out. But I love Jessie May, and she—we both think I ought to go down to the city and get into the real-estate game. I've a flair for it, you know. . . . Mac, old pardner, you're going to forgive me?"

The party left just at daylight, for Doc wanted to make the run in one day. I made a big bluff at seeming lighthearted and gay, but I ain't sure that I made it stick. Bill leaned down from his saddle and shook hands.

"I'm coming up every season, Mac," he promised me. "Every season—sure!"

(Continued on Page 46)

"Mac," Says Bill, "Her Name's Jessie May and She's a Peach." "Whose Name's Jessie May and Wherever Did You Get It?" I Demanded

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THE GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 44)

"Good luck!" I says, and meant it.

Jessie May came by and stopped. There were tears in her eyes, and she, too, held down her hand, and her fingers clung about my gnarled ones, and her lips trembled. Even in the half light of early morning her hair seemed twisting and trembling, quiveringly alive.

"We won't forget you, Uncle Mac," Jessie May said. "Not ever!"

She rode down the trail with Bill. I had a queer feeling as I watched her go. I could have loved Jessie May just as I loved Bill—if I hadn't hated her so. A fellow can't love and hate at once, can he? Well, there it was.

III

BILL wrote to me that he was married and so happy it made him foolish. Later he wrote again and said that at last he was in the real-estate business where he belonged. He had talked it over first with Jessie May—he always talked everything over with his little wife—and they had come to the conclusion that it would be unwise to take any risks at the very beginning of their married life, and so Bill had been free-lancing and picking up things at odd corners. There wasn't so much gravy in that end of the game, but later on ——

After that I didn't hear from Bill again until Christmas, when he sent me ten pounds of smoking tobacco and half a dozen new pipes. He could hardly wait until the opening of the deer season, and he was counting the days when he'd be tramping the ridges with his old pardner again. He didn't mention business. Jessie May sent me a box of homemade candy and three pairs of socks she'd made herself. She sent her love, too, but somehow or another I didn't like that.

Bill had a lot to say about Jessie May. The finest wife in the whole world, and he was happier than any man had a right to be and still keep out of jail. And —— Oh, yes, he had just seen Doc Springer and Doc said he wouldn't be able to get in for the deer season. He was too busy. But old Bill would be along the very first day of the season, tail in the air and snorting like a steer.

So that started me looking ahead, too, for already it seemed like several hundred years since I'd seen Bill. But spring came and passed, and the summer grew old, and still not another word from my pardner. Then about a week before the opening of the deer season I got a letter. I had a hunch it brought bad news, so I didn't open it for three days, and when I did I found that my hunch had been right. The big hunt was off, and the reason that it was off hit me like the kick of a jackass and took all the wind out of me.

Bill had a new baby!

Well, I looked at that fatal letter exactly as if it had been a poison snake that had crawled up my sock and taken a chunk out of my leg. I had never thought of a thing like this!

Neither had Bill, I guess; but, thinking it over calmly after a while, I could see plain that it was the one thing we ought to have expected. It's been happening regular ever since Adam and Eve first set up housekeeping in the Garden of Eden; but I've been told that it comes to every man as a surprise, for he never expected it to happen to him.

"We've named him after you, Mac," Bill wrote. "Jessie May's mother insisted that we name him Emerson Carlyle and Jessie May's old man was strong for naming him after Doc Springer, but Jessie May and I voted unanimously for 'Mac' and carried it by a large majority."

Durned young fools! What right had they to name their squalling little yearlin' after me anyway? And after he'd crashed in and busted up our hunting trip! Well, I knew what I'd do—I'd send him a hazel switch for Christmas, and I hoped they'd stripe him with it till he'd look like a zebra.

But pretty soon I had to grin. Sassy little devil, I bet he did it on purpose! That would have been Bill's way, and if little Mac was anything like his dad —— Yes, sir, I bet he was like Bill, too, the pie-faced little hellion!

But the next words I read scared me half to death. They wanted me to come down Thanksgiving and wouldn't take no for an answer. There couldn't be any excuse, for chances were it wouldn't snow until after Christmas, and so I could make the trip easy

I didn't answer that letter, for the very thought of going made me break out in a cold sweat. I reckoned Bill would understand; and anyway, if I didn't show up on Thanksgiving they'd know I wasn't coming, and it would be all right.

It was late next spring when I next went to the post office and got another letter. Little Mac was growing like a bull pup and was terribly disappointed because his Uncle Mac didn't show up for Thanksgiving. Jessie May was disappointed, too, and she had set a chair at the head of the table, anyway, and they had pretended that I was there. The letter had been written Christmas, and another big box came with it. There was a lot more about little Mac and Jessie May, but still no word about business.

And this time Bill didn't mention coming up to see me. My heart sank when I noticed that. And after the deer season came and went, and still no word from Bill, I thought I'd write and ask if anything was wrong. So along in the spring I did, but I forgot to mail the letter until late in November, when I ran across it in the pocket of my hunting shirt. But I was in camp up at the head of Crazy Squaw Creek, putting out my trap line, and the snow was coming down hard, so the letter didn't get mailed at all.

But all that winter I kept getting uneasier and uneasier about Bill. It wasn't like him to quit writing like that, and I wondered if he was sick or something. It sure worried me a lot; and as soon as I came down from Crazy Squaw in late March I wrote to Bill, asking him if everything was all right and was he coming up for the deer season this time. About three weeks later I got an answer, but it merely worried me worse than ever. It was short and read like this:

My dear old Mac: I'm mighty sorry, but I won't be able to get up there this season. Nor any other season, so far as I can see. Too much responsibility. But I'll never forget our years together, nor how good you were to a fool kid. Good-by, old pardner.

And along with this letter was a picture of little Mac! He was sitting in the middle of the floor, chewing his toe and grinning all over his fool face! By gosh, if he wasn't the picture of Bill Gerlack!

But I was sure Bill hadn't told me everything. The more I thought it over, the surer I was that he was holding something back. He was in trouble and wouldn't worry his old pardner with it, whatever it was. At last I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to see Bill and find out what was the matter. Going down to the city was exactly like going to the penitentiary, but I'm game when I have to be.

IV

I GOT to confess that I was disappointed. Some way or another I had pictured Bill in plush chairs and a varnished office, with mahogany desks and everything. Of course, I knew that he was just starting in business, and that he started with only three or four thousand dollars that his dad left him. Still I was disappointed. He was located away out on the edge of things, in a little office down on Center Street, where the buildings were modest, two-story affairs, old frame buildings that were built long ago—cheap, and full of one-horse clothing stores and things like that. Bill was on the ground floor, but he had only one room and one desk and no telephone. Bill Gerlack caged up in a box like that!

But it was pathetic to see how glad Bill was. He was thinner than when I'd seen him last, and I thought I noticed worry lines in his face. His eyes were sort of melancholy, too, but they lit up when he got to talking about Jessie May and little Mac.

"They're always talking about you, pardner," he told me. "Jessie May especially—and sometimes I get mighty jealous." He chuckled at that, then jumped up and went into the next room. "Bert Paxton's got a telephone," he explained. "He's on the street, hunting business, most of the time, and he lets me use his phone."

"Here, what you going to do?" I said. "Now, say, I'm not visiting this time. I got to hurry back home."

But what was the use? Bill had his way, as he always did when we were in camp together. He came rushing back pretty soon and took me round the corner to a hole in the wall where he kept his flivver. It was a battered old flivver, and again I felt disappointed and sorry, for I knew how Bill liked new things.

"How's business?" I asked as we jiggled and bumped along the street.

Bill's face clouded a little. "Not so good," he admitted. "It's hard to break into the jam jar, free-lancing on a shoestring. But Jessie May—we thought we'd better go slow and easy at the take-off—safety-first stuff, you know. But we—we're making a living, at that. No kick."

Where had Bill's bubbling enthusiasm gone, I wondered. We bounced on across the city and began traveling through an old section of town. It looked to me as though it had been built about the time the Argonauts came into California, and evidently it had been the business district at that time, for some of the crazy old buildings still bore their badly lettered signs, half defaced by age. Here and there were vacant lots, grown up with weeds, and the streets were full of chuck holes. Bill suddenly slowed down.

"See that place?" he said, pointing at a two-story house with one of those old-fashioned, false fronts on it. "Mac, I've a hunch that property would be a good buy. It belongs to the Upton estate, and Teddy told me this morning that his grandmother told him to take anything he could get for it. She hates it for some reason or another. Teddy wouldn't say what the reason was. I wish —— What do you think of it, Mac?"

I looked all round and tried to appear wise. I saw the tumble-down houses and the vacant lots, covered with weeds and all littered up with old car wheels and rusty scrap iron.

Beyond this dreary prospect I could hear the switch engines wheezing and clanking in the railroad yards.

"Well," I said, "if you could get it for nothing, and maybe a couple of pretty good hunting dogs to boot, why, I'd probably think it a fair trade. But anything more and you'd be stung plenty."

Bill grinned and kicked the old flivver on toward the fringe of the city. "Most everything else in the vicinity is owned by big corporations," he said, talking to himself more than to me. He was silent for several blocks; then—"Of course, Mac," he said, "I'm against speculation. A rich man can afford to speculate. Still a good investment isn't speculation, is it, Mac?"

"You keep forgetting I haven't got a flair," I said. "Still, if you're talking about that old barn we just passed, I'd say it was a speculation, all right—yes, sir, flair or no flair. I'm telling you honest, Bill—and I'm an older man than you—it's my opinion that if you got it for a dollar and a quarter you'd be skinned good."

Jessie May was so glad to see me she nearly cried. Acted just like a little girl whose dad has come home after ten years in South Africa. She kissed me, too, and that tickled Bill stiff. And all through dinner she talked to me about Bill and little Mac, her eyes shining—I think I've told you about Jessie May's eyes—and across from me little Mac sat in his high chair and waved his spoon at me and grinned. I was right; he was the picture of Bill.

But, though I appreciated all this stuff, I got to confess that I was busy hating them two every minute I was there. Jessie May had come into my camp and stolen my pardner, and then little Mac had come along and busted up our hunting trip. Jealous? Maybe. I've told you how we old, mountain men are one-man men and sort of unreasonable in our feelings. And I want to explain that I was ashamed of myself, clear to the bottom of my soul; but that was the way I felt.

They lived in a little old cottage, away out from nowhere. It was clean and the yard was kept up. Inside the house everything was spotless. But nothing I saw suggested success. And Bill had been so sure his flair was going to make him and Jessie May rich.

Jessie May's little hands were rough and her fingers all picked out—you know how a woman's hands look when she works too hard and sews too much. The carpet was neat, but worn in places. I could see the worn spots peeping out from beneath the braided rugs that Jessie May had made herself. The dinner was good, but you could see it wasn't what they had regularly. They were poor—mighty poor. It made me feel blue. Poor old Bill!

Bill and I had to rush right downtown after dinner, but Jessie May insisted that I was coming back in the evening. "We won't let you go, now that we've got you!" she called after me. "You won't get away for a month, Uncle Mac, now that we've got you, even if we have to set a couple of bear traps for you."

Traps! That word got me, for it brought my mind back to what had happened to Bill right at the start of things. There were lines in his young face and a worried, anxious look in his eyes, and those things weren't there before the trap got him. Something was wrong with Bill—I didn't know what. But my hunch told me that somehow or another it back tracked straight to Jessie May.

When we got downtown I told Bill I was going over to see Doc Springer for a pair of minutes and then fool round a while. I found Doc all right, and he was so glad to see me that he offered to pull a jaw tooth for me free if I wanted him to.

"Just point out which tooth," says Doc, "and I'll have it in your vest pocket in ten seconds!"

We both laughed and began talking about old times. "Doc," I says finally, "what's the matter with Bill Gerlack?"

Doc's expression changed a little, but he laughed at me. "Who, Bill?" he says. "Nothing at all. I went over his teeth carefully not six weeks ago and there wasn't even a cavity."

"I don't mean his teeth," I said. "I mean about the way he looks and everything. Haven't you noticed? Sort of worried and hopeless."

Still Doc wouldn't be serious. "You wait till you're married and have your first baby, Mac," he says, "and I'll bet you'll look serious too."

I told Doc to go to hell and left. "Stick around, Mac," Doc begged. "There's a fellow waiting outside and you'll get a big kick out of him, for last time I blasted a tooth out of his face, this canary yelled so loud they heard it in Chicago."

But I didn't yearn for anything like that, for I was too down-hearted already. So I went out and bought me some tobacco and had my hair cut and fooled round for couple hours, and about the middle of the afternoon I dropped into Bill's office again. Bill wasn't there, but another young fellow was. He was a little man with pale hair and blue eyes with a sort of pleading look in them. His cheeks were pink like a girl's, and he had a bottle Now I'm not a drinking man, but I liked him at sight. I don't know why -you never know why.

"I bet you're Mac!" says this boy, getting up and shaking hands. "Bill's told me all about you. I'm Teddy Upton, Mac."

"Bill's told me all about you too," I said, and liked the little man better all the time. He was so sort of appealing and his eyes were like a dog's trustful eyes.

(Continued on Page 49)

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That is what you get when the bearings are Timkens—special electric furnace alloy steel of unequaled durability, perfected by Timken metallurgists and produced in the Timken steel mill, whose output of electric furnace steel is the largest in the world.

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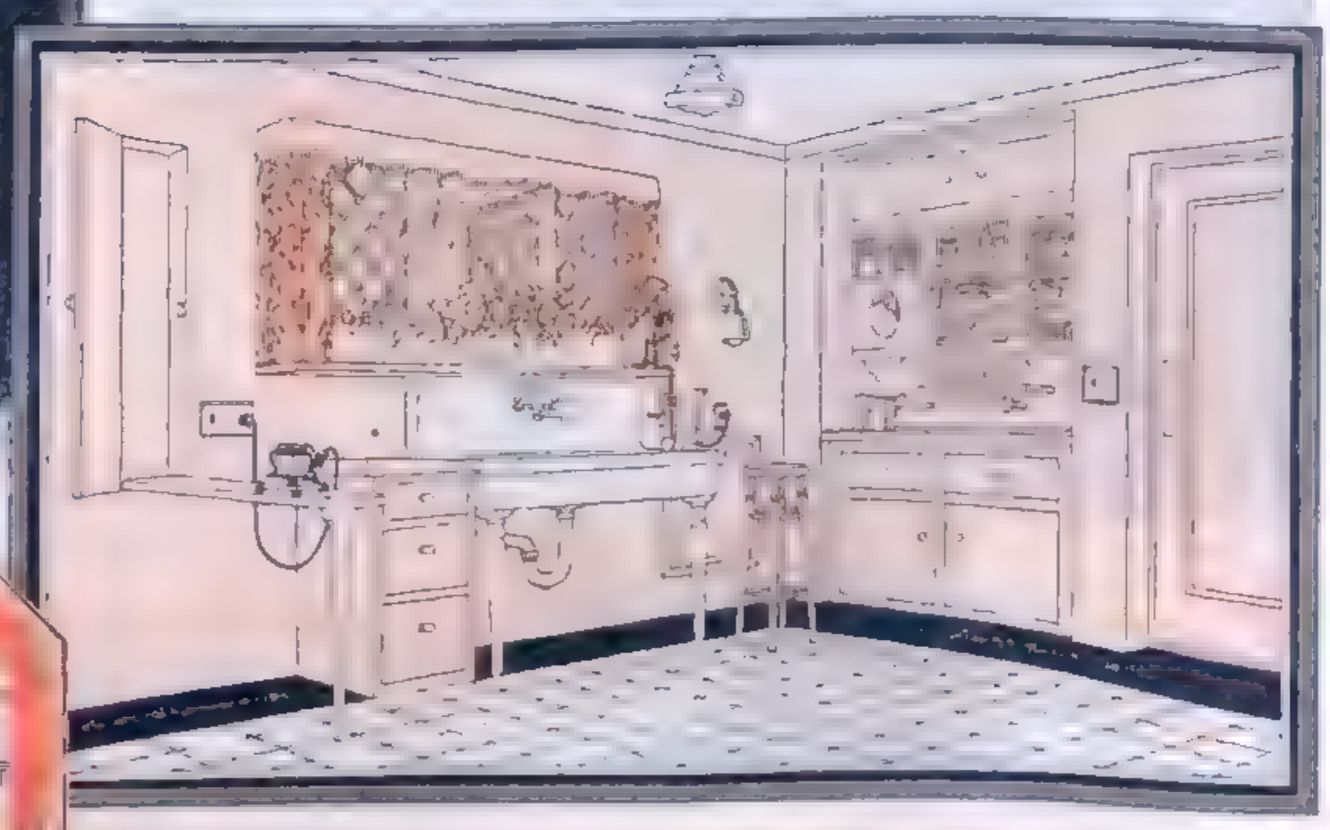


Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

WIRING SYSTEM
—for lifetime service

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Continued from Page 46

"I bet he told you I was a good sort, but an awful ass," said Teddy, and grinned His eyes were beginning to be a little bit crossed and his tongue a little bit thick. I grinned too.

"Well, something like that," I admitted "Bill's blunt, you know. But he never goes back on his friends, Teddy "

"Good ole Bill!" said Teddy, and offered me a drink. I thanked him and refused, for I am not a drinking man; besides, I didn't want to encourage him in his habit.

"Only time I ever take a drink," I told him, "is on very special occasions, like Christmas and Fourth of July and election."

"Man's an ass to drink the stuff," said Teddy. "Man's only animal in ezzistence that does it. Ass, all right!"

"Where's Bill?" I asked. Teddy looked at the door uneasily.

"Telephoning his wife," he whispered. "Bill wants to buy a li'l' piece of property belongs to my gran'muzzer and has to ask his wife can he do it." The tears came into his eyes, and he blinked at me.

"Thass whazzer mazzer wizzim!" he said, his tongue thicker than ever. "Thass why Bill doesn't get on. Brilliant young feller. Got it in him to get rich. Ev'body shays sho. Can't. Why? Wife won't lettim. Won't lettim take a chance. Man wants to cross a creek. Can't cross unless he jumps. Wife won't lettim jump. How's he goin' to get across? Shee? Safety first! Apple sauce!"

It suddenly came to me that this was a special occasion, for we were looking upon the tragedy of my young pardner's wrecked life. So I took one with Teddy, and later we took two or three more.

"Now take the mazzer of this property Bill wants to buy," went on Teddy. "Gran'-pop used to run a butcher shop in it when they were making their start. Anyshing wrong wizzer butcher business? Of course not! It was awri' then. But we're all rich now, and gran'muzzer's ashamed of the ole place. Says it disgraces family name, shee? Just because it used to be a butcher shop. Gran'muzzer's an ass!"

Again it came to me that this was a special occasion. Teddy felt the same way about it. "Mac," he quavered, "I hope Jessie May lets him buy gran'muzzer's property. Wanner shee Bill make a bunch of money. Like ole Bill. Fine feller. Buddies, me and Bill. But Bill's an ass and I'm an ass ev'body's an ass."

By this time I was feeling queer and sort of sleepy. Funny, too, for I never get sleepy in the daytime. Maybe it was the excitement or the change of climate, or else I'd been losing too much sleep; but just then Bill came in and I could see by his face that he'd had bad news. And when he spoke I noticed that his tongue was a little fuzzy too. Bill had one with us, and then for nearly half an hour we didn't say a word, but just sat there, looking at one another and feeling sorry for ourselves. I could see plain that Bill and Teddy had taken a whole lot more than was good for them, but I couldn't say anything right then, for the situation was bad enough already.

By and by Bill spoke. "No use, Teddy," he said "I'll have to pass up that offer for your gran'muzzer's property."

"Thass going to break poor gran'-muzzer's heart," said Teddy. "You bezzer shink it over, Bill "

But Bill shook his head despondently and gazed stonily at the wall. "No use!" he said again, and gulped three or four times. "Jessie May —— Say, unnerstan' me now I gozzer best li'l' wife in the whole world "

"Besshir life!" agreed Teddy warmly. "And I gozzer best li'l' ole gran'muzzer in the world, too; but she does raise hell with my plans!"

"Anyway," went on Bill, "Jessie May shinks it wouldn't be a good plan——"

"Man or a mouse?"

Now I didn't understand it at all, nor I don't understand it even to this day. I must have been light-headed or something, for my mind was as clear as a bell and I knew perfectly what I was doing, and so I was simply astonished when I heard my voice say it: "Man or a mouse?" Yes, sir, it did it of itself, and I was the most surprised man in the room when I heard it. Loud, too; it shook the glasses on the table and made them jingle

"Yes, sir," my fool voice went on—and I couldn't stop it—"business is a one-man job and any man that lets his wife run it for him izzer—izzer mouse! Yes, sir, mouse!"

Then my mouth shut itself up, and I sat there paralyzed, unable to move hand or foot. And then another funny thing happened—I saw two Bills and both of them were suddenly stern, with a grim look tightening round their lips. There were two Teddy's too, and both of them thumped at the table with their fists, but missed it and hit their kneecaps.

"Thassit!" yelled Teddy triumphantly. "Inner nusshell! Man or a mouse!"

And then Bill hit the table with his own fist. "Man!" he roared. "Never again a mouse! Hereafter I run my business my own way. C'mon, Teddy! Les'h go out and fix that trade up—now!"

They got up and went out. As they hit the sidewalk I heard Bill's voice coming back, firm, strong—the voice of the Bill I used to know—"Unnerstan' now—bes' li'l' wife in the whole world! But from now on it'sgoin' to be ole Bill that carries the spear."

And then the thing that got into my voice seemed suddenly to get me all over, and I tottered feebly into the next room and presently heard my voice talking to Jessie May over the telephone.

"Say, listen," I heard it saying, "you've ruined poor Bill! He was happy up in the hills with me, and then you came along and stole him and brought him down here and cooped him up for life in an egg crate and now look attim! Him a genius with a a flair for business, and you insisting on running his business for him! Thass whazzer mazzer wizzim!" Someway or another my tongue was acting exactly like Bill's and Teddy's. "Married for life and loving his wife so much he lets her ruin him."

I heard a quick gasp at the other end of the line, and then a sob. That seemed to break the spell that had hold of me, and I dropped the telephone like it had stung me. I suddenly felt weak and sick, and so I tottered back into Bill's office and looked for a place to lie down and die. What was the reason I hadn't been able to keep my fool voice from saying all those horrible things?

But just then I looked behind the screen, and there was a couch between it and the window. The window was open, and I lay down, and immediately the blackness of oblivion swallowed me up. Yes, sir, I was mighty near death, and I knew it.

I don't know how long I lay unconscious, but when I came out of it my mouth felt as though something had built a nest in it, and my head ached like a sore tooth. Somebody had come in, but I lay perfectly still and suffered in silence. Then I heard a long, hopeless sigh, and presently Teddy Upton's voice, weak and sick: "You better go home, Bill, ole man."

"I haven't got the nerve, Teddy," said Bill's voice, and it sounded weak and hopeless too, "not after what I've done. Jessie May she'll never forgive me, Teddy, and I can't blame her."

Close by my head was a little point of light, and I put my eye to the tiny hole where the light came through the screen and saw Bill sitting before his desk, his hair awry and despair written all over his face. Across from him sat Teddy Upton, looking like a sick, miserable little pup

"You go home, Teddy," Bill said. "I - I think I'll stick round the office until morning. Lie down on the couch after a while. What did we do this afternoon, anyway, Teddy?"

"Well," said Teddy reluctantly, "we bought grandmother's property outright for two thousand dollars. Then you took options on the Crothers tract of five acres and another option on the three lots adjoining the railroad yards. You plunged in and tied up all the loose property in that district, Bill."

Bill groaned and held his head in his strong hands as though he would squeeze the agony out of it by main strength Teddy watched him in anguish.

"Never mind, buddy," said the little man. "I'll back up your play, you know."

"You will not!" said Bill, and again I saw the grim lines tighten about his mouth. "I may go shot, but I'll never use my friends! Good night, Teddy. I want to be alone "

Teddy Upton got up and hesitated. "Keep your tail up, buddy," he begged, and again I saw in his eyes that same look of an adoring pup for its master. "Old bean aches, but she's still unbowed, hey, Bill? Captain of your soul and all that sort of rot—get me? Give us a cheer, Bill, or you'll break your old pal's heart."

"Sure, buddy!" said Bill, and roused up a pale grin. "I'm full of all right. Don't you worry or I'll slap you on the chin and bite your tongue off! Outside, feller, outside!"

Teddy went out and Bill got up from his chair and started toward the screen, behind which I lay sweating and sick. I started for the window. I'd heard a clock just strike three, and I knew it would soon be morning, and I remembered there was a morning train.

But before Bill reached the screen the door opened again, and I heard Jessie May's voice: "Oh, Billy, I've found you! Uncle Mac rang me up and told me. Oh, Billy, I've been all over town, hunting for you, and now everything's all right." She began to cry.

"You ought to chuck me over, Jessie May!" says Bill, his voice full of agony. "I deserve it, Jessie May "

"I'm the one that deserves it!" wept Jessie May. "Hanging round your neck like a millstone and killing your soul—trying to run your business for you. But I never told you the truth, Billy! It wasn't because I was afraid of poverty. I'm not. I was afraid of what it might do to you if you ventured and lost. What do I care for anything, as long as I have you and little Mac? I can see it so plainly now—an army with two generals, one general always wanting to attack and the other wanting to dig in and be safe! That was part of what Uncle Mac said."

"When?" demanded Bill, and I began to sweat again, there behind the screen.

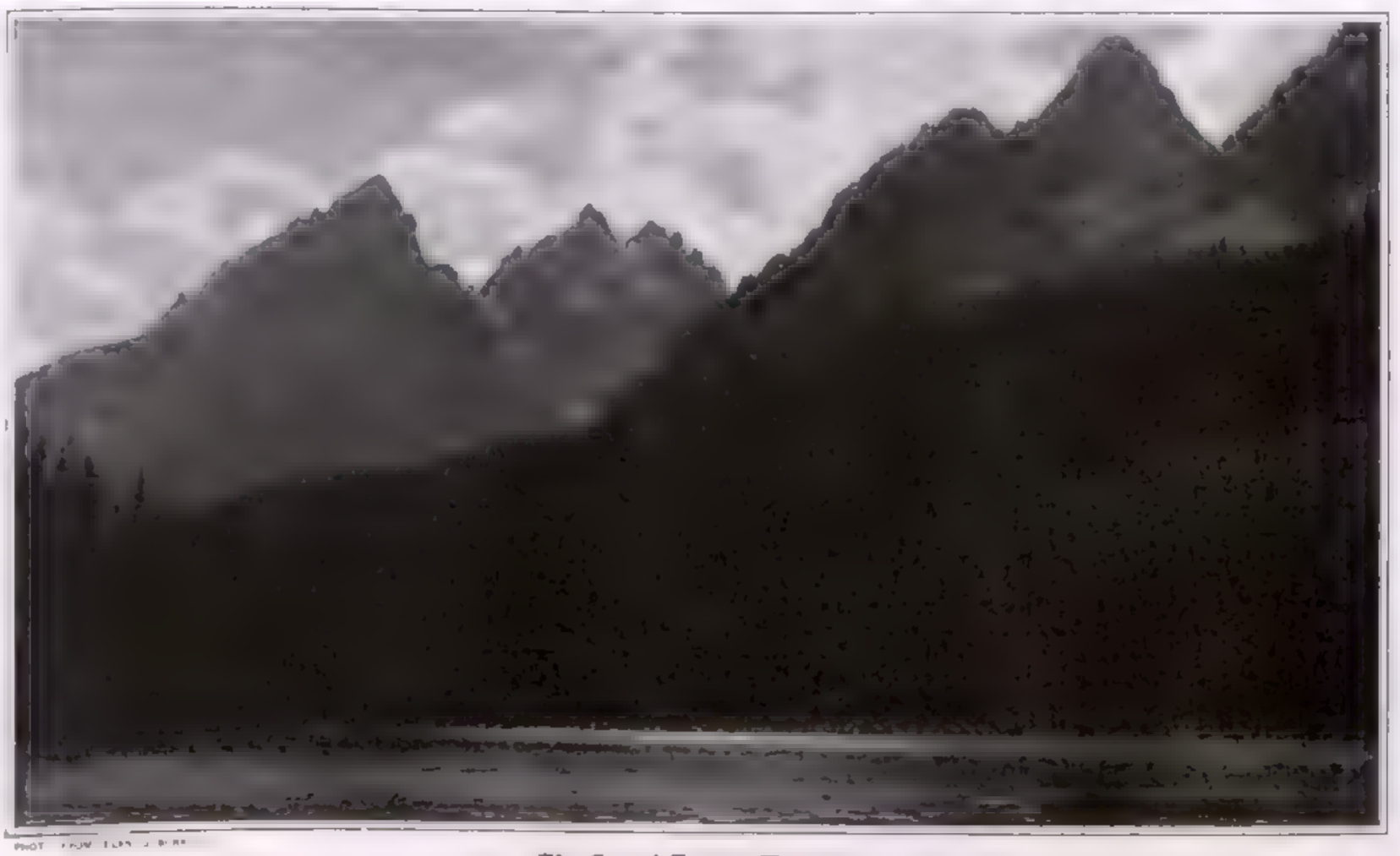
"This afternoon, over the telephone."

"Old as he is," said Bill in a low, deadly tone, "I'm going to sock Mac in the eye! But he was lit, Jessie May. That accounts for it. He was all stewed up like a prune. But listen, Jessie May, I've got to tell you I've gone and risked every dollar we have on earth."

"Cheers!" said Jessie May, laughing through her sobs. And right there I hit the ground, for again I remembered that there was a train about daylight, and so I lit out down the street, wild for the peace and solitude of Crazy Squaw.

As I went along I began to feel better. Besides, I was full of relief, too, for Jessie May was all right, after all. She'd just been a scared little girl that hesitated at the edge of the sea of life, afraid to get her feet wet. And she had been afraid to let Bill plunge in and get wet all over, for she knew that particular sea was full of sharks. I even began to feel proud of myself, for I had come all the way from Crazy Squaw to straighten out their lives for them, and

Continued on Page 74



The Grand Tetons, Wyoming

HOW GOOD IS A REALTY BOND?

(Continued from Page 31)

by both expedience and policy, to lend throughout the states.

The borrowing process became cold-blooded, impersonal: "Here are my plans and specifications. Here's what I paid for my land and here is my builder's bid. I want to borrow so much."

"Very well, sir; we'll see what we can do for you."

Then the plans of the building started on their way to the estimating department. The real-estate department checked the value of the land, the management department calculated the income and expenses, and the loan department decided on the amount and terms of the mortgage. After the legal department had passed on it and the executive had approved it the applicant was advised of the particulars. Again, he could take it or leave it. The system has become so thoroughly organized that an institution like the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is able to pass upon and authorize weekly $8,000,000 of loans on bond and mortgage for hundreds of buildings throughout the United States.

But even though the personal touch has vanished the relation between lender and borrower remains. The institution, as a rule, lends its own money, and its decision as to amount and terms is final. Brokers may arrange for loans, but they are merely go-betweens. The final steps in the transaction must be taken by the principals. And therein lies the most striking divergence of the mortgage-bond issue from the regulation mortgage.

Before big buildings became common the business of even the largest mortgagees was an aggregation of many small loans. A mortgage of more than $100,000 was unusual enough to subject the borrower and his project to intensive investigation before the loan was approved. A considerable number of small loans was thought to be safer than a few large ones.

When the office skyscraper arrived on the scene the mortgage institutions of the day were confronted with a new problem. Here was a situation which called for single mortgages of more than $1,000,000 each. The credit of the borrower must be impregnable, as indeed it was. The first office buildings were constructed by great business or manufacturing corporations, by trust companies, or by individuals of known wealth whose credit was beyond question. For example, buildings like the Singer, Hudson Terminal, Woolworth and their contemporaries.

The House of Issue

Nevertheless, the number of loan institutions capable of financing buildings on the grand scale was limited. It was often considered advisable for several of them to enter into a joint mortgage agreement, rather than to assume singly the entire mortgage on a large building. This split-up of a mortgage among several lenders is the genesis of the mortgage-bond plan, except that in the latter instance the number of lenders is unlimited, which necessitates the creation of a new and important machinery to function as executive for both lender and borrower—namely, the house of issue. The bond plan is not new. Some of the best-known bond houses have successfully marketed mortgage issues to the public for decades. The sudden growth in the volume of bond sales, however, began with the current building boom in 1921-22.

This period is marked by the unprecedented number of skyscrapers constructed, each representing an investment of millions. The crystallization of normal, economic changes definitely placed types of buildings other than offices in the skyscraper class. High land values in the favored districts, the widespread abandonment of private dwellings for apartments, shifts in the centers devoted to light manufacturing, and the development of new designs, produced the apartment, apartment hotel, loft, industrial terminal, and coöperative buildings of one kind or another—all in the tall-building classification.

At the same time a widespread change in the class of ownership took place. Newcomers appeared in the field who might or might not have had previous experience in the construction and operation of big buildings. Successful business and professional men and institutions not primarily interested in buildings joined the old-line operators and investors. Then, of course, came the parasitical speculator—that enterprising individual who sets out to build with other people's money and none of his own. Fortunately, he and his class were in a relatively small minority.

Under the circumstances the bond-issue system of raising mortgage loans presented itself as a flexible and practical means of financing legitimate enterprises founded upon assured space demand and sound construction procedure. As the plan met with general public approval the leading bond-issue houses soon found themselves with so many applications on hand that they were able to discriminate in the selection of those they wished to consider. The other applicants went elsewhere to raise their loans.

Applying for a Loan

And here the first danger to the bond investor appears. For when an industry is in so thriving a condition that it can afford to turn away business, there is never a dearth of second-raters to gather in the discarded ones and turn them to their own advantage. It is these second-raters in the bond field whose risky undertakings and loose methods have forced upon the industry as a whole a relaxation from its high standards, the danger of which is just beginning to be recognized and counteracted.

It is important for the investor in realty bonds who would learn how to discriminate in his choice of securities to bear in mind the exact status of the house of issue with respect to himself as the lender and to the building promoter as the borrower. The house of issue is essentially an intermediary between principals, much like a mortgage broker, with these fundamental distinctions: The broker has clients with capital and seeks applications for loans; the bond-issue house has the applications and seeks the capital. Again the broker's services terminate when he has brought his principals to a preliminary agreement, while the services of the house of issue often begin at that point. Finally, the broker has nothing to say about amount and terms, while the house of issue determines both. These distinctions apply only to the present state of the business, as conducted by the majority of first-mortgage-bond institutions, but not, by any means, to all of them. As far as they do apply, they indicate that houses of issue stand in a unique position of moral responsibility to the public.

Now the procedure in floating an issue is about like this: A promoter conceives the idea of erecting, let us say, a loft building on a site which he can purchase at a favorable price. He engages an architect to prepare plans and specifications for as much building volume as the zoning laws will permit. Meanwhile he lines up all the prospective tenants he can, and estimates the gross rental, based on what they will pay, and the operating cost, based on his own knowledge. Thus he has a reasonably accurate estimate of income and expense before he starts to build.

Then he goes to a bond house and applies for the amount of the loan he thinks he ought to get. The bond-house official receives the application and refers the plans to his engineering department, where they are tested for space efficiency—that is, the ratio of gross to rentable floor area—and for fitness for the expected class of occupancy. Is there plenty of daylight? Are there enough elevators? Is the column spacing correct for efficient construction as well as layout? Can the shipping area on the first floor be shut off so that no one can enter it without passing the watchman? Can stock be loaded without excessive travel or rehandling? Sometimes the plans are reviewed by the real-estate firm which will manage the building. This review often suggests improvements in layout which will add to income or reduce operating expense. Like the other great loan institutions, the large bond houses maintain estimating departments to determine the value of the land and of the proposed building. Their estimates are supplemented by those of reliable appraisers, architects, and sometimes builders.

Then the total cost figures are assembled. In addition to the value of land and building, they include architects' and engineers' fees, finance costs and indirect expenses, such as carrying charges during construction, interest charges for the first year, promoter's fees, and the like. It is a debatable question whether all these indirect expenses may be legitimately included or not. At any rate, the house of issue decides upon the ratio of the loan to the cost of the operation. If the owner or promoter is satisfied with the decision the bond issue is brought out and the bonds are sold to the public by salesmen, press notices and direct mail.

Now note that the issue, or a good percentage of it, is often sold to the public before construction has been started. In other words, the investors lend their funds against a security which does not yet exist. Bond buyers, therefore, actually deposit those funds with the bond house pending the sale of the whole issue and the commencement of construction. The bond house, in effect, assumes trusteeship, though not in the legally responsible sense.

It is a common practice for the house of issue to receive all the proceeds of sales and to make disbursements to the borrower, as his building progresses, in accordance with the terms of the mortgage contract. It is also customary for the house of issue to collect from the borrower, after his building is in operation, the annual interest on his mortgage and the amount to be amortized each year, paying said interest to bondholders and retiring such bonds as the contract with the lenders specifies. Thus the bond house acts as the fiscal agent of all the lenders, or bondholders, and that without any legal responsibility guaranteeing payment to them in case of the borrower's default, unless so stipulated.

A Penalty on Conservatism

The whole procedure is regular enough, provided that: (a) The conception of the building is sound—that it is actually needed and can be rented, operated and built for the amounts estimated. (b) The sum loaned is amply secured by the price the building would bring at a forced sale; and (c) that the accounting methods and financial practices of the house of issue insure that incoming funds will be applied to the purpose for which they are collected, and for no other.

What assurance has the public, apart from personal investigation, that these provisions are being met in any specific bond issue? The answer is: None, except the integrity of the bond house and the safeguards voluntarily provided, guaranteeing the payment to all bondholders of all principal and interest for the whole term of the loan and in all its parts.

Reputable houses give both assurances, as a matter of policy. They are not legally required to do so. In fact, *there is at present no legal restriction upon mortgage-bond institutions other than the blue-sky laws of the states.* The italicized statement is made on the authority of Keyes Winter, Deputy Attorney General of the state of New York and head of the Bureau for the Prevention of Fraud of that state, who is now engaged in a study of the mortgage-bond industry for the state. Some bond houses have voluntarily placed themselves under the regulations of the banking laws, though again, they are not required to do so. They do it, as they give other guaranties, for the protection of their customers.

Now their very conservatism places these houses at a disadvantage in a keenly competitive market. The borrower will, naturally, shop around for the largest loan he can get. It is not good business, but he will do it, undeterred by the fact that failure on the part of a too-generous bond house to market his mortgage issue will jeopardize his equity. Thus the conservative house loses his business because it is unwilling to lend as much.

At this point these questions may well arise: How can one bond house appraise a loan security at so much more than another? How can one accept a loan which has been turned down by several others? What is the effect of an injudicious or disproportionate loan upon the participants?

The Sixty Per Cent Rule

The answer to the first question is that there may be honest differences of opinion upon: (a) The valuation of the security offered, or (b) the factors to be included in such valuation, or (c) the percentage of valuation which may be considered to offer a sufficient factor of safety for the loan. It is not surprising that appraisers differ in their calculations of the value of a building, when the estimates of construction firms actually competing for the contract to erect it often show a 50 per cent variation between the high and low bids. Yet the contractor is supposed to have priced everything in the building to the last can of paint. Even so, no one else is better qualified to estimate the cost of a new building. A contractor's appraisal has this much authority, that he binds himself to erect the building for the amount of his bid. Again, no one is better qualified to appraise the land value than real-estate brokers who have direct or indirect knowledge of the prices brought by adjoining parcels.

"But," says the reader, "why don't they put the land in at the price they paid for it?" Because, it is claimed, the owner who, through sharp negotiation, has bought for less than the local market price should be allowed to value his land at the market price. A similar argument is advanced to justify the inclusion of a fee for promotion, although it is difficult to see why a man should be entitled to a fee for promoting himself.

There are many reasons why one bond house will accept a loan which has been turned down by another. In the first place, it has no routine knowledge of the refusal, since there is no universal association or clearing house in the industry. One house may prefer loans on a particular type of building, because it has special facilities for placing the bonds among people interested in that type. Loft buildings are good examples. Some houses prefer this type of loan because they are in direct touch with thousands of prospective bond buyers in the textile and garment industries—generally tenants in similar buildings. Another house might absolutely refuse to lend on them. Then there are other reasons. Higher appraised valuations, higher percentage loaned, higher financing charges implying higher risk—and most commonly, the need for more business.

The effect of injudicious or disproportionate loans upon borrower and lender is the same as in any kind of overborrowing: The one cannot pay and loses his security—that is, his building—the other finds on his hands a building he does not want—to sell

(Continued on Page 55)

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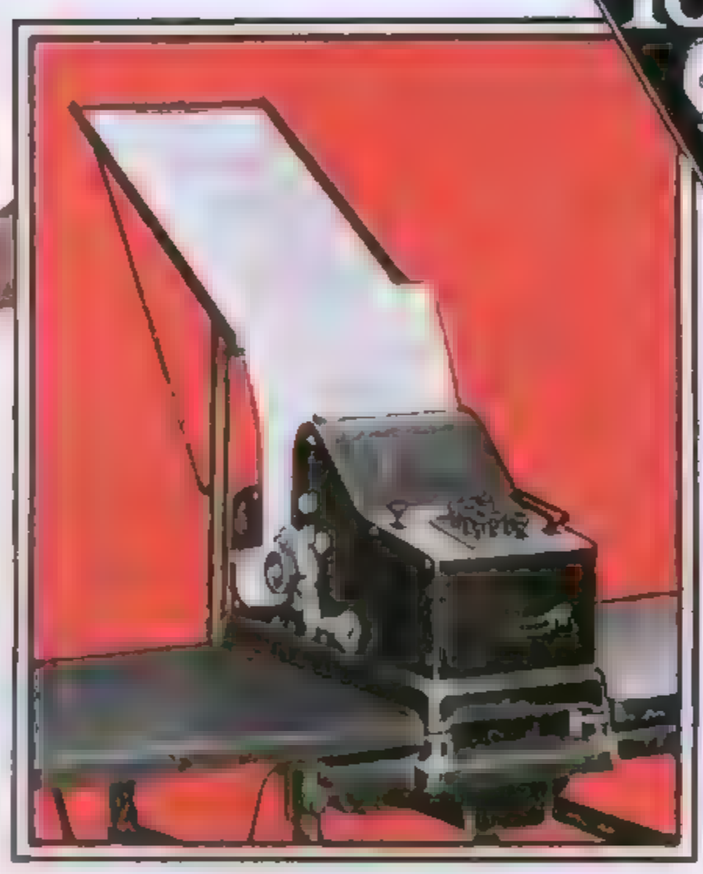

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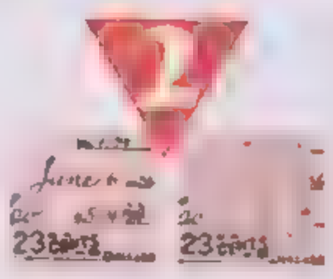

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DODGE BROTHERS

890

MOTOR CARS

New smartness and grace of body lines have been achieved by certain basic improvements in the design of all Dodge Brothers Sedans.

Special Sedan $945—De Luxe Sedan $1075
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Ten Million Women *helped design this* Mop

In this number of homes women discuss household cleaning problems with Fuller Men. From such broad experience comes the time and labor-saving Fuller Dry Mop.

Small wonder it embodies all these qualities you prize most—is just such an aid to keeping floors clean and shining as you expect the Fuller Man to bring.

Take the detachable swivel handle. The mop always lies flat on the floor, no matter how you hold the handle. Enables you, without stooping, to clean thoroughly and easily under low furniture, in room corners, and in other hard-to-reach places.

Makes quick work of dusting along baseboards and over doors and windows.

And the big, fluffy mop itself! Its soft, dust-absorbing strands are 4-ply, long staple yarn, chemically treated. They have no grease to soil the edges of rugs. They snatch up all the dust and hold it securely until you shake it out. A single strand is hard to break with your hands. Naturally, the mop lasts for years.

Twice ordinary mop size, it does the work in half the time. It is reversible. You can use both sides.

An important advantage is that it cleans easily. Wash it in lukewarm water with white soap flakes. Rinse and run it through the wringer. Shake it out, dry it in the sun, and it's ready to use.

You can get this Dry Mop only from the Fuller Man. If you wish to see him before his next regular call, 'phone The Fuller Brush Company Branch Office in your city. Or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 1058 Windsor Avenue, Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

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YOU'LL LIKE THIS PUSH BROOM, TOO

Women asked the Fuller Men everywhere why Fuller did not put out a real, honest-to-goodness push broom, built on Fuller principles of efficient service and long life. Here it is. A special hair and fiber mixture. Fine enough to gather the finest dust. Sturdy enough to stand up under long, hard use. Gripped in steel, the material cannot come out. Open back makes it easy to clean. No solid back to collect and hold dirt and dust. A sanitary, easy-to-use brush with detachable handle. Rubber-protected, so that it will not bang mopboards and furniture. The Fuller Man will be glad to show you this Push Broom.

Genuine Fuller Products carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both!

FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

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(Continued from Page 50)

it if he can, or to get enough out of it, somehow, to reimburse himself. Bondholders, especially, are at a disadvantage when such accidents happen, because they must act collectively or through committees, with resultant delay and uncertainty.

The old rule that the maximum amount of a mortgage should be 60 per cent of the value of the security still holds good, in spite of much that has been said to the contrary. Savings banks are restricted to that amount by the laws of most states. But what is the true value of the land and building? The present reliance upon someone's opinion presupposes too much: Expertness, impartiality and infallibility. The combination is not common. There is a growing conviction, therefore, that an authority for the determination of real-estate values should be set up by legislative action. It would function like any other rate-setting body—the public-service commissions, for example.

Before leaving this section it is vital to point out two important financial considerations which bond buyers may profitably bear in mind. The first is that bond houses in general have no direct investment interest in the issues which they market. Their money resources are limited to working capital, which rarely goes into such investments. They are not banking institutions, receiving deposits which they reinvest, but fiscal agents, and nothing more. Secondly, the bond buyers lend their money to a known or unknown third party on representations made to them by a bond house whose responsibility is limited, as indicated. For this they receive 6 to 7 per cent interest.

The basic soundness and the economic need of the mortgage-bond system, both to finance building and to permit the public to participate in the development of real property, are beyond question. Nevertheless, the shrewd buyer of bonds will demand full information and proper safeguards before purchasing. There are certain essential points which hall-mark an issue as suitable for consideration as an investment.

Bond issues are introduced to the public through circulars which set forth the salient features of the issue. Some of them are complete and convincing, while others are not. The information they contain should be in the form of a full report of the details of the project, supported by all available facts, so that prospective buyers will have no questions to ask which are not answered in the prospectus. It is not enough to present a general statement of interested parties. It is necessary, in addition, to state who they are, what they know about their own business and of the potentialities of the specific project; to state further, whether their judgment is expert or not; to enlarge upon the thoroughness of the provisions for the protection of investors in case unexpected contingencies occur.

Analyzing an Offering

The investor is a mortgagee who is in a position to require that the borrower or his agent satisfy him that the project which is being promoted is worthy of his interest.

It is quite possible to analyze a bond offering in the light of the data contained in the circular, but much will have to be taken for granted—that statements of interested persons are correct, for instance. Therefore, an analysis, to be of decisive value, must be supplemented by an investigation to verify those items of data whose accuracy is not a matter of actual knowledge. An analysis of a typical bond offering should determine the following points:

First in importance comes the standing of those who are active in the project. Who are they, what is their connection with the project, and what experience have they had with similar projects? If the prospectus does not answer these questions it does not commend itself for serious consideration. It is hardly to be expected that investors will lend money to some anonymous person or group. On the other hand, if the names and records of the bond house, the borrower, the architect, the appraisers and the lawyers are given in the circular, it is a strong recommendation for that issue. The direct implication is that all who are interested in the success of the building are not only expert in their several specialties, but that they have sufficient confidence in the enterprise to lend their names to its prosecution.

Mention of the trustee for the issue, the contractor who will erect the building and the firm which will operate it, gives the further assurance that the control of the finances, the actual construction and the management of the building will be in competent hands. If some or all of these interests—except the trustee—participate in the ownership of the property the circular will surely so state, for the security afforded by that fact immeasurably enhances the investment value of the bonds.

Taking No Chances

Promoters of business or industrial enterprises would scarcely think of approaching capitalists whom they hoped to interest without a balance sheet showing the profit expectation in the form of a detailed statement of income and expense. Yet many mortgage-bond prospectuses are discreetly silent on that subject. The line of reasoning appears to be: "The bond buyer is interested only in his 6.5 per cent income. What does he care about the owner's profit? Therefore why burden him with such inconsequential details?"

The obvious retort is: "You want me to lend you my money to finance your building which, you say, is a profitable enterprise and therefore an ample security. Tell me how profitable it is, so that I may see for myself how good the security is. And while you are about it, tell me who made the estimates of income and expense." Herein lies one good reason for mentioning the name of the company which is to manage the property. If it is an experienced and reputable firm the estimates of income and expense will be reliable. Moreover, the firm's acceptance of the management is a reasonable guaranty of the demand for the class of building in the neighborhood in which it is to be built. No firm of repute can afford to take over an unrentable property, since commissions on leases are among the sources of its income.

Only a close student of space demand can predict with reasonable accuracy the probable success of a new building in a particular locality. Therefore, it is idle to assume that a prospective bond buyer can acquire enough data to assure himself that the building in question will rent freely at the expected prices. Moreover, really expert operators in realty take no chances. They have their buildings half rented while they are still on paper, and this practice is growing among the regular builders and managers of office buildings and coöperative apartments. If they can sign up enough tenants or purchasers they will go ahead with the new building; if not, they will drop it. Investors are justified, accordingly, in demanding reasonable proof that the building will be rented before they lend on it.

It has already been indicated that there are certain difficulties in the way of determining the true value of the security—namely, the land and building. One thing is certain: That land held in fee—purchased outright—is better security than land acquired on long-term leases. For the unexpired lease is a lien prior to that of a first mortgage on the building. Clauses of long-term leases may declare that, in case of default in payment of the ground rent, the whole unpaid balance becomes due and payable immediately, or that the landlord may reënter, or that the lease shall become void. In any case, the mortgagees may find their security sadly diminished after the prior claim has been met.

As for the value of land already purchased, it would be a mark of commendable conservatism to use prevailing prices as established by actual transactions in the vicinity, and if no such records are available, the price actually paid for it.

In a measure, the same would be true of the valuation of the building, except that this must necessarily be an estimate, since the building itself is nonexistent. It would seem, however, that the bid of a reputable contractor establishes a value more accurately than any cube-cost or capitalization-of-income method. Cube cost is the volume of the building in cubic feet multiplied by an estimated cost per cubic foot determined by observation of the known cost of similar buildings. Unless the buildings compared are identical and prices of labor and materials unchanged, the cube-cost method may be misleading. An error of a few cents in the cost allowed per cubic foot would amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars in a building containing several million cubic feet.

Capitalization of income is more reasonable, but not absolutely conclusive. A building of a certain class should earn, say, 10 per cent net on the total investment. The estimated net earnings of the proposed building amount to $100,000 a year. Therefore, the value of land and building is $1,000,000. The drawback is that the earnings are estimated. There is often a notable discrepancy between the rents an owner thinks he is going to get and those he does get.

Both methods are, properly, checks upon the bid of a contractor, which is the basic cost, since it binds him to build for that amount. To his bid may be added all other fees and charges essential to the completion of the building, and no others. Finally, the publicity matter advertising a bond issue, which includes the valuation of the project, will carry more conviction if it separates the cost of land and building, and states how and by whom each was determined.

It is not superfluous to repeat that the house of issue is merely in the position of fiscal agent for the bondholders, unless it assumes responsibility for completion and for payment of interest and principal. In that case the resources of the house measure the value of its guaranty. There is no greater protection to the investor in realty securities than the unconditional guaranty of the owner or the house of issue, provided that their financial resources are sufficient.

Investors' Safeguards

Other guaranties which may safeguard an issue are those of independent institutions such as surety companies. There are three common forms: Contractor's bonds which insure that the building will be finished as far as the contractor's work is concerned; completion bonds which insure that the owner's part in finishing the building will be carried out; and bond insurance. The first of these methods has been in existence for some time. The two others are by-products of the extensive development of the mortgage-bond system. All are safeguards for the investor. When an issue carries one or more of them, it is a conservatively safe investment.

The appointment of a trustee for the mortgage-bond issue is an *ipso facto* guaranty that the finances of the issue will be handled according to the laws governing trusteeships. Ordinarily and preferably, the trustee is a trust company, organized and operating under the state laws. If the trustee is a financial institution, its entire financial resources insure the correct discharge of its duties. The trustee receives all moneys paid in by bondholders, makes all disbursements to the borrower on architect's certificates or other authorizations, according to the terms of the mortgage. After the building is in operation the trustee receives the interest and amortization payments from the borrower and forwards them to the bondholders in payment of coupons or in retirement of the serials, as agreed. The fiduciary relations between borrower and lender are thus transferred from the house of issue to an impartial and legally restricted intermediary. Thus, each loan is made to stand on its own merits. There can be no danger that the stronger issue will be made to carry the weaker by some internal pooling of accounts.

One of the current phrases in the circulars advertising bond issues is: "In the opinion of counsel, legal for the investment of trust funds." The qualification weakens the statement. The bond buyer is not interested in the opinion of counsel. He wants to know whether the bonds are or are not legal for trust funds. The law is plain enough. If it is not, it can be tested.

Industrial and public-utility stocks and bonds are offered to the public as "legal for trust funds," without any qualification. Realty bonds must be placed on the same footing, if the phrase is to have real meaning.

If one contemplated investing one's hard-earned cash in some inventor's scheme, an investigation of the personal record of the inventor and his promoters, his claims and his patents would be a foregone conclusion. The same rule applies to investment in realty bonds. A visit to the site of a proposed building, an observation of the character of neighboring buildings, supplemented by inquiry regarding rentals, an inspection of rented space, and casual questions regarding vacancies, will enable even a lay investor to determine for himself the probable future of the project.

Do Your Own Investigating

If he intends to continue to buy realty bonds from some house whose past offerings have met with his approval, he will do well to become personally acquainted with the officials. A short talk will often reveal an advantageous choice among several issues other than the one which first aroused his interest. Houses of issue want steady customers, representing that much less sales effort on their part, and officials are ready and willing to give their best advice to retain the accounts. From the same sources investors can learn in greater detail of the records of the principals and other parties at interest in any issue. The quarters occupied by the institution are in themselves indicative. A large and complex organization is required to handle all the details of a great number of issues. Though not always a guaranty of stability, an extensive and competent personnel and well-furnished and commodious offices reflect favorably the character of the management. A small and careless force makes an unfavorable impression, with good reason.

Even the smallest investor should conduct his own investigations. Blind buying is like taking an inexperienced flyer in the stock market. Real-estate development and improvements are susceptible of fairly accurate analysis. They are governed wholly by a determinate demand. If that has been ascertained, the only other factor to be considered is the sufficiency of the security itself, as managed by the borrower and the fiscal agent.

It may not be possible for bond buyers in sections of the country remote from the centers of active real-estate operation to visit and check up on their investments. But it is within their power to follow the mortgage-bond markets in the standard financial journals and financial departments of the magazines, to keep a scrapbook of all offerings which come their way, and to study the comparative building statistics published each year by private firms and governmental agencies such as the Department of Commerce.

No investor in any form of real estate or realty security can afford to overlook the study of building statistics prepared by competent authorities. The trend toward or away from certain types, indicating a growth or diminution in demand, is readily apparent from the comparative figures for several years. Local trends are of more immediate significance to security purchasers than national trends. The offices of the superintendents and commissioners of buildings in all the principal cities publish classified reports of the total number and

value of plans filed during the calendar year. These reports usually give comparative figures for the preceding year, so that any changes are readily detectable.

The reports of tax assessors are also available, although they are far too voluminous for general distribution. Since they are of public record, it is possible to obtain the assessed valuation of any parcel and the ratio of assessed to full valuation, whence the full valuation can be calculated. Assessed valuations are useful chiefly to check the appraised values of land as stated in a bond-issue prospectus. The tax assessor's office will usually have a separate tabulation of values of the land alone, without the buildings. They are expressed in terms of dollars of assessed valuation per front foot, and can therefore be applied directly to another plot on the same block or near it.

Realty bonds can and should be judged on the same basis as any other form of security investment. It is essential to know the records of those connected with the offering in any relationship, the chances for the success of the projected building, and the extent of the security afforded by the safeguards and guaranties.

There are few safer investments than urban real estate. The records show that unsuccessful ventures are rare. Even the flattened booms have represented only a temporary recession of values, overinflated at the time. Eventually the permanent values have overtaken and passed them.

The buyer of first-mortgage bonds, however, is only a lender. Therefore, he wants assurance that the project he helps to finance is conservative in conception and execution. If the responsible promoters of realty-bond issues will give him that assurance this economically sound form of construction finance will continue to grow. There are indications that the leaders in the field realize that the future of the industry is at stake. Already steps have been taken by them to establish the mortgage-bond system on a banking plane, where it belongs. When their efforts are successful realty bonds will be on a par with listed securities as far as safety to the investor is concerned.

THE STAGE COMPLEX

(Continued from Page 23)

driven out faith. Ideals have perished at the hands of pseudo science. Third-rate writers have jumped into prominence overnight, simply because they have shouted the unclean and made manifest the unhealthy. The Walter Paters are silenced by the noisy arguments of the studio literati. Negro spirituals so-called, though they are the songs of prewar days, are hailed as the discoveries of one of our novelists.

Let one man or one woman contribute a preface to some salacious novel and he or she is praised as courageous, convincing and valuable, thus driving into popular circulation a mediocre book which, left to itself, would have probably died through sheer dullness.

An Honest Rebellion

Visibilities, as we now call them, were as conspicuous in the early days of old New York as they are at present. Individualism was quite as manifest then as now, and it is safe to believe that it was a bit less studied and much more spontaneous. It was not easily capitalized, save in such a case as Oscar Wilde's, whose lily became an emblem and whose long hair, knee breeches, velvet coat and soft shirt afforded easy copy as he lectured around the country.

At all events, men and women were also different from their fellow creatures even half a century ago. But this frequently sprang from an honest rebellion against the mental and moral corsets in which the human mind was incased, rather than from a palpable effort to produce a sensation and to provoke a criticism.

There were quite as many unconscionable people then as now, only they were more genuinely ignorant of their peculiarities. In harking back to some of these men one cannot pass over the meteoric Paul Potter. He was, without exception, one of the most prolific of all stage tinkerers. He was a cuff writer, a table scribbler. He could write on tap with a fervor and a rapidity that were unparalleled. When he was not actually transferring words to paper he was telling his listeners how easy it was to write good plays and how needless it was to write bad ones. Including adaptations and dramatizations, Potter's name must have been attached to some hundred manuscripts, out of which there were about a dozen which scored genuine success. He was prolific in talk and disappointing in result.

I can recall while lunching one day at Durand's in Paris with Hubert Henry Davies—who had just begun his brilliant career in London as a dramatist—that we were joined by Paul Potter, to whom I introduced my young friend, mentioning him as the author of Cousin Kate, The Mollusc, The Outcast, and so on. Potter gave him an effusive hand of fellowship, patted him upon the back with encouragement, and then launched forth with his usual eloquence to tell Davies that if he followed his—Potter's—own recipe he could never have a failure in the theater. Enthralled by his assurance and oratory, Davies listened eagerly. When Potter made his "Ta-ta!" my young friend exclaimed:

"Is he not the greatest dramatist in your country?"

"He thinks he is," I replied.

"But," said Davies, "surely he has never had a failure."

"The City Directory," I answered, "has been his one and only success." Which statement was true at the time.

Potter could always sell himself. His trouble came from the fact that he was unable to sell the public.

In one of his farce comedies he had a practically nude woman rush from her bath behind a screen. The morning after the opening the reviews teemed with protest at the glaring indecency of such a scene. Resentful at this attitude, Potter dashed into my office lashing himself into a fever of protest.

"What is all this fuss about anyway?" cried Potter. "My woman is not entirely naked, and what if she were? Do not thousands of tourists visit the galleries of the Louvre every day to gaze upon the Venus of Milo?"

Nudity, according to Potter, was the same all the world over. His attitude toward life was equally confused, so that he threw overboard much more than the mere trifles of a woman's lingerie. It was all the same grist which came to his mill. Now perhaps he could not be so isolated, as he would be merely one of a group.

Frohman's Moral Laundry

In the early days of transplanting foreign plays to American soil the task was infinitely more difficult. The amount of skill required almost amounted to the construction of an original play. Mistresses who flourished shamelessly in a French farce had to be converted into innocent wives who were the unconscious victims of wicked bigamists. Assignations had to take place in libraries, never in bedrooms. Virtue always was made to triumph in the end, no matter to what degree it may have tottered prior to the final curtain.

As for the dialogue, that had to be completely deodorized or emasculated. When this was impossible, then the blue pencil cut out the objectionable phrases, replacing them with a context which frequently produced no sense.

One of the authors who for years ran the moral laundry for Charles Frohman was Clyde Fitch. He was an adept at the business, and fortunately possessed so much wit himself that his dialogue would often be a sparkling improvement upon the Gallic original which he had been forced to reject.

Gradually our stage permitted more and more license. Little by little the audiences grew more and more sophisticated, and yet this change, like all changes, developed so slowly and so insidiously that today, when I contrast the plays which are tolerated with those which were once shocking, it is difficult for me to realize that this whole condition has come about in less than two decades.

It would be a sheer waste of time to preach a sermon thereon. When short skirts are showing legs *ad nauseam* it would be folly to prate about the indecency of exhibiting human supports. They are gazed upon with an indifference which makes them less interesting than garbage pails. The poor little dears who scrimp and save to buy silk stockings would turn to the bargain counters for cotton hose if only they could realize that today legs fail to attract even the prurient. They have become a drug on the market.

Children's Matinées

For the same reason the free discussion socially of everything which savors of dubious morality robs audiences of any excuse to be shocked. Subjects which could not even be referred to in days gone by are common topics of conversation, not only behind closed doors and by adults but by girls in their teens and by boys still in school. I have yet to have pointed out to me any vice which is not at present discussed in general conversation at tables which are theoretically reputable. The vibration and reaction of sex furnish a point of departure in intimate argument. Freud and Ellis, not to mention a score of others, are the modern textbooks of a large number of young readers.

When parents are expostulated with as to the license given their children, we hear the inevitable slogan: "They must find themselves." The reply to this idiocy is to follow them to their finish, which is too frequently in the sanitarium, where they have gravitated as the victims of drugs or drink, or to the divorce courts, because either they have learned no sex discipline or have replaced all forms of religious belief by a cultivated and blatant skepticism. There is no longer an education of morals or brains that counteracts the ego. The silly parents are responsible for the defective offspring. And the literature which is published, the plays which are produced, the pictures which are painted, the poetry which is written, are only the reflection, not the cause, of our exhibits today.

Human nature has not altered very much after all. There is a lot of foolish talk that the moral liberty now enjoyed produces a knowledge of good and evil which, because it is familiar, must perforce throw the balance in favor of all that is pure and sweet. That is a beautiful theory, but test it to the finish. What then? Let the parent who finds it infinitely more comfortable to believe this do a little private detective work and be convinced, not through theory but through actuality, as to what is the real status of the conduct today in a society where there is neither standard nor surveillance. Go to the matinées of plays which are acknowledged as bold and daring, and note that two-thirds of the audience are young girls under twenty-five. Listen to their side remarks, note the eagerness with which they follow each salacious scene, and there remains little doubt as to their full understanding of the meaning of every word and of every action. The managers will tell you that the matinées of these plays are usually more packed than the evening performances. Are the producers or the parents responsible?

The chief trouble today is that this generation is plunged in that little learning which is always the dangerous thing. Under the guise of science the most addlepated brain becomes steeped in a feverish pursuit of half-baked truth. The poor little heads are crammed with sex problems the very rudiments of which they are incapable of grasping. They prattle about sex, utterly unconscious of the fact that there is really nothing new to say about it.

Self-analysis and melancholia are the curses of this age. What has become of natural, normal youth? Where can it be found? How often you hear a mother exclaim, "My daughter knows more than I do!"

"Knows more of what?" is the natural query. Take that poor, puny-minded, uneducated girl of whose superior knowledge the mother has just boasted, and you would be amazed how very little the child really does know of anything that is worth while. Her mind is either a vacuum or a receptacle for that which is meretricious.

The Swing of the Pendulum

It seems almost a century ago since the young bloods of New York were thought to be on the road to ruin when they frequented that very innocuous show—according to our latter-day standards—The Black Crook. One siren, scantily clad, strapped to a horse, aroused comment and criticism.

When the late Jim Fiske built the Grand Opera House in West Twenty-third Street and gave suppers to the ladies of the ballet, his entertainments were looked upon askance. Yet there is not a cabaret today where his festivities would not be thought mild and to be reproached for unparalleled dullness.

In looking back I see such a galaxy of simple plays and I recall so many shelves of Pollyanna literature that I find it hard to remember just when the pendulum began to swing the other way.

Clyde Fitch was very modern, I admit, but he was prudent withal. Augustus Thomas was always correct and circumspect. William Gillette was humorous and restrained. The younger dramatists, as they came along, were so timorous that they rarely had to be censored.

(Continued on Page 58)

FISHER BODIES

If you select your next car from among those which unmistakably lead their respective fields in beauty, in value and in sales, your choice will most certainly be equipped with Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS

BODY BY FISHER

(Continued from Page 56)

Comedies abroad which seemed too risqué were let alone. Happily there is one important angle of this whole present-day destructive development which is borne out by fact: Salacious plays have never made money except sporadically. The area in which they thrive is limited

All one has to do is to look into the old records to be confronted with this truth. If three plays are simultaneously produced, each opening successfully, but two of which are blatantly unmoral and one of which is clean, there is no question but that four times the money awaits the clean play. For plays that are blue there is practically no patronage beyond New York and a few large cities. Road business for this kind of attraction simply does not exist. They are regarded by the majority of our people as entertainments to be shunned and avoided. They possess no appeal to any local public outside of the cosmopolitan centers, whereas the really excellent and decent play can go on forever.

If I cited the names of some of the old plays which in my day enjoyed prosperity I would refer to The Little Minister, Peter Pan, The Christian, The Prisoner of Zenda, Sherlock Holmes, the Daly farces and many others, all of which could have passed any censorship in the world.

The Remedy for Salacious Plays

In my opinion the author who writes dirt and the manager who produces it are throwing away thousands of dollars. The run, even in New York, is limited, and the outside public nil. The theme and treatment make any film rights valueless. These simply cannot be sold at any price. Thus the melon can never be cut up. The author's royalties begin and end in New York City. The producer's profits have to be earned there because the material is offensive to the majority of theatergoers and the theme is found too putrid for use at Hollywood.

I often wonder how long it will be before those who hold the destinies of the stage in their hands will awake to this fact. Perhaps until their pocket nerve begins to jump. Then the clean drama will come back and the sex appeal will be consigned to the rubbish heap.

The stage will become purged when the dollar becomes more articulate. I can hear the modernist throw up his hands and exclaim, "What of art?" I reply that art does not necessarily lurk in cesspools, nor can it be found only in dung heaps. The blue sky is as real as the rain.

Shadows cast by the sun can produce as fine a dramatic contrast as shadows that come from falling buildings during a tornado of destruction. Pessimism is of no greater value than optimism. Puny minds which indulge in the pretense of breadth and truth are pygmies before the great creators of the universe who have left to us their immortal archives. Thus in the midst of all the disgust and all the mire is the one consoling thought that "It doesn't pay."

The filthy books have a limited circulation. The prurient drama dies a normal death. Thank God that our country is chiefly composed of citizens who think straight and who see clearly.

The places in the large cities where vice and indecency stalk amid applause are frequented by comparatively few. The voice of the poor little decadent critic is barely heard and hardly heeded beyond the self-conscious group at his paper-shod feet. Sodom is after all but a narrow strip of land upon that vast map where cleanliness reigns, where health rules, where the normal thrives and where the soul speaks.

Despite all the evil influences which are at work, we must look out and up and realize that there are stars and a God. There have been dirty minds ever since this old earth was created. There have been lewd actions ever since it began. There are men and women who like to wallow. There are misshapen and diseased mentalities which turn away from happiness and health. But these are so in the minority that they will leave no real imprint upon that beauty and spirituality and truth which are eternal.

I have often been asked what I advise as a remedy for this evil of undesirable plays with which our contemporaneous stage is flooded. I do not hesitate to state that if a play is objectionable, then it should never be licensed. The time to keep such material from the public is not after its production but before.

Each manuscript should be carefully read by one or more judges of unquestionable culture and standing, whose opinions would be respected and whose decision would be final. Before any play went into rehearsal it would have to bear this official hall mark of approval. If this were refused it would die a natural death and never be heard of again. By this method publicity would be avoided. Such a system obtains in England, where the censorship is always rigid, even though not always intelligent.

It is better, in my opinion, to make a martyr of one author through a mistaken and ignorant conception of what is wrong and what is right, than to allow play after play to be thrown upon the stage, as is done in our country, without either let or hindrance.

Even though the law empowers the closing of a theater on account of offense to the public morals, the process is slow and complicated, and one which involves such an amount of publicity that in the interim the box-office receipts grow with leaps and bounds. Question in print the propriety of any play that is before the public, and although up to this time its financial success is doubtful, the result of the publicity is a steady flow of money into the box office. An official who had the power to stop stage performances once remarked to me that frequently the reason of his hesitation was due to the fact that he hated to increase the attendance at the theater upon which his condemnation was invited to focus. He even went so far as to say that not once but many times a manager who had a failure on his hands would offer him thousands of dollars if only he would find something salacious enough in his production to warrant the official investigation. All of which again proves my contention that this whole present-day condition of the stage is chiefly due to those who patronize our theaters.

Clean up the public and the plays will perforce become purified. Begin the sorely needed moral education in our homes and in our schools. Deodorize our society and there will be no patrons for our malodorous literary products. Public morals dictate the professional output. When dirty books find no readers they will no longer be published. When unhealthy plays cease to attract audiences they will not be produced.

People, these days, have become fanatics about physical health while remaining stagnant about moral disease. They remain callous and indifferent to the state of a daughter's soul while being intensely preoccupied as to the style of her slippers.

They are prolific of criticism of her outward appearance while totally oblivious of the matter of her inward grace.

Manners in the modern drawing-room do not, as a rule, exist. They are a lost art! No one of the present generation bothers with them. A gesture of courtesy is a bore to the majority of young people. They simply do not propose to take the time to make it. If parents or teachers are considered at all, it is merely to vote them a nuisance and an interruption.

Cubist Minds and Cubist Morals

The slovenly clothes now worn are indications of the slovenly mentalities. The unkempt hair is the sign of the unkempt mind Cleanliness, which was once admitted to be next to godliness, is as obsolete as the dinosaur. A boy in olden times was called back to wash his hands. The girl of today is rarely reprimanded for not washing her neck.

Half of the time these young women go in and out of their homes without even seeing their parents. There is no inspection whatever of their appearance. Again this is excused through the plea that these dear young things must find themselves. Is it any wonder that so long as this condition prevails in the homes this lack of order and discipline is reflected upon the stage? After all, the latter is but a mirror. It is the chronicle of the age it represents.

When the moral market of a community is stringent the currency of decency cannot be put in circulation. There is no money so tainted as that which is produced through the debasement of ethical standards. Mental prostitution is the dangerous form of vice. When decency in the home ceases to be advocated by the man, when marriage is not regarded as either a contract or a sacrament, when the world doesn't differentiate between cleanliness and filth, why in God's name should we expect the stage to be wholesome, literature to be elevating and art to be an influence of beauty?

The cubist minds produce the cubist morals. Everything is seen through the obliquity of distorted vision, and until we cease to look through the glass of life darkly we shall never be able to recognize the glory of light.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

Tempest-and-thunder stuff.
Rip-you-asunder stuff.
Deep, deep-down-under stuff.
Hooray! Whoopee!
Basso profundo for me!

—Berton Braley.

Every Woman's Morning Mail

"PRIVATE View of Paris Hats."
"Help Some Ailing Child to Health!"
"Half-price Sale of Fine White Spats."
"Share With Needy Ones Your Wealth!"

"Have Your Name in Which is Which!"
"Help a Needy Southern College.'
"Easy Way of Getting Rich!"
"Special Rates on 'Kneedful Knowledge.'"

"Choctaw Children Ask Your Aid."
"Trial Free of Helps to Beauty."
"Call and See Our Chinese Jade."
"Send a Check, and Do Your Duty!"

"Fine Editions of Rare Books."
"New Apartment House Prospectus."
"Sumptuous Winter Cruise De Luxe!"
"Suffering Sick Say 'Don't Neglect Us!'"

Shall I hurry to a sale?
Shall I give to those who ask it?
No, I hate this sort of mail!
Pitch 'em all in the wastebasket!

—Carolyn Wells.

Nervous Lady (Hearing Sound of Shots as Train Slows Down): "Gracious! Are Bandits Holding Up the Train?"
Conductor: "Calm Yourself, Lady. We're Merely Entering Chicago"

The Early Worm

ONCE there was a member
Of a family of worms
Who did not like
His family traditions.
He could not but remember
Upon what sorry terms
His ancestors had won
Their famed positions.

No matter at what hour
The early bird arose,
The early worm was earlier
And eaten.
This principle of service,
Thought our worm, was but a pose
Which his longer although lazier
Life had beaten.

His family discussed him;
Had he ears they must have burned,
As they wailed to serve breakfast
To some bird.
Undoubtedly you've read of him—
He was the worm that turned.
He was still alive and happy
Last I heard.

—Anna Bird Stewart.

The Critic

HE WENT to seventeen first nights
And he panned sixteen plays
The sixteen ran two hundred times,
The seventeenth two days.

—John Hanlon Mitchell.

A Veteran Among the Leaders of the Industry,

PAIGE

Enters its 18th Successful Year

For 18 Years
These Have Stayed and Grown!

CADILLAC · PACKARD
LOCOMOBILE · MARMON
FORD · PAIGE · REQ
PIERCE-ARROW · BUICK
STUDEBAKER · FRANKLIN
HUPMOBILE · OAKLAND
OVERLAND · PEERLESS
AUBURN · · HUDSON
OLDSMOBILE

BECAUSE in all the 18 years of Paige growth, Paige has never been reorganized—never refinanced—

Because today the ratio of Paige assets to liabilities is high—its cash position strong—its dealer organization world-wide and still growing—

THE POSITION OF THE PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY TODAY IS SOUND AND STRONG.

And because today's Paige cars embody all the finer workmanship and enduring quality of former Paige cars—with an added beauty and smartness that have won for them recognition as the *style leaders* of motordom—

PAIGE CARS ARE THIS YEAR ENJOYING THE GREATEST POPULARITY OF THEIR LONG AND SUCCESSFUL HISTORY.

Only a few motor car manufacturers share the prestige and popularity of Paige. Only a few have built fine cars and fine reputations through the 18 eventful years of Paige history. And what an impressive group these solid and substantial *leaders* are! Such as Packard and Cadillac and Oldsmobile—Overland, Pierce-Arrow and Reo—Locomobile and Marmon—Ford and Franklin and Stearns and PAIGE.

Hundreds of cars have come and gone in these 18 years—but these *leaders* have remained. They have stood the test of time—they hold the respect and regard of the present—and their futures are full of promise.

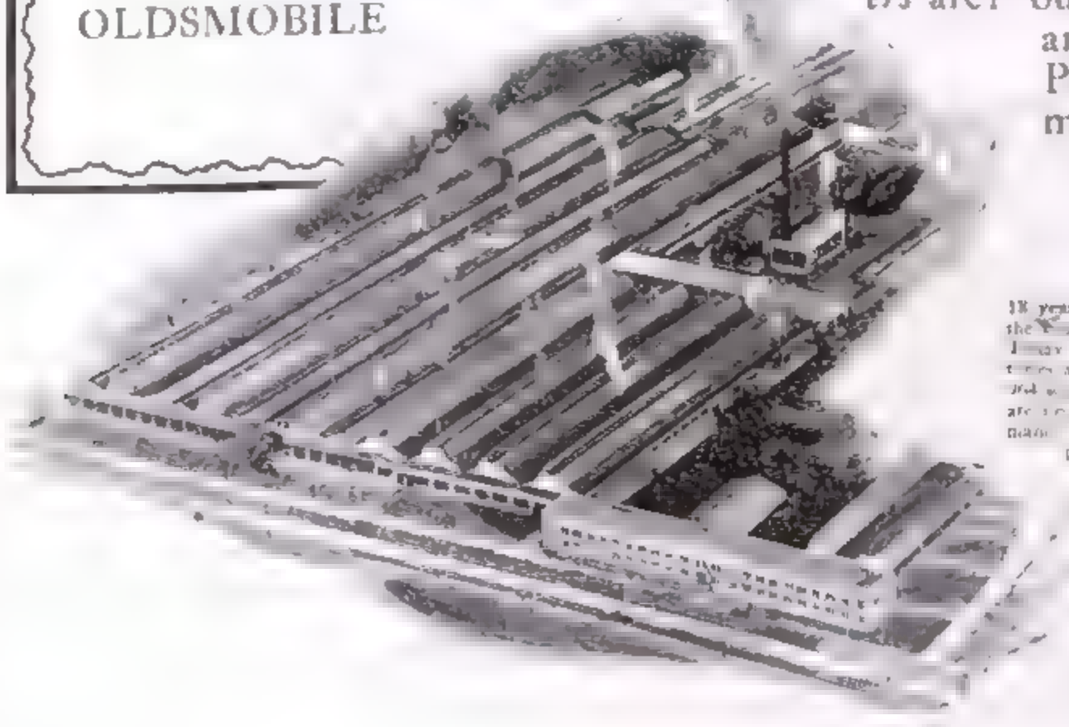
Not every motor car appeals to every man. But *financial strength, industrial solidity*, a reputation for *honesty* and *integrity* and an assurance of *permanency*—these are factors that are of vital concern to *every* motor car purchaser.

For certainly when a man appropriates more than a thousand dollars for a motor car he wants to know—*he ought to know*—something of the responsibility and reputation and permanence of the manufacturer of that car.

That is why Paige directs your attention to its 18 uniformly successful years—to the fact that the same able men who founded Paige are directing its destinies today—to the strength of its resources and assets—and to that great new plant built according to the most modern methods and acclaimed by foremost engineers the most efficient plant in the industry.

Paige has abiding faith in the future of the motor car industry. For Paige knows that it will never change the basic policies that have brought it—through 18 years—to an established position among the leaders of the industry.

Buy the motor car that best meets your needs and purse—but no matter what car you choose—consider *the company* as well as the *car*.



Winners of the $10,000 CONTEST

First prize—$10,000 in Cash—was awarded to J. Luther McFarland, Cairo, West Virginia, for the slogan "Paige—Whose Worth Is Known Wherever Fine Cars Are Driven"—a beautiful new 6-45 sedan—to Mrs. Stephen F. [illegible], New Jersey. North Carolina won the slogan "Satisfaction Motors With Every Mile"; [illegible] a Paige 6-45 sedan to A. Dragoun, Peoria, Illinois, for the slogan "Commands Respect [illegible]"

Calibrated in 1-lb. units—10 to 50 lbs. Made with ball foot —easy to use on any type wheel. Other types for High Pressure, Truck and Bus Tires.

Test your tires *every Friday*

The makers of your tires want you to get full service from them. That's why they advise you to keep them always inflated to the proper pressure.

If you don't know what that pressure is, ask your tire dealer.

Then, test your tires every Friday—to be sure they're right up to it.

Friday is suggested as tire-testing day because most tires do their hardest work over the week-end.

Own and use a Schrader Tire Gauge —the standard for years. Use it regularly *every Friday*.

It is inexpensive, easy to carry and to use with any type of wheel. Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London

THE PERFECT SMASH

(Continued from Page 17)

lived at New Canaan. The thing to do was to drive up and see Edna Tuttle and tell her how to beat Ann. It would do him good to eat the kind of meal his Aunt Charlotte always gave him. It would do him good just to talk to her.

He arrived at New Canaan toward luncheon time on Monday and found his Aunt Charlotte in her garden. She was a short, plump woman who loved comfort and had it. At the moment she was carrying a basket half filled with zinnias in one hand and a pair of shears in the other. She looked up at Bill from under the brim of a wide, floppy straw hat.

"Why, Bill!" she said, and kissed him. "How's the family?"

"All right," Bill said.

"I thought perhaps you'd be up to see me."

"What made you think that?"

"I read the papers," she said, and smiled at him. Bill smiled back. It was the first time he had smiled since Hermet had thrown him that first point.

"I did make rather a fool of myself—at least, I got licked."

Aunt Charlotte sat down on a garden bench while Bill took the basket and the shears. "I'll finish this job for you," he said, and started in to cut zinnias. It occurred to him that it would be pleasant to tell Aunt Charlotte the whole story. She would be amused, but she would not be unsympathetic.

"Haven't you any scandal, Bill?" she asked

"No," he said. "Fairport has been very quiet this summer."

He smiled again. It was characteristic of his Aunt Charlotte that she did not pretend she was above gossip. She discouraged pretenses by having so few herself. Bill found himself at ease. She asked him one question after another about people they both knew, and he answered as best he could, and occasionally chuckled at her comments. By the time she paused the basket was full of zinnias. Bill put it down on the bench beside her.

Aunt Charlotte looked at the mass of bloom, so full of strong, satisfying color, and observed that the zinnias were the most rewarding flowers in the garden. You put the seeds in the ground and forgot them, and presently the zinnias came up and bloomed all through the summer. You didn't have to spray them or stake them up or guard them.

"They're independent," she finished.

"Like you, Aunt Charlotte," Bill said.

She smiled at him exactly as if he were a man of her own age, and not at all as if she were old enough to be his mother, which she was.

"Bill," she asked, "what about that girl I liked so much when I met her at your house—the one that plays tennis?"

"Ann Wilder?"

"Yes—the one you were always bickering with."

"I'm still bickering with her," Bill said.

Aunt Charlotte shook her head. "It's a mistake," she said. "Girls like that are scarce."

"Fortunately for me, they are," Bill said grimly.

Aunt Charlotte looked ready to listen, but Bill was not ready to talk. She saw that and saved him the trouble of evading questions.

"I believe, Bill," she said, "that there's going to be a peach shortcake for luncheon. And if you're staying for dinner I'll have a steak-and-kidney pie."

Bill grinned. His Aunt Charlotte had employed the same cook for twenty years. "I'll stay as long as you'll let me, Aunt Charlotte."

After luncheon he excused himself and drove over to Bradley's Corners. He found Edna Tuttle batting an old tennis ball against the house. Bill sat in his car watching her.

She was a fat-legged little girl, without grace or charm; but she was patient. Bill watched her hit the ball against the wall, wait for it to bound, and hit it again. Chop, chop, chop. He hated the chop stroke as only a free-hitting, hard-driving tennis player can hate it. He had frequently announced that the chop stroke wasn't tennis at all. And yet he had to admire the incredible steadiness with which Edna Tuttle chopped. She seemed able to hit precisely the same spot on the wall every time. She played twenty or thirty strokes before the ball got away from her and came bounding toward Bill's car.

Bill got out and picked up the ball and lifted his hat. "I don't know if you remember me," he began.

"Of course," Edna Tuttle said. "You're Mr. Bowman."

For a moment there didn't seem to be anything to say. Edna stood staring at him with a kind of awkward interest that Bill found very embarrassing.

"Look here," Bill said, "are you going into the state championship again this year?"

"Yes," Edna Tuttle said, "I am."

The conversation ceased. Bill hunted around in his mind for something else to say. He didn't want to spring his idea cold. He wanted gradually to lead up to it so it would seem as if he had just thought of it. But Edna Tuttle had a way of finishing everything you started—finishing it so completely that you were stopped.

"I want to tell you how you can win," Bill said.

"All righty," said Edna Tuttle. Bill winced. He had a particular distaste for that phrase.

"Lob," he said. "Lob and lob and lob."

"Against Ann Wilder?"

"Against Ann Wilder," Bill said firmly.

"She's too fast for me," Edna explained. "She comes to the net."

"But suppose you could lob as well as you can chop."

"I can—almost," Edna said. "But I wouldn't dare lob to her. I have to pass her."

"Don't you know she can't smash?"

"No," Edna said. "She volleys like anything."

"Yes," Bill admitted, "she can volley. But she's uncertain overhead. I think anybody who could draw her in with chops and then lob over her head—lob and lob and lob—would absolutely break up her game."

Edna smiled. "I'd like to beat her. She's such a peach. But I'd like to beat her just once."

"You can beat her if you'll practice lobs every day for the next three weeks."

"But I haven't anybody to practice lobs with. There is a boy here that I play with almost every afternoon, but he doesn't want to practice shots; he wants to play a regular game."

"You mean there isn't anybody in this whole neighborhood who would practice with you so you could win the state championship?"

"There just isn't anybody."

Bill frowned as if in deep thought, while he nerved himself for the great sacrifice. He would have to give up the Sea Bright tournament. He would have to drive up here every day—perhaps twice a day—to practice. He would have to spend hours and hours every day teaching Edna Tuttle to lob, feeding her balls that she could lob. He would have to hear her say "All righty" hundreds of times; perhaps thousands of times.

"I tell you what," Bill said. "I'm staying over at New Canaan. I'll come over and practice with you."

"All righty," Edna Tuttle said. Then she thought. "But it wouldn't be any fun for you."

"Yes," Bill said, "it would. It would be an interesting experiment. I'd like to see just how far the chop stroke and the lob can be carried. I've got a theory that anybody who can and will lob—lob persistently—can make trouble for almost anybody."

"It would be fun to try," Edna said.

"Very well," Bill said, "I'll be here tomorrow morning at ten o'clock."

"All righty," Edna said.

Bill winced again. But he was game. He shook hands with Edna Tuttle and drove back to his Aunt Charlotte's filled with that spirit of high endeavor, let the chips fall where they may, damn the torpedoes, that carries a man through great hardships to great victories.

He realized, when his aunt had filled him up with steak-and-kidney pie, followed by a variety of maple ice cream he had never met before but hoped to meet again, that he would have to tell her the whole story. He wanted to stay in her house for three weeks. It wasn't fair to ask that of her without explaining. So after dinner he laid his plan before her in all its bald simplicity.

Aunt Charlotte listened with interest and sometimes with laughter. But when he had finished she became thoughtful.

"Suppose," she said—"suppose your scheme works and you succeed in coaching Edna Tuttle to beat Ann Wilder—what then?"

Bill got up and paced back and forth as Napoleon paced when he planned Austerlitz, as Shelley paced before he wrote his Ode to the West Wind, as the Wright Brothers paced before they decided to sink their all in a heavier-than-air machine.

"Why, then," he said, "I'll have my revenge for what she did to me at Providence." Aunt Charlotte smiled. "Don't you see, aunt?" he continued. "Haven't I explained to you that Ann wants that cup? And can't you imagine how humiliating it will be to her, to a girl who plays the modern hard-hitting game, to be beaten by a little old-fashioned plugger like Edna Tuttle?"

"I can imagine it. That's why I am asking you—what then?"

"And I'm telling you I'll be even with her."

"Yes," Aunt Charlotte said. "But how about her—what will she do?"

"She won't do anything. She'll be perfectly furious and perfectly helpless."

"That's what I can't imagine, Bill. I can't imagine that girl helpless in any situation."

"What do you think she'll do?"

"I don't know," Aunt Charlotte said. "But she'll do something."

"I don't care what she does," Bill said, and was startled at the intensity of his own voice. "It's all I ask—just to put this over."

"You mean, Bill, that you're willing to give up three weeks of your life to coaching a girl you don't like on the chance that she'll beat Ann Wilder?"

"It's a good chance. Edna Tuttle made a lot of trouble for Ann last year. When I get through she'll make more. You don't know how patient and earnest she is. She will do what I tell her. I'm going to give her four hours a day of intensive practice—two hours every morning and two hours every afternoon for twenty-one days. That's eighty-four hours."

"There isn't any place in Bradley's Corners to get luncheon, is there?"

"No."

"Then you'll have to drive over there twice a day. It's twenty miles over and twenty miles back. That's eighty miles a day."

"I know it," Bill said.

"And all to get even with Ann?"

"Exactly."

Aunt Charlotte smiled to herself. "How you must love her!" she said.

"Love her!" Bill roared. "Can't you understand that I hate her? Don't you realize that I've got to do something like this or else wring her neck? Love! Don't you know hate when you see it?"

"It's hard sometimes to tell the difference," Aunt Charlotte murmured.

"Why," Bill said, "hate and love are opposite feelings."

"I know they are, Bill. But I've often noticed that somehow or other it's the same person who excites both feelings. Can you imagine hating Edna Tuttle?"

"No," Bill admitted. "I just don't like her much, and if it weren't for getting this job done—getting even with Ann, I mean—I'd never see Edna Tuttle."

"That's it," Aunt Charlotte said. "That's what I mean." Bill snorted.

Aunt Charlotte looked before her thoughtfully. Bill sat down again. Neither said a word for ten minutes. It was she who broke the silence.

"Bill," she said, "how did this thing start?"

"I've told you how it started—she tipped that Frenchman off to throw me points and get me sore so I'd lose the match."

"But she didn't do that out of a clear sky. You've been quarreling for years."

"That girl hasn't missed a chance to take a dirty crack at me since she was old enough to talk."

"I understand, Bill. I've no doubt she's been hard to take. But what began it?"

"I can't remember when it began," Bill said. He began to grin. His Aunt Charlotte saw that he was grinning.

"Well?" she asked.

"I was thinking about the time I stacked the cards on her. It was one Christmas vacation when I was fifteen or sixteen. You know how enthusiastic she is. We were playing poker for matches—Gerald Morgan and Ann and I. She'd never played before and she was crazy about it, so crazy that she just couldn't conceal the fact that she had a good hand. She glowed. Finally she went out to the kitchen to get some sandwiches for us, and while she was gone I stacked the cards. I dealt her a royal flush and took four of a kind myself and gave Gerald a full house. You should have seen her face when she came back and picked up her cards and found that royal flush. She was so excited it never occurred to her to suspect us. She bet and bet and bet until all the matches were gone and I called her. She put down that royal flush so triumphantly and raked in all the matches, and Gerald and I laughed our heads off. So would you if you had seen it."

"And she was angry?"

"Angry! She slapped my face so hard it made my head ring and rushed off upstairs and didn't speak to me again for over a year."

"H'm," said Aunt Charlotte.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I was just thinking," she replied. "I was thinking that you were still acting the same way at twenty-four, and I'm torn between wanting to see what happens and wanting to persuade you out of it."

"But I can't be persuaded out of it. I've made up my mind. I'm going to see that she gets what's coming to her."

III

BILL found the next three weeks even harder than he had anticipated. Edna Tuttle was a perfect pupil and a perfect bore. Day after day Bill enacted the part of Ann Wilder, while Edna Tuttle returned his service with a high, floating chop which he volleyed; then Edna lobbed. Sometimes Bill got so tired of running back those lobs that he put the ball away with one flashing smash. But usually he hit defensively and the indefatigable Edna lobbed again. She was born to lob. Her heavy under spin took the speed out of almost anything Bill hit to her except his hardest service or his stiffest drives. Time after time after time she would send the ball spinning aloft and drop it within a foot of the far corner. She exasperated Bill with her lobs. He had constantly to remind himself how much

(Continued on Page 63)

SPEED in Turnover of Merchandise – Resulting in Lower Costs to Purchasers – is Assured by Certain-teed's Scientific Methods of Selling and Distributing Products

Unusually progressive and economical methods are used by Certain-teed in securing a quicker and freer movement of products to consumers.

No items are manufactured which are not in popular use. Only the most practical and modern patterns, designs and colors are offered to you. Experts are constantly working over the chemical and physical properties of materials, so that high quality is scientifically assured.

Certain-teed products are packed in convenient units for easier handling by jobbers. They are priced so advantageously that there is always a steady demand for them. Your local dealer, knowing he can immediately fill any size order from the supply of a near-by distributor, maintains only minimum stocks. Consequently, the product you buy reaches you in good condition.

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BUILDING FELTS
PAINTS - VARNISHES

Certain-teed

LINOLEUM
FLOORTEX (FELT BASE)
OIL CLOTH
GYPSUM PLASTERS
BUILDING BLOCKS

(Continued from Page 61)

more she would exasperate Ann Wilder. And the three weeks did eventually come to an end.

Bill and his Aunt Charlotte watched Edna play through the preliminary rounds, saw her wear her opponents out one after another. On Friday she won her semifinal match and was ready to meet Ann in the finals on Saturday afternoon. It rained that night. Bill sat around his Aunt Charlotte's living room and listened to the rain and grinned. The more it rained, the slower the court would be, and the slower the court, the better for Edna. Saturday came on hot and muggy. The earth steamed under a blazing sun.

"It's exactly the kind of day I'd have ordered," Bill said to Aunt Charlotte when they had found their seats.

Ann and Edna batted balls at each other for a few minutes before the match was called. Aunt Charlotte's eyes were on Ann. Everybody's eyes were on Ann.

"I can't see that your friend Edna has a chance with that gorgeous creature," Aunt Charlotte said.

"You watch Edna."

"But she's so clumsy. She's stodgy."

"Yes," Bill admitted, "she's stodgy. And her game doesn't look like anything. But it's hard to beat. Ann Wilder can't beat it."

The umpire climbed into his high chair. The match was on. Ann Wilder had won the toss and chosen to serve.

"Now watch," Bill whispered.

Ann served a fast slice. Edna chopped it. Ann picked the ball off the ground in midcourt and came to the net. Edna lobbed, sending the ball spinning in a high arc. Ann raced for her base line. The ball struck six inches inside and bounded weakly. Ann hadn't time for a full swing. She drove into the net.

"There!" Bill said. "I told you what was going to happen."

With variations, it continued to happen. Sometimes Ann came in and volleyed so decisively that Edna could not reach the ball. Twice Ann put a lob away with something like a real smash. But she made too many errors. She had to quit smashing and play Edna's lobs defensively, and when she did that the imperturbable Edna lobbed again. Edna took the first set, and women's matches are only two sets out of three.

Ann began the second set with a burst of speed. Racing to the net to volley, racing back to her base line after lobs, she took three games in a row.

Aunt Charlotte clapped and clapped. "She's found the answer," she said.

Bill shook his head wisely. "No," he said. "She can't keep it up. Nobody could. Look at her breathe."

"But she runs so beautifully," Aunt Charlotte protested.

"She has run too much already. She's gasping for breath."

It was true. Ann had to let down. Edna took three games in a row and tied the score at three all. Ann's face got grim with the grimness of those who make a last stand. She took the seventh game. But she had plainly given everything she had. "It's all over," Bill said. "Ann is through."

"I could cry," Aunt Charlotte said. "She plays such a beautiful game—she ought to win."

"She would win if she could smash," Bill answered. "Look at that!"

Ann ran desperately back under one of Edna's lobs, turned sideways, dropped her racket well down behind her shoulder and—hit too lightly. Edna lobbed again.

"You see," Bill said, "she's got the form and the direction, but not the intent to kill. She doesn't dare smash."

Edna took the last point with a lob that fell plump on the base line while Ann was still two yards away. Ann came down to the net to shake hands with her conqueror. Bill, slipping down the gangway to the edge of the court, saw how hard it was for her to smile when she congratulated Edna. It was not hard for Edna to smile. Bill had a sudden inexplicable feeling of remorse for what he had done. He stilled it quickly, remembering what had happened to him at Providence. The next instant Edna threw both arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Oh, Bill," she cried, "I did what you taught me to do and I won!"

Bill released himself just in time to see Ann coming. She looked grimmer than when she had made her last stand. She looked grimmer than he had ever seen her look before. Bill grinned at her and said gayly, "Hello, Ann."

Ann did not speak.

"O-o-oh!" Edna Tuttle squealed.

Ann did not speak. Instead, she turned sideways, dropped her racket well down behind her shoulder and brought it up and over and down in one beautiful flashing swing with all the weight of her body behind it. Bill saw what was coming too late to dodge.

When he opened his eyes he was lying on the ground and his head rang, and Ann was kneeling over him and raining tears on his face and saying, "I'm so sorry, Bill. I meant to, but I'm so sorry."

Bill vaguely knew that he was saying something. He said, "That was a perfect smash—a full swing and good direction and—the intent to kill."

Aunt Charlotte got him to his feet with Ann's aid and walked him rapidly out of the crowd to her car. She half shoved, half lifted him into the rear seat.

"Jump in and hold him up," she said to Ann. "I'll drive."

By the time she had driven the half mile to her house Bill's head was clear. Ann jumped out and offered him her arm.

"I can walk," Bill protested.

"You take one arm and I'll take the other," Aunt Charlotte said to Ann. Together they walked Bill into the house. Aunt Charlotte guided them to the living-room sofa.

"I'll get some iodine and a bandage," she said, and left them.

Ann took Bill's handkerchief out of his breast pocket and wiped away the blood that had trickled down his forehead.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But I was so mad. I knew you'd done it when we were halfway through the first set. She kept looking at you for your approval every time she made a point."

Bill sat staring at her and not hearing what she said. Her face was tear-stained. Her face had a quaint, new, poignant look. He had always admitted that she was beautiful when other people insisted on it. But now he felt it—he felt it so strongly that it made him dizzy.

"Ann," he said, "I'm not hurt a bit. But I guess I'm still a little cuckoo."

"You always," she began in quite her old manner, but her mouth quivered as if she were going to cry and she found it hard to finish the sentence, "you always were a little bit cuckoo."

"I don't hate you any more," Bill said solemnly.

They looked into each other's eyes. Bill saw tears in her eyes.

"I don't hate you any more either," she said, on the verge of laughing or crying and not knowing which she the more wanted to do, and not doing either.

"But that isn't the worst of it," Bill continued.

"No?" Ann raised her eyebrows.

"I'm crazy about you," Bill said. "It seems to me that if I could kiss you I'd be perfectly happy."

He looked into her eyes, as if by looking into them he could penetrate the mystery of her face.

Ann gave a quick little lift of her head. "Why don't you try?" she challenged.

He put his arm around her. She turned her head away. He ran his fingers through the thick, close curls at the back of her head and knew that he had wanted to run his fingers through those curls for years.

He turned her face toward his. She did not resist. He kissed her.

"Now," she said, "I can tell you the truth about Hermet. I didn't tell him to throw you points. It was his own idea. I had nothing to do with it."

"I did coach Edna Tuttle," Bill said. "I spent eighty-four hours teaching that girl to beat you."

Ann snuggled against his shoulder. "And I could have killed you for it," she said contentedly.

They were still sitting there, her hand in his, when Aunt Charlotte came back, half an hour later, to tell them that if they were dining with her it was time to go and wash their faces.

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Sand Dunes at Cape Henry, Virginia

Watch This Column

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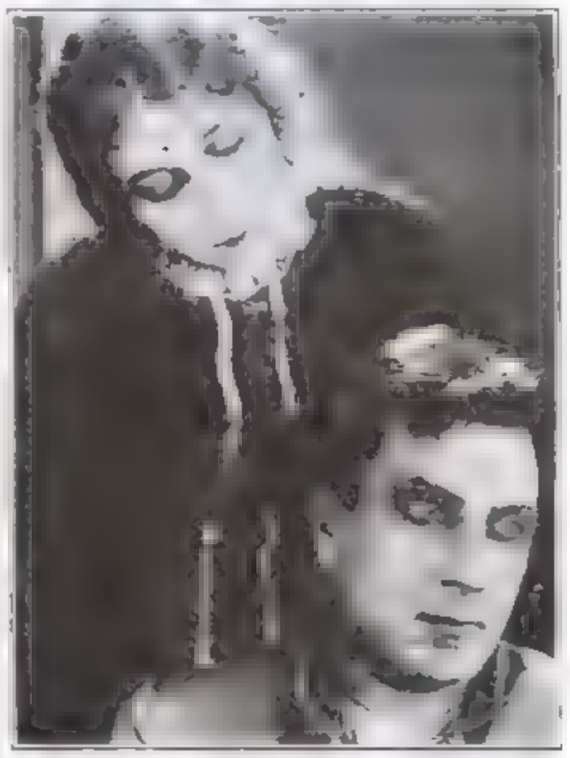

"Michael Strogoff"

After the New York opening of *"Michael Strogoff"* at the George M. Cohan Theater, New York, Harriett Underhill of The Herald-Tribune closed her review by saying, "See *'Michael Strogoff'* by all means." Quinn Martin of The World proclaimed it a "Magnificent thriller," and added, "You will not want to leave until the very end."

"Thrilling in the extreme," said John S. Cohen, Jr. in The Sun. "Interest never ceases," was the verdict of Mordaunt Hall in The Times. The Brooklyn Daily Eagle declared, "A welcome addition to the American screen."

The story was Jules Verne's most important literary work, not excepting "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," and he filled it with dramatic power, barbaric beauty and thrilling incident and tragedy. The picture, for which Universal has secured the American rights, was made abroad by foreign artists, headed by IVAN MOSKINE, whose extraordinary talent has given him great prestige in Europe and caused me to bring him to this country for Universal pictures.

Many of the scenes in *"Michael Strogoff"* are startling, and I believe the attention to detail, the wonderful thoroughness of production and the excellence of the cast will open the eyes of American movie-fans and keep them on the edges of their chairs from the first to the last reel.

If you like *"Michael Strogoff"*—as I am sure you will—tell your friends about it. Or better still, phone them right away so that they can be certain to see it at the theater where you viewed it. This is one of the surest means of encouraging the making of better and better pictures, and encouraging your local theater manager to show them.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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Mrs. Prescott Warren, Boston, West—
Spades . . . . . A, Q, 2
Hearts . . . . . A, J, 7, 6, 2
Diamonds 8, 7, 2
Clubs 7, 4

Milton C. Work, New York, North—
Spades 9, 5, 4
Hearts 10, 9
Diamonds . . . . . Q, 9, 6, 5, 4
Clubs . . . . . A, K, 6

Mrs. Elizabeth Clark Boyden, Hartford, Conn., East—
Spades 10, 8, 7, 6
Hearts . . . . . K, Q, 8
Diamonds . . . . . J, 3
Clubs 8, 5, 3, 2

Tues., Feb. 1, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WWJ, WRC, WFEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WTAM.

See papers for broadcasting time of following:

WGY	Gen'l Elec. Co.	Schenectady
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City
KTRH	Houston Post Dispatch	Houston
WFAA	Dallas News	Dallas
WSMB	Saenger Amusement Co	New Orleans
WSB	Atlanta Journal	Atlanta
WMC	Memphis Commercial Appeal	Memphis
KTHS	New Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs, Ark.
WDBO	Rollins College	Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE	Tampa Daily Times	Tampa
WSOE	Wisconsin News	Milwaukee
WOAW	Woodmen of the World	Omaha
WDAF	Kansas City Star	Kansas City, Mo.
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver
KGW	Portland Oregonian	Portland
KFO	Hale Bros. & The Chronicle	San Francisco
KHJ	Los Angeles Times	Los Angeles
KJR	Seattle Times	Seattle
KHQ	Louis Wasmer, Inc.	Spokane
CFCX	J. R. Booth, Jr.	Ottawa, Can.
CKNC	Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd.	Toronto
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg
CFQC	The Electric Shop	Saskatoon
CFAC	Calgary Herald	Calgary
CJCA	Edmonton Journal	Edmonton
CKCD	Vancouver Daily Province	Vancouver
CJGC	London Free Press	London, Ont.
CJCS	Radio Assn. of Prescott	Prescott, Ont.
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THE TWO BATTLES OF ST.-MIHIEL

(Continued from Page 19)

vital network about Metz. We could pulverize that mighty fortress, one of the few great junction points and depots of the whole front, as the Germans had pulverized the forts of Liège and Namur in 1914.

Everything we did to the railroads and forts about Metz we could do also to the iron mines of the famous Briey Basin. They, too, would be within reach of our guns. From these mines the Germans got the ore for most of their guns and shells—one authority said, for 75 per cent of them. The Americans considered this region between Sedan and Metz the Achilles' heel of the German Army.

The plan to wound the heel was to be largely scrapped now, Marshal Foch said. His new strategic conception was an Allied attack upon the German communications, converging toward Mézières, some seventy miles northwest of St.-Mihiel. The American part in it was to be a series of Franco-American attacks in the Champagne and in the tremendously difficult country about the Argonne Forest, and in the valley of the Meuse River—now famous as the Meuse-Argonne—to cut the Metz-Sedan line at Sedan instead of west of Metz in the level, comparatively unobstructed Woëvre Plain beyond St.-Mihiel. The marshal, always an enthusiast, was so devoted to his new idea that he was willing now to have the Americans give up their St.-Mihiel attack entirely to carry it out.

The Plan for the Struggle

That put General Pershing in a tight box. It upset his arrangements and faced him with a new situation requiring new plans and immediate decisions of far-reaching importance. "I'll have to sleep on this," he said, and as the marshal's special train left the Ligny station he may have added, "if I can."

But the general wasted no time, and next day Marshal Foch had his reply. General Pershing could but defer to the strategical plans of the Allied commander in chief, but he would not agree to the newly formed American First Army being split up into detachments, largely under French command, to carry out those plans. And that was what the marshal had proposed. The American commander had opposed that idea in one form or another for a year, and now here it was popping up again. In what was probably to be the most momentous struggle of the war up to that time, three-fourths of the American troops in France would be in foreign armies.

This time General Pershing tried some strategy of his own. He wrote Marshal Foch, among other things, that the American Government would not consent to such an arrangement. Although there had been a time when the general stood almost alone for an independent American Army, he believed President Wilson would now back him, and he had an ace up his sleeve. When, in early spring, the Allied premiers and commanders gave Marshal Foch supreme command over their armies, they had still an eye to self-preservation by means more selfish than coöperation—like all Allies. They made one condition—any commander who thought his army imperiled by the marshal's orders might appeal to his government. No one had made such an appeal yet, and, of course, Marshal Foch hardly wanted anyone to—particularly now when he saw a great opportunity for victory. He wrote back to General Pershing:

"We must fight the Meuse-Argonne, but come to Bombon at once and let's talk it over."

Three days later there was a conference at Foch's headquarters that determined the future of the A. E. F. and greatly influenced the ending of the war. Little has been said of the effect of that conference upon the battle that might have been at St.-Mihiel. Here is what General Pershing said:

"The original plan contemplated the full exploitation of the success, but the final decision reached by Marshal Foch, General Pétain and myself in conference on September second provided for clearing the salient only as far as necessary for the safety of a larger operation to be carried out immediately thereafter on the Meuse-Argonne front."

Foch and Pershing compromised—with Pétain as peacemaker. The marshal put over his strategic conception and the Americans gave up their desire to make St.-Mihiel a real battle. But General Pershing won on his contention that the Americans must fight the Meuse-Argonne as an American Army, not parceled out among the French, and he also won on a second contention—that to protect the right flank of that Army, at least the St.-Mihiel salient must be reduced before the Meuse-Argonne began.

The next day, September third, Marshal Foch sent to all the Allied commanders an important directive, as his orders were called, that laid down with admirable clearness the plan for the final struggle of the war. Here it is:

> The results sought by the program of July 24 [limited-objective attacks] have been attained and more in the region of the Marne and that of Amiens.
>
> The enemy gives proof of disorganization and it is important to exploit to the limit the result attained, by continuing the battle and extending it as far as the Meuse by combined converging attacks of the Allies. With this aim:
>
> 1. The British Armies, supported by the left of the French Armies, will continue to attack in the general direction of Cambrai-St.-Quentin, breaking the Hindenburg position.
>
> 2. The center of the French Armies will devote itself to forcing back the enemy beyond the Aisne and the Ailette.
>
> The American Army will execute:
>
> (a) About the tenth of September the offensive in the Woëvre [St.-Mihiel] limited to the conquest of the line Vigneulles-Thiaucourt-Regnieville [the base of the salient, facing the southern extension of the Hindenburg Line;]
>
> (b) About the twentieth or twenty-fifth of September, thanks to the economy of forces realized in the Woëvre, an offensive in the general direction of Mézières, covered on the east by the Meuse and supported on the left [west of the Argonne] by an attack of the Fourth French Army.

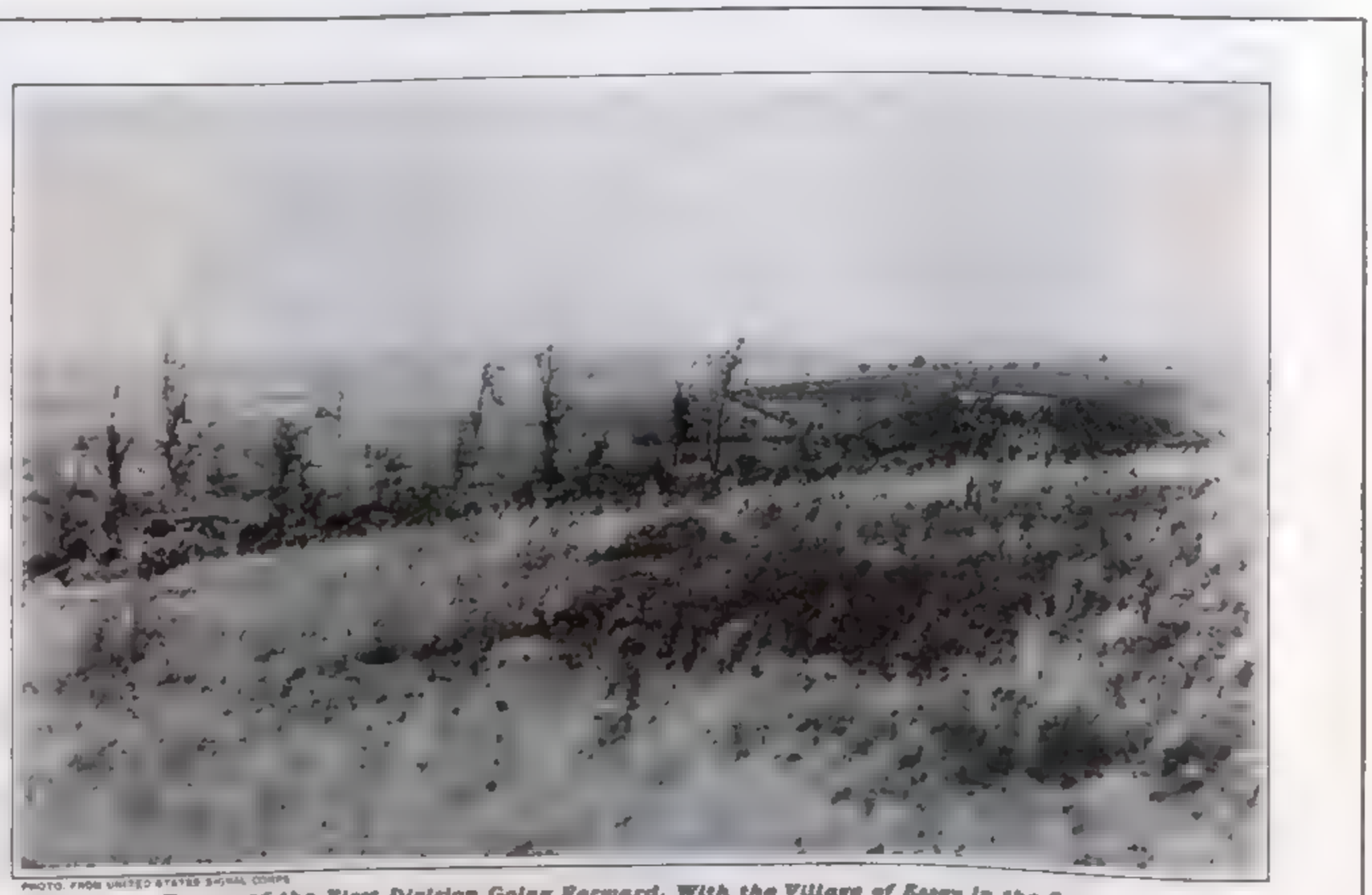
The French-British-Belgian attack in Flanders, which completed the plan, was described in a directive issued September eighth.

A Dress Rehearsal

The American attack at St.-Mihiel, then, was to stop at the base of the salient. Its purpose was only to release the Verdun-Nancy railroad for troop movements and give the Americans a secure right flank, observation posts and experience for their part in the later general offensive. It was to be the last of the limited-objective attacks, which Marshal Foch and the Americans both believed had about outlived their usefulness. So the first independent American attack became, in a sense, a preliminary essential to success in the Meuse-Argonne and a fine dress rehearsal for the second and greater American effort.

Marshal Foch made that change because the Meuse-Argonne was an essential part

(Continued on Page 66)



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And now, this new "70" further widens the gap between itself and the conventional and commonplace.

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WHAT is the most convenient place for your radio cabinet? The Pooley "Arm Chair" Model will go there—just like a small table—because it is designed to look well from any angle. As you sit beside it, the One Dial Atwater Kent Receiving Set is at your finger tips.

In this unique cabinet there is also a built-in horn of exceptional tone, and a battery compartment of ample size. Price, without tubes and batteries, $160. Other beautiful Pooley Radio Cabinets are pictured in our catalog. Send for it.

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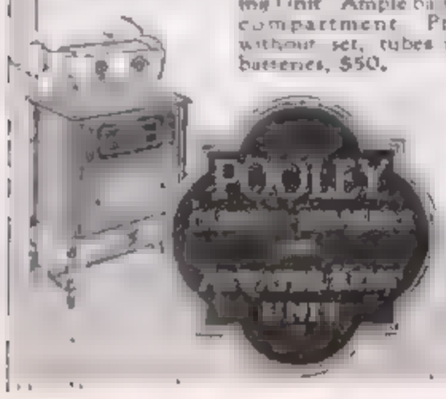

(Continued from Page 64)

of his new plan, and because he feared to give an inexperienced American Army and staff too much rope in its first big venture. Most French staff officers believed, too, that the early autumn rains would make the Woëvre Plain impassable for advancing troops. The British thought we ought not to try a battle of our own at all until 1919. They thought we would either meet with a bloody repulse or succeed at first and be led too far for safety. They had had both experiences with their own new troops.

The change in plan meant, for our staff, that both Allies were worrying about changing dispositions for and fighting one battle while preparing a second—and all in three weeks. They did the job. An important part of it was handling news and propaganda, for the Intelligence Section at G. H. Q. now realized the importance of such things. It determined upon widespread publicity once the battle had started, but before that thick gobs of silence, lest the Germans be assisted in turning our dress rehearsal into a farce. Nobody admitted it, but everyone knew they might do it.

A Serious Leak

So the newspaper correspondents with the A. E. F. took a week-end off from reporting the fighting of the Pennsylvania Guardsmen of the 28th Division and General Alexander's New Yorkers of the 77th along the Vesle and went down to G. H. Q. at Chaumont for another of their periodical get-wise conferences with General Pershing. The general was, as always, his own spokesman, clear and forceful. Like everyone else at that time, he did not expect the war to end in the immediate future. He cautioned us against too much optimism in dispatches because of recent successes.

"You'd better not win the war," he said with his most engaging smile, "until next year. We hope to have something interesting for you to write about pretty soon," he went on, and talked a little about the coming battle, when, for the first time in his life, he would command a great army in action. He didn't seem worried about it. He tried not to tell too much, but St.-Mihiel was getting as much publicity as a Follies first night. Our enthusiastic amateur army was spreading the news all over France, ably assisted by a French populace only too glad to have such cheering tidings as a coming *attaque Américaine*. Everyone was leaking, from the American colony in Paris to government officials in Washington. The news stands in Northern France were featuring maps of the St.-Mihiel salient. No wonder prisoners said the whole German Army knew about it, and that on the same day that Marshal Foch appeared at Ligny, Lieutenant General Fuchs, commanding the German Army Detachment C, holding the salient, began preparing for trouble.

That sort of thing had helped wreck the big French spring offensive of 1917. The Intelligence Section was worried. It had purposely allowed the announcement on August tenth that the First Army had been formed to operate in the Marne area, but that apparently had not fooled the Germans. It tried again.

Down in the Vosges, far from St.-Mihiel, the small ruined village of Frapelle reposed almost in no man's land. The Germans kept a few squads of men there, but it was valueless to them—or to us. Yet one night, with barrage and all appurtenances of a regular attack, the 6th Infantry of the American 5th Division stormed Frapelle.

An amazed German staff asked itself, "*Warum?*" Intelligence hoped the answer would be: To prepare for a larger attack, and that more German troops would be sent to the Vosges and away from St.-Mihiel. The American official communique, which the Germans read, made much of the capture. The correspondents were asked to do likewise, and did, as their journalistic consciences permitted.

Then Intelligence turned a bigger Yankee trick. It fooled the Germans—how, is one of the best true secret-service stories of the war—into expecting a big American attack in Alsace. Three German divisions, 36,000 men, were moved there, 125 miles from St.-Mihiel!

Efforts at mystery in dealing with the correspondents were hardly so successful. The only question in our minds was on what day we should leave sunshiny Meaux on the slow-flowing Marne for the gray skies and rocky hillsides of Lorraine. Several correspondents of London papers joined us, and on September tenth we were told to be ready for an early start next morning. Until the last minute we sent dispatches about the fighting on the Vesle, to distract attention from St.-Mihiel.

We had a genial breakfast the morning of the eleventh, at the Sirène. We bade farewell to sharp-faced madame and the quizzical youth Napoleon, faithful Ganymede, roaring a ribald ditty about an ideal journalistic state, "When the censor's in Tokio."

Near evening, in the familiar mud and mist of Lorraine, our procession of cars was halted by an earnest and very new M. P.

"Hafta take off that tag," he said, pointing to our tricolored G. H. Q. windshield emblem. "Can't show tags here. Can't show lights, neither."

We were entering the First Army area, whither for the past two weeks and more the Yanks had been coming, but without the "drums rum-tumming" and other boisterousness of the song. Herculean efforts had been made to keep secret the concentration in Lorraine of the greatest American force that, up to that time, had ever assembled.

We drove through a darkening village that seemed deserted, but suddenly its streets filled with soldiers, who emerged from every building, formed silently and flitted away without even the scratch of a match. The eastward road became crowded with looming trucks and shadowy men. In woods were giant guns, draped in camouflage nets, silent, biding their time. Through that darkness, with lights out, almost noiselessly, we slipped along toward great events.

It was raining when we reached the almost deserted streets of Nancy—before the war, Lorraine's most thriving city. Shelling and air bombing had taken heavy toll, and the Place Thiers was ghastly with a few shaded blue lights cast upon gutted shells and propped-up façades of buildings. Major General D. E. Nolan, Chief of Intelligence of the A. E. F., awaited us at the Hotel Angleterre, in an upper room on whose wall was displayed the Battle of St.-Mihiel.

The Propaganda Value

The plan of battle was simple, as the general explained it to twenty-five correspondents seated on beds and floor, taking notes and marking pocket maps. His wall map showed the salient, its apex at the town of St.-Mihiel on the Meuse River, southeast of the French fortress of Verdun, southwest of the German fortress of Metz. The western face of the salient, something over fifteen miles long, followed the Meuse heights northward from St.-Mihiel to east of Verdun; the southern face ran eastward from St.-Mihiel twenty-five miles through flat land to the heights of the Moselle at Pont-à-Mousson. This salient, with an area of 400 square miles, would be pinched out by two converging attacks.

The main attack would start on the southern face at five o'clock next morning and drive north, then northeast, principally through the Woëvre Plain, to meet the second attack, which would start at eight from the western face southeastward, and would hurl the Germans from the Meuse heights. Between the two attacks, around the apex of the salient, French troops would make slight holding advances. The whole operation would stop when the two attacks had united and formed a straight line across what had been the base of the salient, facing a withdrawal position the Germans had prepared and called the Michel Position, though we called it part of the Hindenburg Line. Two days were allowed for this.

General Nolan's first concern was, of course, propaganda values. He urged that our first dispatches make clear that the objectives were strictly limited, so that nobody would misunderstand when the attack stopped. This was not to be the battle that might have been.

"We are not attacking the fortress of Metz," he said emphatically.

There was no hint then of what was coming after. One of our new English contingent tried to find out. "What is this attack leading to?" he asked.

"I am not in Marshal Foch's confidence," was General Nolan's curt reply. Which may or may not have been true. The general filled to perfection the part of the shrewd Chief of Intelligence and kept his secrets.

The Germans probably expected us to attack soon, General Nolan said, and might be planning a withdrawal; or again, might put up a good fight; for although General Fuchs' 100,000 men were not of the best, his trenches and barbed wire were strong. The staff was worried lest two men who had deserted the night previous had told the Germans when to expect us, but as it turned out they hadn't.

Alibis in Reserve

Publicity arrangements were good. There were censors enough on duty to minimize delays at the new office on the Place Stanislas. Here were received by motorcycle courier frequent bulletins from press officers, former newspaper men attached to various headquarters, which were very useful, but could hardly replace news and impressions gathered first hand along the front. Telegraph transmission was good from the large Nancy post office to Paris—cable-relay point. The bearded French operators, who at first bewailed the mass of messages in English, soon got the spirit of the day and cleared them rapidly.

Propaganda considerations dictated that every American daily newspaper get something as soon as possible about the opening of the battle, so this arrangement was made: Each of the twenty-five correspondents would send first a 100-word flash announcing the attack had started. These closely skeletonized flashes became twice 100 words when expanded by a good rewrite man in a New York newspaper office, and that without falsifying or exaggerating. The press associations got the wire first and drew lots for precedence. Correspondents of individual newspapers and syndicates did the same.

Every flash emphasized that the attack had limited objectives only. Most of them were written around midnight, five hours before the jump-off, and mentioned the strength of the enemy's positions and the rain as alibis in case the attack did not continue as well as it had started. This first news of St.-Mihiel went on the wire at Nancy at five A.M. September twelfth—which was H hour, or zero, when the infantry jumped off—eleven P.M. September eleventh in New York. That made St.-Mihiel really an "evening-paper story" for the next day, and even the first bulletin, a flash announcing simply that the Americans were attacking "between the Meuse and the Moselle" appeared in the first editions of afternoon papers of the day of the attack and, allowing for the time difference, only a few hours after the attack had actually commenced.

Once the flashes were on their way, the wire was to be thrown open and the game to become catch-as-catch-can and devil take slow writers. There was to be no restriction on the length of dispatches, and many men wrote before the jump-off follow stories based upon what General Nolan had

(Continued on Page 68)

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Special 4 Door Sedan	*Special 4 Door Sedan*
Advanced Six Chassis	Special Six Chassis

At the New York Automobile Show Nash disclosed two ultra new models, the *Ambassador* and the *Cavalier*, that definitely establish an entirely new enclosed body style.

In design they are of such arresting originality and unique artistry as to constitute the most important creative achievement in the history of American enclosed car craftsmanship.

And in preparation for an unprecedented public response and great demand Nash has now executed two additional cars in this new mode to be offered at prices of wider popular appeal.

These two enclosed cars—the *Special* 4-Door Sedan on the Advanced Six chassis and also on the Special Six chassis—will be given their first display at the Chicago Automobile Show, and simultaneously placed on exhibition in principal cities.

With their alluring grace and inimitable distinction, enhanced by the foreign technique displayed in the contours of the body, these *Special* 4-Door Sedan models emphatically confirm Nash's leadership of the industry in the fine art of body building.

And they are powered with the big Nash 7-bearing motor—*the world's smoothest type*—as are all other Nash models.

Special
4 Door Sedan
ADVANCED SIX CHASSIS
As Executed by Nash

Special
4 Door Sedan
SPECIAL SIX CHASSIS
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(4619)

158

Ice Cream
DIXIES

YOUNG bodies need careful nourishing. Ice Cream, more than any other food, has all the stuff that builds strong bodies. Don't hold it against ice cream that it also tastes better and that youngsters just naturally love it. "Health food" hasn't got to be uninteresting, has it?

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Furthermore, only manufacturers of high-standard ice cream can obtain the DIXIE Franchise. And each DIXIE is identified for your protection by the word "DIXIE" woven into the famous DIXIE Blue Design.

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What is a DIXIE?

A dainty, inviting, individual container for good things to eat and drink. In addition to DIXIES for ice cream individual DIXIES for drinks are found in the stations and coaches of railroads in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants, at the better soda fountains. And at most drug, stationery and department stores you can get DIXIES in convenient cartons for home or picnic use.

(Continued from Page 66)

told them and such think stuff as they could concoct after a twelve-hour automobile ride. Then they went to the roof of the Angleterre to see the artillery preparation.

It was said that the artillery concentration for St.-Mihiel was the most powerful in the war up to that time. Nobody took any chances on the first independent American attack, and more heavy guns were brought together than ever before. Almost the entire Allied Railway Artillery Reserve, monster guns on steel railway carriages, took part, shelling the Metz railroad network far behind the Front. Some 3000 guns of all calibers hurled red ruin on the salient.

From the roof of the Angleterre, we heard the muffled sound of troops and wagons below in the street, moving northward. We peered in that direction, where 555,000 Americans and 110,000 Frenchmen waited for H hour, but there was not a sign, not a light nor a sound. Minutes crawled until one o'clock. Then the heavens opened and the earth reeled.

A Cross-Country Run

The glare that leaped into the northern sky was white, sometimes yellow or orange, or shot with red where the thermite burst. In its midst the varicolored rockets the Germans shot to beg help from their artillery seemed like children's squibs. The light flickered on the wet roofs of Nancy about us. The earth trembled and the air throbbed. This was fifteen miles from the Front.

Again the halls echoed with the chatter of typewriters as we tried to describe the stupendous scene for newspaper readers 3000 miles away. Many of us wrote on until, from beneath the window, the chauffeurs' horns called us for the dawn of the day of St.-Mihiel.

It was not quite light, and the gun flashes lit the edges of dark clouds as we drove into Menil-la-Tour, where the winter before we had hobnobbed with the First Division when it held the first and only American sector. The town was now Fourth Corps headquarters, and Major General Joseph T. Dickman and his chief of operations, Colonel W. N. Haskell, were chuckling over a report slip announcing: "Some Germans still holding out in town of St.-Mihiel."

"Fine!" said General Dickman. "That means more prisoners."

Right then something told us that our dress rehearsal was going to be a knockout, even a wow. A few minutes later we heard from a grinning Intelligence officer that his first officer prisoner had asked for a drink of French beer, "because German beer is only water now." Still, French liberated civilians reported Germans had left their village saying they were "going home—that's all."

The news got better all the time. The rain stopped and the sun came out—a miracle for Lorraine—speeding the advance. More prisoners appeared. Ambulances were few, operating teams in many hospitals stood idle. Reports of remarkable progress came in. Time-tables were upset.

Even covering the news of this battle was easy. We made the short trip to and from Nancy several times, getting off hurriedly written dispatches, then going back for more. Soon after the early American communique—largely for European consumption—came out, it became clear that its claims were too modest. Censorship on news dispatches was cautious at first, but in the afternoon General Nolan gave the word to go the limit. Our first independent offensive was an unqualified success—now let's tell the world, get the credit, cheer up the Allies and scare the Germans.

At six o'clock that evening, after a censorial confab, a dispatch was passed beginning: "The old St.-Mihiel salient is no more." The "old" was insisted upon, because there was still a small vestige of a salient. At seven, Ferguson, of the United Press, got by a cable saying, "The Americans have completely flattened out the St.-Mihiel salient." That was one in the afternoon in New York.

We just could not keep out the superlatives and adjectives that night. They sprayed from the typewriter keys, while the eagle screamed and flapped his wings. Victory was in the air. No drink, pre or post Volstead, gives the same kick as writing the news of a victorious battle on the edge of the battlefield. That, and not the fact that the Germans were bombing Nancy and the air was full of shrapnel, is probably the real reason why several American newspapers, ordinarily veracious, rejoiced next day at the capture of "a famous German gas expert, Count Otto Schmeerkase." Anything seemed possible that night.

That night, too, as late couriers brought reports of still further progress, some raised the cry, "Why can't we go on? Why stop on these limited objectives?" But the censor's ruling was ironclad, and, of course, rightly. Such a possibility could not even be hinted. Metz, Thionville, Conflans, Longuyon, other points behind the German lines, must not even be named. We were all working for Marshal Foch. We were fighting the battle that was, not the battle that might have been.

What had happened was about this: The main attack up the Woëvre Plain had been a cyclone, sweeping all before it, thanks to the headlong dash of the 2nd and 42nd Divisions and the skillful maneuvering of the First. The newer divisions, the 89th leading, 5th, 90th and 82nd, had also done well. Objectives had been reached far ahead of schedule. One counterattack had been repulsed.

In the center, the French had reached St.-Mihiel. The dominating height of Montsec, east of it, had fallen, outflanked. The attack on the Meuse heights had not gone so rapidly as that in the plain. There the Germans resisted stubbornly to protect their troops withdrawing from the tip of the salient, but near evening the 26th New England Guard Division and the French troops had succeeded in driving the Germans from almost their last fastness.

The Germans claimed that they withdrew before our attack started, and that we simply chased an enemy who ran faster than we. That was hokum. The truth is that despite our advance publicity, the Germans made rather a mess of things at St.-Mihiel. Late in August, General Fuchs warned Hindenburg and Ludendorff what was coming, and asked whether to withdraw or fight. Those two old infallibles postponed decision. Then General Fuchs guessed the date wrong. He planned to evacuate the salient by September eighteenth, but all he had done by September twelfth, when we attacked, was to move rearward a few guns, some of which we captured. After trying vainly for more than six hours to stop the American attack, he found at noon that his whole army was in grave danger and ordered an immediate retreat to the Hindenburg Line or Michel Position, across the base of the salient.

A Prophecy Fulfilled

General Pershing wanted to trap these retreating Germans. He had only three troops of cavalry, D, F and H of the 2nd, but in they went. If only there had been more! That was adventure—300 horsemen, sabers thumping against horses' flanks, riding into a forest to trap part of a fleeing German army. But they were held up by machine guns that night, and not until next morning did they gobble some guns and transport.

General Pershing ordered also that the two infantry attacks should join at once, instead of the next day. He ordered the First Division, from the south, and the 26th, from the north, to march and fight, if necessary, all night, and meet by daylight near Vigneulles, in about the center of the salient. The 102nd Infantry, from Connecticut, marched six miles through woods that night. They had to fight sometimes, and ran head-on into a German truck train, but joined the First and closed the salient.

That was between six and seven on the morning of September thirteenth, twenty-six hours after the jump-off and twelve hours ahead of schedule. Of the 15,000 prisoners, 4000 were actually cut off in the salient. That part of the German retreat was well managed. That practically ended the Battle of St.-Mihiel, and about all that remained was to consolidate the new positions facing the Hindenburg Line, or Michel Position, pick up the pieces and shake hands all around.

For moral effect, St.-Mihiel ranks high among battles. It confirmed the belief in Allied countries that the tide had turned. Such overwhelming victory for a new army made everyone, Ally and German, wonder, "What will they do when they really get going?" The best propaganda just then was plenty of straight news of what the Americans had done.

To get more of it, the correspondents managed the next day, despite the road jams that were the American Army's besetting sin, to make a pretty complete tour of the salient. Highest of the high spots was Montsec, a flat-topped, steep-sided butte east of St.-Mihiel, crowned with steel and concrete dugouts. From the Woëvre Plain below, Americans had lifted longing eyes to Montsec since January. It had been for the Germans a strong fortress and observation post in one. There occurred an odd incident.

Halfway up the road to the crest, we met Brigadier General D. E. Aultman, likewise sightseeing. Back in January, he had said one day, standing before Brigadier General Duncan's P. C. in Ansauville, "Before Christmas, I'll meet you on Montsec." And we had thought, "Dream on!"

Viewing the Remains

From Montsec we saw the might of a nation deployed upon the plain, our guns firing from German gun pits, roads filled with slow-moving truck and wagon trains, infantry drying their clothes on German barbed wire, even narrow-gauge trains already puffing along German tracks.

We passed through St.-Mihiel, only partly ruined, and found its handful of French civilians tearing down, with fierce cries, German *Ortskommandantur* signs. They looked wan and shabby, after four years under the boche, but today, exalted.

After detours to escape shell-torn roads not yet rebuilt, we picked our way to the Meuse heights and the quaint and still smoking village of Hattonchatel, with its monastery, perched upon a crest dominating the new German positions as Montsec had dominated our old ones. From this eagle's nest, fascinated, we watched the Germans digging frantically to strengthen their Michel trenches. We saw on a horizon of gray-blue the smoke of troop trains bringing reenforcements. They could have few secrets from us now.

Down in the plain, we found the blazed trail of yesterday's advance in the fresh shell holes and ruined villages beginning at Seicheprey. We drove across the thronging battlefield by roads just remade of broken stone from shell-shattered French homes, past the spider's web of barbed wire rusted brown, the brick trenches and concrete machine-gun pill boxes that had not proved invincible, until we came to the village of Beney—already rechristened Bennie—seven miles beyond the old front line and almost in the new one. Here we found the "69th of Ireland" and some more of the Rainbow Division.

While German shells exploded methodically at three-minute intervals in an empty field near by, they told us this battle was much easier than "whin we crossed the O'Rourke and captured Murphy's Farm," three weeks before. Father Duffy said, "There's been very little work in my line." Bill Donovan, lieutenant colonel now, had led the regiment as if on one of his cross-country runs and was up at Sebastopol Farm, "where there's a cow."

Beney afforded no cow, but we lunched with Col. Ben Hough, of the 166th, from

(Continued on Page 70)

"I HAVE JUST COMPLETED a trip around the world and had it not been for the supply of Fleischmann's Yeast in the ship's ice box I should undoubtedly have had a miserable time. For years I have suffered from indigestion. But since taking Yeast I have had no trouble whatsoever."

HELEN KNIGHT, Pleasantville, N. Y.

"WHILE DOING A HITCH in the U. S. Navy a severe skin eruption broke out behind my ear. My whole neck swelled up. Following as it did upon a two-year period during which I was never free from these embarrassing eruptions it made me feel miserable. The navy doctor said if I would take Fleischmann's Yeast and keep on taking it he was quite sure I would have no more of them. I started eating it right away with the result that the eruptions dried up and I have never had another since." EUGENE BLACKMER, JR., Denver, Col.

Tired Out - - Nervous - - Irritable - -

They found the easy, natural way to joyful, vigorous health . . .

HAD suffered from indigestion for years"—"Was never free from embarrassing skin eruptions"—"My system was slowly but surely being poisoned"—"Was dangerously close to a breakdown" . . .

Utterly miserable, at times ready to give up—they banished their ills, found new health, new hope, new *life*—simply by eating one amazing fresh food.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine—it is a corrective fresh food. The millions of tiny, active yeast plants in every cake tone up the whole system, aid digestion, clear the skin.

In constipation, Yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles, making them healthy and active. It checks intestinal putrefaction and prevents the absorption of poisons by the body.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water; or just plain in small pieces. *For constipation drink it in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime.* Buy two or three days' supply at a time, and keep in a cool dry place.

Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-29, The Fleischmann Co., 701 Washington St., New York.

"TIRED, LISTLESS, RUN DOWN—I realized that my system was slowly but surely being poisoned by auto-intoxication. I tried remedy after remedy. No relief—until at last on a friend's advice I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. I took my three cakes daily and the results were surprising. Yeast built me up until now I feel entirely well." GLADYS L. HALL, Jacksonville, Fla.

CAPTAIN UGO V. D'ANNUNZIO, *President, Isotta Fraschini Automobiles*

"SOME THREE YEARS AGO," writes Captain d'Annunzio, "I assumed obligations of such a character as to put me both physically and mentally under a very serious and continued strain; that kind of work which makes it impossible to live according to sense. My entire organism went out of balance and I soon felt that I was dangerously close to a breakdown. A business friend advised me to try Fleischmann's Yeast and although I was rather skeptical about it, I followed his suggestion. Inside of a month the signs of distressing exhaustion began to disappear, and gradually normalcy of functions was re-established. Since then I have continued to use Fleischmann's Yeast at the rate of 2 to 3 cakes a day."

UGO V. D'ANNUNZIO, New York City

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

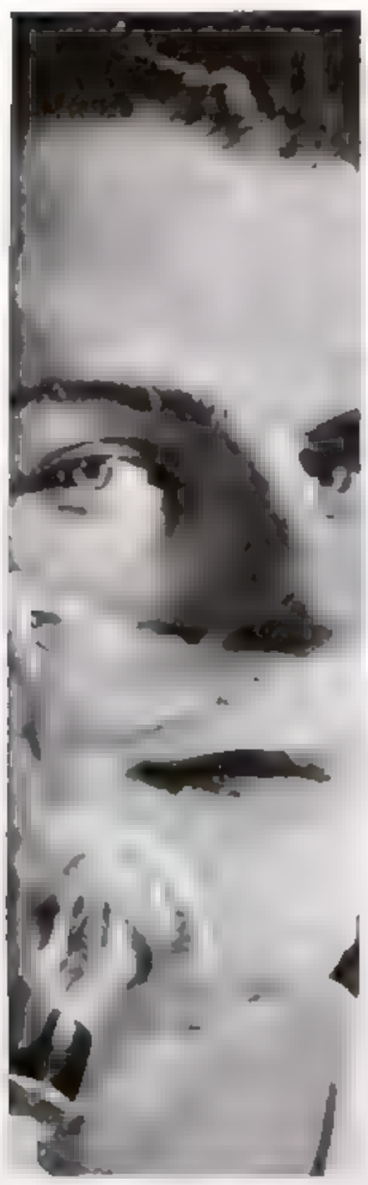
Billions . . . of bubbles *drench the base of your beard*

The moisture gets down to the bottom of each whisker—softens it scientifically. That's why you get a smoother, cleaner shave

THIS "small-bubble" lather is the result of hundreds of experiments by Colgate chemists. It is a lather developed to soften your beard with water. Water, science proves, is the only effective beard-softener. What's more, this "small-bubble" lather is designed to soften your beard at its base. And that's where your razor does its work.

Compare the two lather-pictures on this page. Notice the amazing smallness of the Colgate bubbles. See how compact they are. The smaller the bubbles, the more water they hold; the larger the bubbles, the more air.

How Colgate lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:



1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair and floats it away.
2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. The keen blade glides smoothly *through* the toughest whiskers—not over them. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard, and how they hold air, instead of water, against the whiskers.

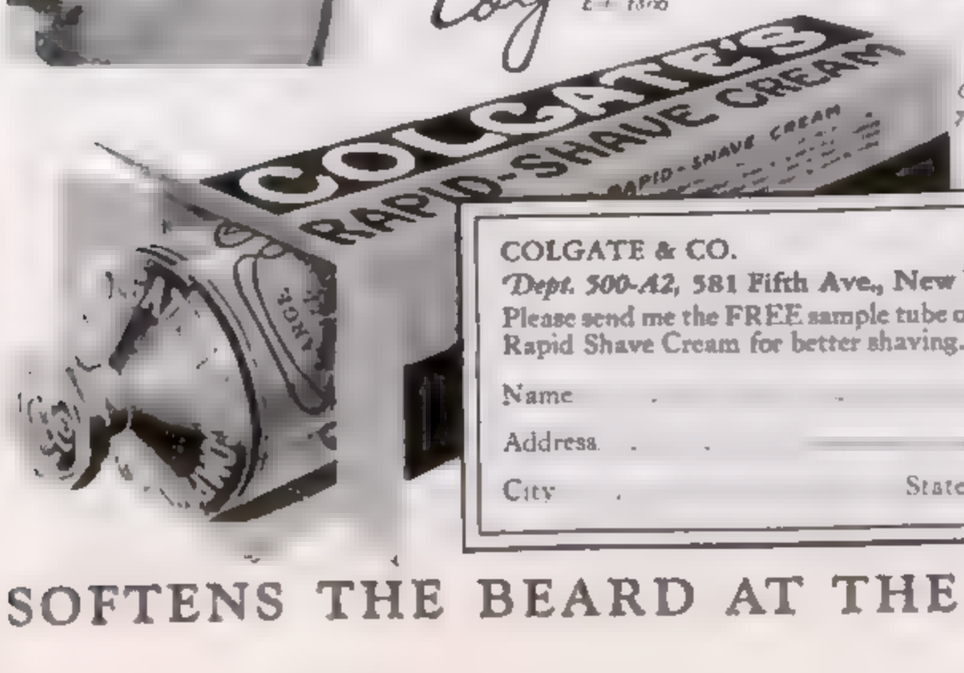
COLGATE LATHER

This lather-picture of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream shows how the tiny moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the bottom of every [illegible] long whisker, right at the base of the beard and softening it right where the razor works.

A week's better shaves —FREE

Once you try this unique "small-bubble" lather, we believe you will never go back to ordinary shaving methods. Prove this for yourself—at our expense. Just clip the coupon. We will send you a generous trial-size tube—free.

Colgate & Co. Est. 1806



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Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream for better shaving.

Name .
Address .
City . State

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

(Continued from Page 68)

Ohio on German potatoes and dark bread, horse meat and very *Ersatz* coffee in a dugout with the unmistakable Boche smell, whose previous occupant had left behind also his fountain pen and Iron Cross.

The 42nd and their neighbors, the 2nd Division, could have kept going, they said, "till hell froze over." With nothing in front of them, they had to stop on limited objectives reached far ahead of schedule. The 2nd Division was on its second day's objective on the first day.

On the front of the Rainbow Division, the chance of a further advance seemed particularly good. Early on the twelfth, the first day, the Division advanced so rapidly that Major General C. T. Menoher asked and General Dickman gave permission to go on to the objectives assigned for early next morning. Then Major General Douglas MacArthur, commanding the 84th Brigade, believed there were few and badly scared Germans between him and Metz and that he could reach the great fortress with slight loss.

General MacArthur has the brain of an engineer and the temperament of a cavalryman. He pushed ahead on foot for several kilometers and was not fired upon. Here seemed the chance for audacious action, and he proposed, through Lieutenant Colonel Donovan, that the Rainbow forget limited objectives and push on. Scenting a big victory, he sent back to General Menoher messages urging this.

"Let me go ahead," he wrote, "and I will be in Metz and you will be a Field Marshal."

General Menoher felt obliged to remain a Major General and on his assigned objective, but today, eight years later, he says:

"The Division felt that in this case, at least, the limited-objective idea, with no automatic means provided for advancing beyond such objectives, was a mistake, and was the direct means of causing the loss of a golden opportunity such as seldom comes."

The Impregnable Line

If we had gone on at St.-Mihiel, what would have happened? Would the battle that might have been have resulted in a great Allied victory? Was the chance to win the war in 1918, that scarcely anyone believed in then, offered right here at St.-Mihiel in September? Was this the chance for the coördinated attacks by all the Allied Armies, coöperating with the Americans in their successful thrust at what General Pershing has called "the most sensitive section of the enemy's position on the Western Front"?

General Pershing has said that we could surely have pushed on and broken the Hindenburg Line, or Michel Position, and possibly entered Metz. Certainly, nobody who was there and saw the situation doubts it. Our limited objective, reached September thirteenth, the second day, though many units could have reached it on the first day, was a line facing this prepared withdrawal position on the base of the salient. It did not take long to confirm an impression that the famous Hindenburg Line was, at this point, much overrated.

It was nothing like as strong as it was farther north, in the well-advertised section about Cambrai and St.-Quentin, which the British, with some American help, broke readily two weeks later. It was much weaker at St.-Mihiel than the two defensive lines the Americans had just broken to reach it. It had wire and some concrete pill boxes, but its trenches, where there were any, were not strong. Some officer prisoners called them untenable, which explains why from Hattonchatel we saw the Germans digging in broad daylight to strengthen them. The Hindenburg Line was much less formidable than it sounded; and the Germans thereabout did not feel like fighting very hard to hold it.

Less than seven hours after our attack started, at noon on September twelfth, General Fuchs trembled for his Hindenburg Line. He reported then that American troops advancing northeast of Thiaucourt, supposedly the 2nd and 5th Divisions, had penetrated within less than a mile of a vital point in it and "there was danger of a break-through." He didn't know they were forbidden to try to break through.

Next day the doughboys, conscientiously if profanely following their limited-objective schedule, got close enough to this dread line to reach out and touch it. Some of them did that and more. On September thirteenth American patrols went through the barbed wire at places; they entered several villages that were supposedly strong points of the Hindenburg Line, and came back none the worse! They even got into what captured German maps called its "main fighting area" and saw "a few Heinies running over the hill." The Germans evacuated some parts of the line and moved back again only when they found the Americans had stopped coming. One of Lieutenant Colonel Donovan's patrols, an officer and six men, met three tanks and chased a German outpost out of Jonville, on the Line. Correspondents who knew all this were forbidden to write a word of it!

General Ludendorff's Mistake

That is part of what General Pershing meant when he wrote: "Reports received during the thirteenth and fourteenth indicated that the enemy was retreating in considerable disorder."

We had knocked to pieces four German divisions, half the number originally in the salient. In some places they simply did not fight—they ran or Kameraded. They were mostly poor troops, anyway. The 10th Division, the best of them, was among the hardest hit. Many Alsace-Lorrainers gladly surrendered from the 77th Reserve Division, which was so badly mauled that it was immediately withdrawn from the line. Nearly half the troops in the salient were Austro-Hungarians or Landwehr—old troops—of small fighting value. It is hard to imagine such troops, who had just had a bad licking, holding the Hindenburg Line against our attack without more help than they could have received for some days. The Line was at our mercy, barring immediate successful counterattack.

But General Fuchs had only one division, 12,000 men, in close reserve. Our staff estimated that he could not get for three days reënforcements enough for a strong counterattack. With a lot of airplanes and long-range artillery, mostly borrowed, we surely gave his railroad communications around Metz and Conflans bombing and shelling enough to delay help, and our aviators who looked the ground over reported that we had succeeded. The Germans never made a real general counterattack, and by September sixteenth, although they had assembled in the Woëvre more troops by perhaps 60,000 than they had on the twelfth, they were mainly about the same, second or even third rate troops.

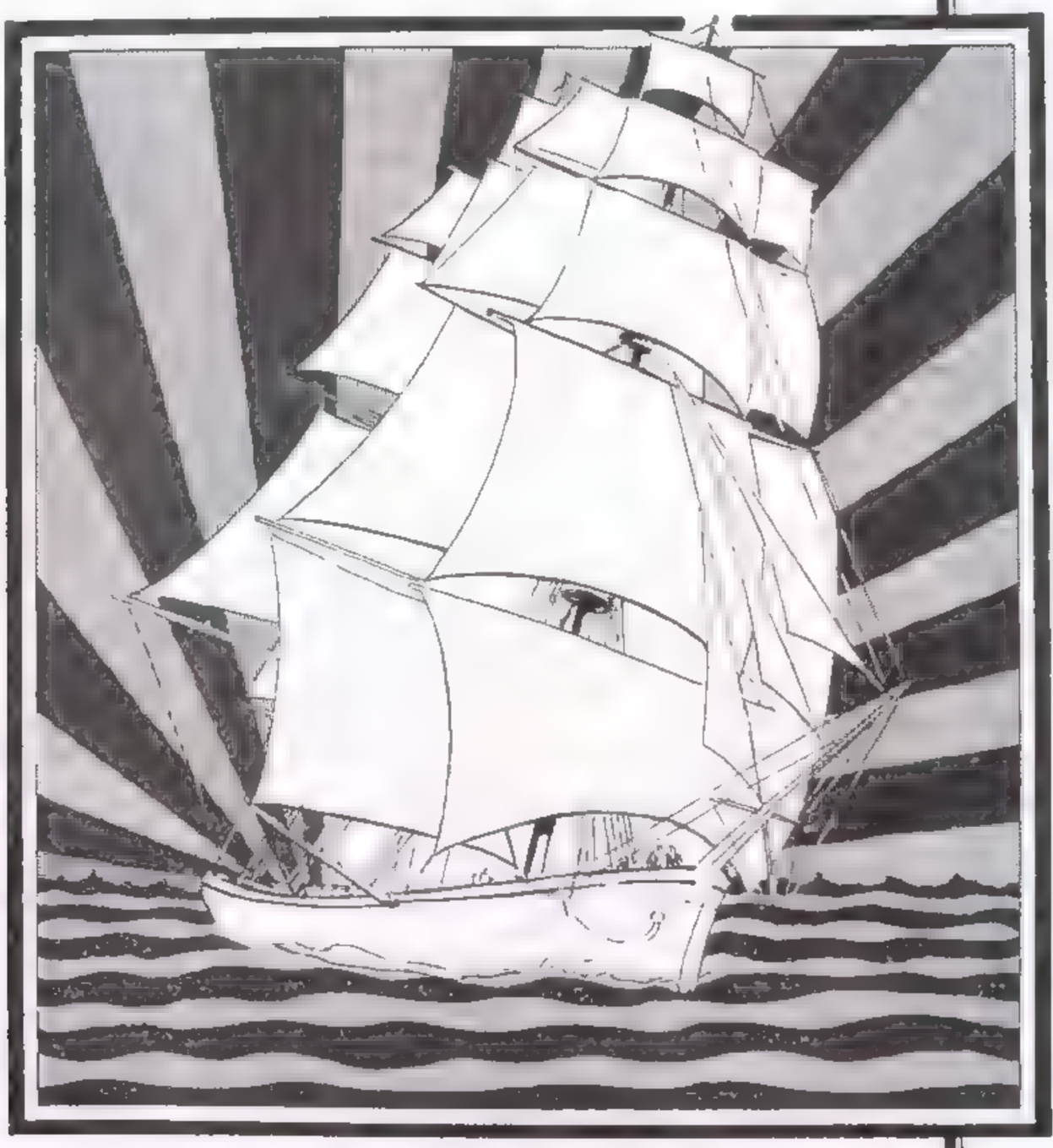
The Germans knew they had been licked, and had just escaped a much worse licking. Here is what Ludendorff said in his memoirs: "The earlier reports indicated that the evacuation was proceeding satisfactorily, this being facilitated by the enemy not following up. I founded my official communique, which turned out later to be too favorable, on these reports."

The new First Army was in exactly the opposite situation from the Germans. Our most experienced divisions in the front line were still fresh, enthusiastic and "just r'arin to go." They had tasted victory and wanted more. Behind them we had six reserve divisions totaling 150,000 men, equivalent to twelve or more German divisions. All told, 650,000 French and Americans opposed some 275,000 Germans. We had assembled a lot more troops than we needed for the battle that was, because of the late change of plans, and for safety's sake. Suppose we had turned them loose too?

After we had broken the Hindenburg Line, then what? The Germans had their

(Continued on Page 72)

4 Hydraulic Shock Absorbers—heretofore found only on the most expensive cars. 4-Wheel Hydraulic Brakes. Internal—not external. Equally effective whether hot or cold, wet or dry, in reverse or going forward. 7-Bearing Crankshaft with torsion vibration absorber and motor, full rubber-floated at four suspension points.



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The FLYING CLOUD, the fastest long distance sailing ship under the American flag, is the most famous Yankee clipper ship—and Yankee clippers are known as the most beautiful means of travel the world has ever seen.

The Reo Flying Cloud is a worthy successor to this great name—in speed, in grace, in beauty and in endurance. But most striking of all its many virtues are ease of operation—of steering wheel, of clutch, gearshift and brakes—and ease of performance—restful riding, smoothness of braking, and swiftness of acceleration.

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Finger Tip Control, simple, single-disc, easy-action, jerk-proof clutch

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Interiors tailored in an entirely new treatment

Front and rear bumpers

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Speed like a storm cloud before a hurricane

Single piece windshield opening outward—vanity case—smoking set—rear traffic signal—transmission lock—automatic windshield cleaner—cowl ventilator—parking lights—genuine full balloon tires—integral sun visor—rear-view mirror

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How to get 8 hours of Sound Sleep

Now from Switzerland . . a safe, natural way to Instant Sleep—that rests and rebuilds—and gives you renewed energy

Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to instant restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

You go to sleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow—sleep "like a top" until six or seven in the morning—and get up abounding with healthy vigor!

You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

First—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you [illegible] a 3-day [illegible] package [illegible] 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

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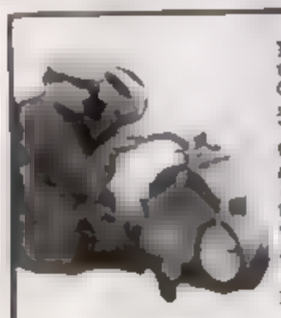

Many thanks for the 3-day test of Ovaltine. I drank it as directed. The first night I took it I had a good night's rest. I know it is going to give me just what I want—good sleep.

M. J. Guilford
Philadelphia, Penn.

I was in a run-down condition, could not sleep at night. Since taking Ovaltine I feel a 100% better and do not get tired during the day. I take Ovaltine three times a day and now sleep very well.

Claude Mitchell
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I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name

Street

City State

One package to a person

Send for 3-day test

(Continued from Page 70)

tails between their legs—ours were up. How far should we have gone? Here is the opinion of General Dickman, commander of the center American corps, the 4th, that General Fuchs was afraid would break through the first day:

"On the evening of September thirteenth, our victorious divisions were within 125 miles of the Dutch frontier. The intervening German defenses were far from complete and in poor condition. . . . Instead of continuing to push against a defeated enemy in an open country, where the defenses were poor and the going was good, we were called upon to wear ourselves out against the hitherto impregnable fastnesses of the Argonne Forest."

He thinks that we should have tried, at least, to close our grip upon that narrow neck between the front and Holland, to cut or threaten the southern and nearer of those two jugular-vein railroad systems then and there, when we had the chance—not later, in the Meuse-Argonne. This southern railroad system had three branches converging upon Longuyon and running west from Germany—the southern through Metz, the central through Thionville and the northern through Luxemburg. Many American officers think that we could have cut one, probably two of them before the Germans mustered reserves and nerve enough to stop us—then we could get our breath and take another crack at them.

According to this view, we could surely have taken Conflans and thus cut the first. The same operation would have placed us near enough to Briey to have put the mines under heavy shell fire and bombing, if we did not actually capture them, with the effect already mentioned upon the German munitions supply. Imagine an army deprived of 75 per cent of its supply of steel!

As to Metz, on September twelfth there was only one German division, 12,000 men, in the city—besides, of course, auxiliary and supply troops. Its prewar fortifications were no stronger than the forts of Liège and Namur, and our railroad artillery was stronger than the 42-centimeter howitzers that wrecked them in 1914. If we had not got through the outer fortifications and entered the city of Metz, we should have got close enough to shell and bomb it out of commission as a supply and communication center. The limited objective on which we actually stopped was fifteen miles from Metz, and our railroad guns carried more than twenty; but we could have got much closer to Metz than fifteen miles.

Knocking at Opportunity's Door

Metz out of commission as a railroad junction, a heavy strain would have been put upon the remaining strategic railroads. Had we advanced farther in the Woevre, Thionville would have been in danger. Its capture or paralysis would have severed the second branch railroad line. That would have put the full strain upon the last, the Luxemburg line. It could not have stood it.

But if the American plans for the battle that might have been had won out, French and American divisions descending from the Meuse heights near Verdun would have come close to, if they had not taken, the important junction of Longuyon, where all three of these branch lines converged. General von der Marwitz, commanding the German 5th Army, said, "The Longuyon-Sedan line is the most important artery of the Army of the West," which meant the entire German Army in France and Belgium.

Metz, Thionville and Longuyon were certainly centers of communication and supply of greatest importance to the German Army, not merely locally but on the whole Western Front. It is noteworthy that in the last days of the war, in November, the American First and Second Armies, under Marshal Foch's orders, were headed directly for this region beyond the St.-Mihiel salient, at the edge of which the First Army stopped upon a limited objective on September thirteenth. American objectives in those last days were not rigidly defined; they were generally Briey, Longuyon, Montmédy. After six weeks of desperate frontal attack in difficult country, with poor communications, obliged at the start to use our least experienced troops, we had finally, at the cost of 188,000 casualties, got the same results that, some say, were within far easier reach at St.-Mihiel—and here we were in November, knocking at the door that stood ajar in September! Marshal Foch's Franco-American attack on Metz would have started November fourteenth, if the war had not ended on the eleventh.

Further, it is urged, if the Sedan-Mézières line was actually the most important single link of the two great railroad systems, we had our chance, exploiting our St.-Mihiel victory and hand in hand with the advance upon Longuyon, to threaten that line by a flanking movement from the east at the same time that we pushed into the Briey iron basin and shut off the greater part of the German ammunition supply. The French from the Meuse west to the Argonne region could have made then, in coöperation with us, the same drive upon Mézières that they made later as their part of the Meuse-Argonne. In short, having made a break at one vital point, we stopped, and moved over and did it all over again, at a stronger point where it took us forty-seven days.

That is what those say who point to the facts already stated. All agree that Marshal Foch is a very great strategist. He was certainly surprised at the strength and complete success of the blow an American army delivered in its first battle. He had not, probably, anticipated it, and very possibly had no reason to. He was not the only one who was surprised at the low German morale that St.-Mihiel revealed.

Traffic Jams at the Front

Nobody claims that we could have marched right on without fighting. For some days we might have taken advantage of the German disorder, and gone far. But the whole region was too vital to the Germans to allow them to throw it away. They would have brought up still more reserves. The American belief generally is that by that time we should have got far enough to wound mortally their Achilles' heel.

Those who are skeptical about the battle that might have been say that the Sedan-Mézières line was the most important single link in the German communications. The nearest part of the Front to it was the Meuse-Argonne region. Rough though that country was, it was the most direct route to the railroad, and therefore a frontal attack there was the thing.

Further, they point out that Marshal Foch had to count on the probability of a strong German counterattack after a few days. All our unwelcome advance publicity should have warned the Germans and given them time to get ready for us. He had to count on that. If they had hit us when we were spread over the Woëvre Plain, it might have been very serious. There were two other handicaps to a further advance—the early autumn rains, which were serious in the Woëvre Plain, and our road jams due in part to inexperienced military police. Our traffic could hardly have been straightened out soon enough to allow us to supply our advancing troops, so that they would have had to stop anyway. The American staff has always maintained that the road jams were exaggerated, as witness the movement of 500,000 men to the Meuse-Argonne immediately after St.-Mihiel had ended.

Those who knew at the time about the battle that might have been said little or nothing, and that under their breath. Events strode rapidly then. The battle that was had no sooner ended than troops and guns were streaming away from St.-Mihiel westward, where the coming struggle of the Meuse-Argonne cast its shadow before.

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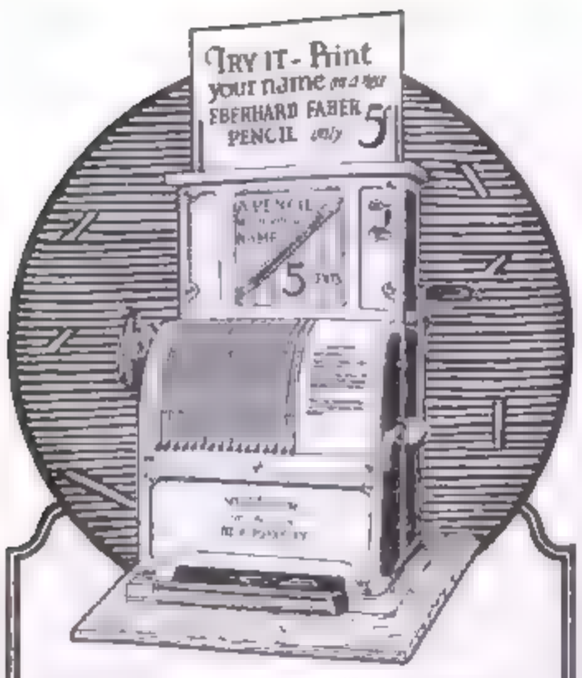

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MAN OR A MOUSE

(Continued from Page 49)

I had done it! Yes, sir, just a few well-chosen words from old Uncle Mac and now they were all right! As I went over this in my mind I began to feel so good that I pulled out my pipe. It tasted fine, so I knew I was well and hearty again.

V

THE first I knew of it was when I got a paper from somebody down there with Marked Copy written on it. I didn't have to hunt much to find the article, for it was spread all over one page, with headlines nearly an inch high:

YOUNG REAL-ESTATE MAN MAKES BRILLIANT COUP!

WILLIAM GERLACK OUTGUESSES EXPERTS!

Today was uncovered the most sensational real-estate development in the history of the state. It seems that for a year plans have been forming, looking to the building of a new terminal station, and the development of all that section adjoining the railroad yards. The plans also included the building of a two-million-dollar hotel and the forming of a new wholesale district, and to that end a dozen or more of the city's most influential capitalists had already made definite plans to move as soon as the thing could be accomplished.

Only a few small properties remained to be acquired, and it seems incredible that the promoters of the vast enterprise waited so long before securing them. However, they have been lying idle for fifty years, and doubtless it never occurred to anyone that they might be bought outside, especially as all the above-mentioned plans had been kept profoundly secret. Consequently it was like a bolt from the blue when today the news broke that these small but absolutely indispensable properties had been secured yesterday by William Gerlack, an unknown operator.

When found by a representative of this paper Mr. Gerlack merely smiled and said he had bought the properties in obedience to a hunch. It was hinted on the street that Teddy Upton's millions were behind the deal, but Mr. Upton emphatically denies this. Not a dollar of his was in the operation.

One thing, however, is not at all mysterious. Before the syndicate's enterprise can go forward a price must be paid to the shrewd young man down on Cedar Street. Conservative estimates do not fall below half a million.

Young Mr. Gerlack may well smile serenely—and wait.

Bill had done it! I had to admit that I had been wrong and that Bill had been right—he did have a flair, after all! Half a million dollars!

But his flair wouldn't have done him any good if old Mac hadn't been there to ask him was he a man or a mouse. I chuckled to myself and swelled up proudly. No, sir, if it hadn't been for Teddy Upton's bottle and old Mac's runaway tongue, Bill never would have had the nerve—and he never would have had that half million dollars!

The whole bunch was up to see me last summer—Bill and Jessie May and Little Mac and Doc Springer and Teddy Upton. It was like old times. Doc told me that Bill has weaned Teddy Upton from his bottle and that they've formed a partnership. Teddy works like a horse and Bill swears he will make a first-string real-estate man. It was wonderful how proud them two was of each other.

Little Mac took to the camp life like an old-timer. Of course, he had bad luck now and then—we all do. But the worst streak hit him the day before the end of their visit, when he got Bill's rifle cocked somehow or another and shot a hole through both ears of the jackass. Yes, sir, if earrings ever come into style up here, that old jackass will be all set.

For a while it looked like there would be trouble, for Bill got a barrel stave and made all arrangements to whale the tar out of Little Mac. I believe he'd have done it, too, only little Mac stayed in my lap, and after Bill had taken a look at me he remembered that I'd stand just so much, and then the lid would blow off. So he sat down on the cabin step beside me and pretended that he just meant to whittle the barrel stave, and after a while the moon came up and Jessie May sat down on the other side of me and slipped her hand into mine. Doc Springer and Teddy Upton had gone across the river to stake out the jackasses on the flat.

We spoke in whispers, for little Mac was asleep. Bill told me a secret—Teddy Upton was going to be married to a friend of Jessie May's. Then, so he told me, they had decided to form a little country club—just the Gerlacks and the Springers and the Uptons—and they were anxious to find a manager.

"We're going to build a little clubhouse up here on Crazy Squaw," Bill explained, "for summer. And another down on the beach for winter use. But it's hard to get the right kind of a manager—one that doesn't drink and who knows all about the hills and everything. How'd you like that job, Mac?"

At first I thought they were trying to give me a lot of money because they felt sorry for me, and I said so; but Jessie May pointed out that a professional manager would cost them maybe three hundred dollars a month, so if they could get me—an experienced man and one that little Mac liked—for, say, a hundred a month ——

"We're awfully selfish about it, Uncle Mac," said Jessie May.

Well, I saw it plain after she had explained it that way. Besides, the more I think it over the more I'm convinced that it would be almost criminal to let those two children struggle along alone with the problem of raising little Mac. They do need help, just like Jessie May said. What do they know about such things? I've lived twice as long in this world, and I've thought and seen a lot. I'm an experienced man. It's true I've never had any children of my own, but I know how they ought to be raised. I've got a flair.

And by and by, if little Mac begins to get as full of hell as Bill was when I first knew him, little Mac's going to need somebody with a firm hand—and that's what I've got—a mighty firm hand.

LIKE TO THE LARK

(Continued from Page 21)

"When you goin' to untie your dog?" he asked.

"We mustn't wear him out barking at the milkman—a burglar may come along. Are you familiar with hypnosis, Jinks?"

"I noticed the advertisements to cure it—and then you get to be popular."

"I'm using a high-class brand of hypnosis in this campaign," said Caleb.

"No!"

"I am creating an impression that I have relapsed into innocuous desuetude."

"Mebby; but what good'll it do? The rank and file of the voters couldn't pronounce it. Now the governor, he's runnin' a whirlwind campaign."

"How do you shoot ducks, Jinks?"

"Why, you scrooch down behind a blind and whang at 'em."

"Wouldn't get many off a band stand with the trombones blaring, would you?"

"Not many."

"And you use decoys?"

"Most gen'ally."

"Go to the duck hunter, thou sluggard!" said Caleb, and went on his way to the long-distance telephone, upon which he called the capital of the state and held a lengthy interview with an assemblyman from the metropolis which was also the home town of the governor. The gist of the conversation was this, and it was spoken by Caleb: "Introduce it tomorrow."

It was introduced tomorrow, and presently it needed no introduction throughout that commonwealth, for it was a resolution presented to the legislature to amend the constitution of the state in a manner most likely to arouse controversy.

The theory of state government was that it was more or less a federal entity made up of townships. Each township possessed certain rights and privileges, among which was the election of assemblymen—one assemblyman from each township. If a town boasted fifty inhabitants, it elected as many assemblymen as a city of fifty thousand. By means of this device the balance of power was retained by the country as against the city, by the majority of territory and minority of voters against minority of territory and majority of voters. The new resolution proposed to change all this and to elect one assemblyman from each unit of population, after the manner of congressional apportionments.

Assemblyman Knox had chosen a most inopportune time to inject his measure, and overnight the state forgot the battle for the governorship in its interest in this new measure. Assemblyman Knox was interviewed by numerous papers, but was noncommittal.

Was it a party measure? Assemblyman Knox replied that he was an ardent party man and allowed conclusions to be drawn.

Did the bill have the backing of the state machine? Assemblyman Knox admitted he owed his election to the state machine and let it stand at that.

Was the measure introduced with the knowledge and consent of the governor? Assemblyman Knox stated clearly that he had no authority to speak for the governor, who was amply able to define his own position.

And there it stood for twenty-four hours, while the governor abandoned his foray into the seven counties and returned with great asperity to the capital to ask what was going on. Meantime newspapers treated the matter editorially. City papers came out in support, country papers came out against, and the governor remained silent. When first he spoke of the matter he endeavored to deal with it judicially. He stated that the executive, legislative and judicial branches of government were separate and were maintained separate as checks and balances, and that the antics of the legislature were no concern of his until they came before him for his signature.

Whereupon various papers referred to him as Mid-Channel Charley, which irritated him exceedingly.

"Governor," said his advisers, "something's got to be done. You got to duck this question somehow. If you come out for it, the townships'll down you. If you come out against it, the cities'll beat you election day."

"I don't like this mid-channel business," said the governor; "and while we're on the subject, this man Caleb Hope isn't exactly half-witted, is he? I tell you I can't dodge the issue. He'll find a way to make me take a stand."

"It's easier to swing a convention than an election," said the attorney general.

"If I come out for it and can get the nomination, the cities'll elect me," said the governor.

"Exactly. If you're cornered, be for it."

"And make a fight for delegates. . . . Um—suppose we put up a northern township man against Hope's southern township fellow. It'd split their vote."

"Fine!" said the governor.

But they were too late for this, for the northern townships saw to it themselves, and three candidates for the governorship were in the field, each fighting bitterly.

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 74)

And then Caleb shouldered the governor into a corner and made him announce himself on the issue. A question was asked at a great mass meeting at which the governor spoke—a question demanding a categorical answer, and so framed was it that the governor must take his stand or perpetuate for himself the name of Mid-Channel Charley, which he did not at all like. He answered, in measured terms and well-chosen words, that the welfare of the inhabitants of the state demanded a change from ancient institutions and that rotten boroughs must go.

He was on record, squarely. His answer alienated the towns and disrupted the state machine, just as the opposite answer would have alienated the cities and disrupted the state machine. And now the nomination, which had been a foregone conclusion by most folks, came to be a thing only to be got by exceeding great adroitness in the more devious methods of back-lot politics. Caleb was content.

"Hope," said Marty Rooney, meeting him on the street one day, "that was the smartest politics since Old Abe's Freeport Question in the Lincoln-Douglas debates."

"I heard somebody get off a good one the other day," said Caleb. "History repeats itself! Yes, sir, just like that he said it."

Rooney displayed his pleasant smile. "Too bad we couldn't have got together in the beginning," he said. "We'd have been a winning team."

"I'm not allowed," said Caleb, "to play with naughty little boys—and you've been a naughty boy, Mr. Rooney. You've no idea of the anxiety you've caused me."

"When this battle's over—if you come out on top—I'm through. I'm announcing it. Times and manners change, Hope."

"Your sword'll make a dandy plowshare," said Caleb. "And you can't cut your fingers on a plow. I'd hate to see you going around all bandaged up."

"I don't think you can win, Hope. The northern towns are jealous of the south—and it's a convention fight, you know."

"What," asked Caleb, "is the present market price of delegates?"

"They come high," said Marty with a twinkle, "but for once they're worth it. By the way, the governor has authorized me to offer you the senatorship. That's going high, isn't it?"

"And what did you say to the governor?" Caleb asked with some interest.

"I told him," said Marty, "I didn't believe you'd get any fun out of a senatorship you didn't help yourself to."

"Then you're not making the offer?"

"No," said Marty, "I'm only repeating it as gossip."

"Thank you," said Caleb. "See you at the convention."

IV

THE governor was in final conference with his advisers. The room was dim with cigar smoke, for it had been in constant use for twenty-four hours, and nobody can smoke so much as a delegate to a convention. The session was already opened and the preliminaries under way.

"There's bound to come a break," said the governor, "and when it does we'll pick up the nine necessary to nominate."

"I'm not so sure," said Marty Rooney.

"You're too close to this young man Hope. Why, those northern and southern towns never can get together. It's our business to see they don't. We'll run into a deadlock. There's where we can get in our fine work."

"Maybe; but things are too quiet to suit me," said Mr. Rooney.

"Both their candidates are weak," said the governor. "Purely local men. Pretty shortsighted politics, I call it. Why didn't one of those outfits put up a candidate with state-wide standing?"

"What worries me," said Mr. Rooney, "is that Hope has shown no particular interest in what goes on up north. No campaign there at all."

"I don't think he expects to win," said the governor.

"Nobody knows what that young man expects," said Rooney. "Why, he came up here on the train with Seena and me, and you wouldn't have thought there was any politics in the state. I thought I could steal a march on him by leaving him with Seena and getting in some good work on the way up. But he just grinned, governor."

"Yes?"

"When I got up and left those two young folks alone he looked up at me as cheerful as a kitten with a ball of yarn and says, 'Make hay while the train runs, Marty. You'll find my delegates in the smoker.' And then he turns to her as if he had forgotten all about me and says in that kind of a lugubrious way of his, 'Now is the time for all good uncles to come to the aid of their candidate—but let's you and I eat our loaf of bread and drink our jug of wine in the wilderness. . . . Time cannot age nor custom stale the total lack of variety in politics.'"

"What in thunder did he mean?" the governor asked.

"No idea; but as I was going forward he called after me kind of soft, 'It is not sweet with nimble feet to dance upon the air.'"

"That meant something," said the governor.

"It's out of a poem," said Marty, "and I guess he meant something to the effect that if you give a man rope enough he'll hang himself."

"He's flighty," said the governor.

"You might say that about a jump saw," said Marty, "but it cuts a lot of logs just the same."

"Is he sweet on your niece?"

"If he is," said Marty, "he's got a funny way of showing it."

The governor was about to make some suggestion when there came a tentative sort of rap upon the door.

"Come in," called the governor, and Caleb Hope entered hesitantly, almost surreptitiously.

Marty frowned and bit his lip, because, tricky as he himself was in the game of politics, it gave him an unpleasant shock to see anything furtive in Hope's manner. He admired Hope for qualities which he himself did not possess.

"Ah," said the governor.

"Ah, indeed," said Caleb.

"You wanted to see me?"

"Why," said Caleb, "come to think of it, that's what brought me here."

"Was there something special, or is this a social call?"

"Governor," said Caleb earnestly, "that's coming to the point—that word 'social,' you know. This convention is interfering with a social project of mine. If it runs too long, it's going to make me late for an engagement with a young lady."

"That," said the governor, "would be regrettable."

"That's my point. So," said Caleb, "I wonder if we can't find some way to shorten it up—to nominate on the first ballot, shall we say?"

"You want to dicker?"

"Could there be a better time?"

"Any time suits me."

"Have you a proposition? Not just any old proposition, governor, but one I can accept?"

"I've offered you everything—even to the senatorship."

"Is there such a proposition?"

"If you'll make the right one, I'll guarantee a nomination on the first ballot."

Marty Rooney got to his feet and walked to the window, where he stood with his back to the room. Things were coming his way, but he was astonished to discover that he did not like it. Bitterly as he and Caleb had fought, he was fond of the young man; he had seen in Caleb the young man he might himself have been if life had gone a bit differently, and he was grieved at the debacle of his ideal.

"Give me a hint," said the governor.

"I like the word 'inkling' better," said Caleb.

"Will you come down to cases?" the governor demanded impatiently.

"I believe the chiefs of the old machine are all in this room," Caleb said.

"Yes."

"And they are prepared to admit, are they not, that the party is in a bad way? Split and cracked and splintered."

"Yes."

"And peace would be a pleasant guest? Lions taking naps with lambs and all that?"

"Certainly. But it's impossible."

"No; simple. Just one man stands between the party and perfect peace."

"Yourself."

"No," said Caleb wearily, "yourself."

"What do you mean?"

Caleb turned to the roomful. "Gentlemen," he said, "you are not backing the governor for the sake of his sweet eyes. You are practical men. We come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. You are behind him because you think it is the best politics in the situation."

Silence agreed with him.

"I don't see any idealists here. Results are what you are after, and a continuation of the benefits to be derived from power in a dominant party."

Again silence.

"The first ballot will be on in ten minutes. If matters go to a vote without an agreement being reached, this party will be split for half a dozen years, country against city."

"Well, what's your offer?"

"You realize, of course, that the governor cannot be nominated."

"We realize nothing of the sort," the governor said tartly. Marty Rooney turned to face the room again.

"Surely you skilled politicians know that."

"Do you think you of the south can nominate Green?"

Caleb lifted his brows. "Green? But surely you boys didn't think I was trying to nominate Green, did you?"

"Eh?"

"Oh, no. The northern towns wouldn't have him."

"And you southern towns won't have Hitchcock."

"Elementary, as the great detective said. . . . There's been a sort of withdrawal party, governor, and I'm offering you a chance to join it as an honored guest. Self-sacrifice in the interests of the Grand Old Party and all that. A live patriot is better than a dead politician, governor. . . . You know we never ran Green and Hitchcock in a serious-minded way. They were movable scenery—and they've been moved, to disclose the grand tableau at the climax."

"Nonsense! Get down to brass tacks."

"Must I drive screws with a hammer? Outside yourself, governor, who is the most prominent citizen of the state? And if you will pardon me just a little, including yourself, who is the most—ah—venerated? Because you aren't exactly venerated, governor."

"Why, Judge Mansfield, of the supreme court"

"Precisely . . . And now are you ready to withdraw?"

"Certainly not!"

"The south would be for the judge and the north would be for the judge, and he would be acceptable to the cities."

"But he's not a candidate."

"Did he say so?"

"He's not been mentioned."

"Oh, my, yes! In fact," said Caleb, "he will be nominated on the first ballot. We thought it best to keep the good news from you. We knew you wouldn't care to have either Green or Hitchcock, so we named them just to make this come more as a lovely surprise. But we agreed on him a month ago." He looked at his watch. "Um—Green is making his speech of withdrawal at this moment. He's going to be appointed attorney general. And in five minutes Hitchcock will make his oration. He's going to the supreme court in Judge Mansfield's place."

There was a moment's silence—a startled, vibrant silence. "Is—is this a fact?" asked the governor.

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"Have you got the votes?" Marty Rooney asked.

"A clear majority—and they're safe."

"Governor," said the big man of his native city, "I guess it's up to you. We've been outsmarted."

"And," said Caleb, "the governor speaks beautiful extemporaneous and he'll sound noble moving to make it unanimous."

"What do you get out of this?" demanded the big man.

"Nothing," said Caleb, "but what I've got."

"What's that?"

"Now, after serious contemplation of events, what would you say I have?"

Marty Rooney stepped forward. "Boys," he said, "the bell's rung. Take off your hats to the new boss of the state. And I'm here to say he measures up to the job."

"Please," said Caleb dolefully, "omit flowers. . . . Well, governor?"

The chief executive of the state got to his feet; he expelled a deep breath; and then he did a thing which entitled him forevermore to wear man's-size clothing. He walked across to Caleb and extended his hand.

"Visit me on that Sabine farm you spoke of," he said, and he smiled. "You've generaled a square war. . . . We've just time to make the convention hall."

V

CALEB was on time for the social duty which called him. He occupied a table in a tiny alcove in the excellent local hotel, and Seena Rooney sat opposite him.

"I suppose," she said, "you're all puffed up with it."

He disregarded the question. "I've changed my mind," he said. "Anybody can change his mind if he wants to—but few do."

"About what?"

"Politics," he said. "I thought a body had to put his whole mind to them. No side issues. Nothing to interfere with the great purpose in life."

"Doesn't one?"

"Oh, no. They're a spare-time job. So now I've got to go look for an occupation."

"Try golf."

"No, I've thought up one that promises more difficulty; I like 'em intricate. Yes, ma'am, I think I've discovered the most baffling occupation in the world. . . . Anything that's worth doing is worth doing well. It says so in the copy books."

"And what is this profession—law?"

"No, indeed. . . . By the way, have you ever been to Washington?"

"Yes."

"Like it?"

"I'm crazy about it. It's a lovely city."

"How singularly fortunate!"

"Why? And what has it to do with the great profession?"

"Well, you see, I sort of plan to go to Washington in two years. I aim to be a kind of a senator. Nobody but a senator should run the politics of a state."

"Is that your great profession—and what has my liking Washington to do with it?"

"Everything," he said; "and being a senator isn't an occupation at all. It's like red hair or a tenor voice. You have 'em or you haven't. I'm just a natural senator, that's all. Either you're a senator or you aren't—and I am."

"I presume you're talking about something."

"Yes, indeed. But I won't wear a plug hat. No, ma'am, it is useless to argue. No Prince Albert coats either. That's a point. Let there be no misunderstandings."

"It's nothing to me if you wear a bathing suit," Seena said tartly.

"You may—or may not—have noticed in me a tendency to avoid you," said Caleb in his most doleful manner, "a certain disposition on my part to -shall we say shyness? Or is 'aloofness' the better word?"

"I've thought of it," said Seena, "as 'plain bad manners.'"

"You see how one can misjudge," he said. "Of course, there are things about you that give me grounds for apprehension. . . . Did you ever see a lark at break of day ascending from sullen earth?"

"Rarely," said Seena.

"Sings hymns at heaven's gate," said Caleb tentatively.

"What does?"

"The lark."

"I'm not interested in larks."

"This," said Caleb, "is a figurative lark, a sort of metaphorical lark, and it is being very useful to me in an exceedingly trying moment of my life."

"What moment?"

"This one. You see, I've reached the conclusion that marriage does not interfere with one's career. On the contrary, one may let one's career interfere with marriage. It has been done. Hence the lark singing at heaven's gate."

"I'd as soon talk with a kaleidoscope," said Seena, "and your talk doesn't fall into patterns."

"It will, if you give it time. I'm breaking it to you gently. I'm approaching the dénouement by stealth. . . . For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth brings that then I scorn to change my state with - suppose we say with senators."

"Of all things!"

"You can't claim that I didn't warn you."

"Warn me? Of what—that you were going crazy?"

"I told you," said Caleb reproachfully, "the other day that I wish my father was handy so he could ask if your intentions are honorable. That was leading up to it, wasn't it? You can't claim surprise. . . . Your sweet love remembered . . . such wealth brings. . . . He said it all, didn't he?"

"Who?" she asked, in some perturbation.

"Mr. William Shakspere. . . . Haply I think on thee, and then my heart, like to the lark—and all the rest of it. Haply I've been thinking on thee for a considerable time, and there was nothing I could do about it. So I just gave in. It was weak of me, but I gave in. . . . I repeat, you may call me Caleb if you like."

Seena made no reply, but her eyes were troubled and her lip tended to quiver. He was quick to notice it, quick to alter his tone.

"My dear," he asked, "by any wonderful and gorgeous chance, do you happen to love me? Because if you don't there won't be any fun at all being a senator. I don't think I'll even bother with it."

"I—I haven't heard you say anything about loving me," she said in a wistful voice.

"Did I leave that out?" he asked in an astonished tone.

"You—you certainly did."

"Then I move to amend by inserting the words, 'I most certainly do love you, and, much to my surprise, I'm glad of it.'" The table was narrow and Caleb was tall; he found his dimensions ample to his need—with a trifle of help from Seena. They leaned toward each other.

"Excuse me," said a voice presently. It was Marty Rooney's voice. "Excuse me, young man, but you have your elbow in my niece's salad."

"Go away, uncle," said Caleb, without turning his head, "and come back a great deal later. . . . Anyhow, your niece has had enough salad. Haven't you, Seena?"

"Yes," she answered.

Presently he turned his ear. "Is that a lark singing hymns?" he asked.

"It's a brass band in a political parade," she said.

"Let's pretend it's a lark," he said. "A brass band by any other name sings just as sweet."

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ROUTINE

(Continued from Page 15)

however, the Quiston program had been finished and Morgan had thanked us and [illegible]

"Then what?" asked Steve.

"That's all all of that part, I mean. The rest of it Miss Hillyer is going to tell you."

Steve turned to the girl, who drew to the edge of her chair in her nervousness and intentness

"I must tell you first, Mr. Faraday," she said, "a little about myself. I am Aline Hillyer. My father is George H. Hillyer, of Chicago and Hubbard Woods, whom you may know."

"Certainly," said Steve. "He is a member of the Board of Trade—grain and cotton." Hubbard Woods, Steve knew as one of the wealthy residence districts on the lake shore north of Chicago.

"Yes. He has two children, one his own son, the other an adopted daughter. I am she. I was adopted when I was about two to be a sister and playmate for Harry, who is a year older than I am. You're from New York, Mr. Faraday?"

"Yes," said Steve.

"If you lived in Chicago you'd have heard of him often," she said sadly. "He has been in a great deal of trouble and in the papers. About a year ago, after a very bad scrape, he disappeared, taking a good deal of money with him." She stopped.

"I beg your pardon," said Steve considerately. "You mean—money of his own?"

Aline Hillyer colored. "No," she said; "but his father made it up and prevented criminal charges being made against him. We have advertised in the papers that there is nothing at all against Harry and no charges will be brought against him if he returns, but we have not heard, nor have we been able to locate him until—until tonight."

"Oh?" Steve waited expectantly.

"Yes. I was not at home last evening and was not listening at a radio. When I came in I learned that a girl friend of mine, a neighbor, had telephoned several times and had left word for me to call her no matter how late I came home. I did, and she told me that she was certain she had heard Harry's voice that evening on the radio from this station; that he gave his name as Morgan and was speaking to someone named Hoyt who was a member of an Arctic expedition. I thanked her, but I was quite certain she had been mistaken and had imagined it was his voice. I did not believe Harry knew anyone of the Quiston expedition.

"But this evening, while I was at a party, someone else told me the same thing, and other people confirmed it. They had all known Harry well; and it seems they had been talking it over among themselves, and they all agreed that it was like his voice. Naturally, I was very much excited. I left the party without saying anything to anyone, and went home and got a picture of Harry and came down here, and Mr. Kassel recognized the photograph."

She held out to Steve a photograph, taken evidently some years before, of a handsome, rather reckless-looking boy; and Steve, glancing at it, turned to Kassel.

"That's Morgan, all right," Kassel confirmed.

Steve studied the photograph, and after a glance at Weibolt and Kassel, returned to the girl. "What do you make of this, Miss Hillyer?"

She bit her lips and finally said, "I'm afraid it means something wrong, Mr. Faraday. Either it is some hoax which Harry has got up for the fun of it or he's after something."

"I see you do not believe it's simply a hoax," said Steve.

"I don't."

What could he be after?"

"I can't imagine, Mr. Faraday; but apparently he means to come again and give some other message. You don't know when; I don't believe he knows when he will come. But I want you to keep him here if you can and send for me so that I can talk with him."

"You're fond of this brother of yours," Steve asked, "in spite of everything?"

She hesitated. "I can't forget, Mr. Faraday, what a dear little boy he used to be; but the one I think most about is his—my father."

"We'll certainly do what we can for you," Steve told her. "I don't know whether we can detain him here, unless we have rather more grounds than you have given us for that; you say there is no charge against him. But Mr. Weibolt or Kassel will have you telephoned whenever he comes in, and we'll tell him that we know he's Harry Hillyer and tell him what you've said."

She thanked him, and Steve and Weibolt went with her to the elevator, where Weibolt took down her address and telephone number.

"That's one of the difficult things, isn't it, Wiebolt?" Steve remarked after she had left them. "The blacksheep of a family whose people cannot give him up because they can't forget the little boy he once was."

"What do you think of this?" asked Weibolt.

"I think that girl knows her brother and it's no hoax," replied Steve. "By the way, Kassel, how did this fellow Morgan account for his knowing we were broadcasting to Quiston when you hadn't sent for him?"

"Several people about the house knew, since early in the afternoon, that we were preparing the program," explained Kassel. "Morgan said he happened to come into the hotel and heard about it in the rotunda. He said he could not get hold of Mrs. Hoyt on such short notice and get a direct message from her, but he thought it was a good chance to send word about the baby."

"In other words, this Hillyer, who is admitted to be a doubtful character, has arranged to broadcast a message of some importance to him through our instruments and by our help on any night in the near future he chooses. His idea is perfect for picking his own time; no one can say when a baby will be born. Of course, the message may be authentic," Steve continued, considering. "It's a year since the family heard from Harry Hillyer and he may, under the name of Morgan, be a friend of Hoyt and of Hoyt's wife; but it's worth our investigation. Where can we get information on the Quiston party?"

"Newspapers have been full of it."

"Then send someone tomorrow morning to get what he can about Hoyt. Get his address and get in touch with his wife. Find out whether she knows anyone named Morgan."

Steve, somewhat less sleepy than he had been, went back to his suite, undressed and got into bed. The pelting rain against his window, he observed, had changed to snow, which was sifting a soft blanket over the lower roofs about the Tonty. He put Aline Hillyer and her foster brother out of his thought, as was his custom with the multiplicity of details that he had to deal with, until something more should be known about them. That happened when, next morning as the waiter in the grill was breaking his breakfast eggs, Weibolt came to him.

"Hoyt has no wife," Weibolt announced crisply

"That's interesting," observed Steve, "if we are sure of it."

"He has, at any rate, no wife that his mother knows of," Weibolt said a little less confidently. "His home is in Detroit, where his mother lives. Of course, Assistant Engineer Hoyt of the Pole Star has not been what people call a home body. I talked with his mother on long-distance. She had never heard of any Bob Morgan or Harry Hillyer. She had been told by her neighbors, who happened to hear the broadcasting, that a Bob Morgan had been speaking to her son in the arctic. She made nothing of the message."

"You talked with her yourself?" Steve asked.

"Yes."

"Have you told anyone around the house that you've been talking with Hoyt's mother?"

"No one but you. The operator, of course, knows it."

"Then I wouldn't tell anyone," Steve remarked, after an instant's reflection: "not even Kassel. The operator, of course, is safe; Morgan or Hillyer, whichever we call him, might not come to us with his second message if he knew that we had been making inquiries about Hoyt."

Steve busied himself during the day with his inspection of the plant and management of the Tonty, which had brought him to Chicago. Neither he nor Weibolt, in their frequent conferences about the hotel, made any further reference to the radio; but Steve's thought continually turned to it. It had stirred his curiosity as few circumstances in his crowded career as a hotel owner. His stay at his Chicago house had been planned to last no more than a week, and he hoped that the next development in what he called mentally the Quiston matter would take place before he left; but no one, as he had said to Weibolt, could say when a baby would be born.

It was not that night, nor the next; and the third evening of broadcasting passed without Bob Morgan reappearing or having any communication with SFHT. It was in fact the fifth evening of his stay, which was a Friday, when Steve, dining a bit late, received word at his table that Mr. Kassel in the radio room was asking for him.

Steve went at once to the elevators. Outside, he noticed, was a night similar to Monday, when first he had been called to the radio room. There had been, in midweek, a lull of the blizzard; but now it was blowing again in a storm which had spread, in the last thirty-six hours, a foot of fresh snow upon the already heavy covering over the prairie states. The first of the snow had been huge, soft flakes, wet and clinging; but now it was cold; a heavy freeze had come, mantling wires with ice.

Kassel met him in the hall alone, outside the closed door of the reception room. "Glad you were in the house, Mr. Faraday," he said with expectant excitement. "Hoyt's baby has just been born."

"Has it?" said Steve. "I supposed so." And he met Kassel's excited eyes with the comment, "Nice night."

"Hell of a night," corrected Kassel, "for anybody who has to get something somewhere on wires."

Steve nodded. "Where's Morgan in there? You haven't let him speak yet?"

"I should say not. It's not Morgan, Mr. Faraday; another fellow came in his place. Meet him."

Kassel opened the door and quietly, with his ordinary manner, led in Steve.

The hour being eight the waiting room was well filled, in contrast to its emptiness when Steve had arrived during the last number of the night's program. A girl with a violin case accompanied a corpulent temperamental woman; a pianist, Steve thought, or a contralto. There was a young pair, boy and girl, evidently performers of some sort, singers or dialogue artists; there was an extremely serious spectacled man with a clerical collar, studying a manuscript from which evidently he would deliver the weighty number of the evening; and next him sat, uncomfortably, a boy in a Mackinaw coat, twisting a fur cap in his hands.

He gazed nervously at Steve and Kassel as they approached, and got up, cramming the cap into his pocket.

"This is Fred Borden," Kassel introduced him. "He's come in Bob Morgan's place to send word on the radio about Hoyt's baby."

Steve grasped a cold sweaty hand which withdrew from his quickly; uneasy mottled eyes tried to look into Steve's boldly. Fred Borden was a short broad-shouldered boy of eighteen, perhaps; he missed nothing of any attitude of Steve or Kassel in respect to him; also, he was listening.

A tenor solo of Celeste Aïda, which softly was heard from the studio, ceased, and Borden instantly said, "Put me on now."

"Doctor Lytton!" called Kassel to the clerical collar, and he sprang to the studio door, and in a moment had named the number just completed and had introduced the speaker. Returning, he explained, "Doctor Lytton has another engagement; we must wait for him."

Steve drew Borden into a corner and the boy with difficulty downed his impatience. He wanted to do what he had come for and get away, Steve discerned; this was no ordinary nervousness.

"Hoyt is just as likely to be listening in ten minutes from now," Steve said to him. "They say they have the radio on all evening up there."

"Sure," agreed the boy.

"Tell me about the baby while we're waiting," Steve bade.

Borden swallowed. "It's a girl," he said, "and doin' fine."

"Mother too?"

"Sure she is fine."

"Where are they?"

Borden's lips set and his eyes flashed swiftly to Kassel and back again before he answered, "They're here."

"In Chicago? Where?"

"She's got a little flat up on Larrabee. You see, Hoyt married her secret just before he went up with Quiston. None of Hoyt's family know about it. I guess it'll give 'em a jolt if they're listenin' in tonight. She's up there with the kid now, alone. They ain't got much money, you see. I want to get back to her."

It rang true just now and explained the boy's nervousness and haste to get away.

"Who are you?" asked Steve.

"Me? I'm her brother. The kid was born at 7:45 this morning, sir." He shot a glance at the clock. "Say, when can you put me on?"

Steve remembered Morgan and Aline Hillyer. "Will Morgan be up later?" he asked.

The boy shook his head. "Morgan just was a friend and came up here to fix it for me. I ain't seen Morgan today. He don't know yet the baby's born; he just done it for Hoyt."

"H'm!" said Steve; this was not so convincing.

"You know what you want to say?" Kassel questioned him.

"Sure. I'm telling him about the baby; it's a girl and Gladys is all right."

"You'd better write it down and read it," suggested Kassel. "People go dumb sometimes before the microphone."

"I've wrote it down," said the boy, and produced a paper which he unfolded to show, written in pencil:

You got a girl—a fine girl, born at 7:45 this morning. The girl and Gladys are both doing fine. Good luck, Hoyt. Don't worry.

He let Steve and Kassel read it and then asked, "That all right? I thought you'd do the first talking to the station for me."

"I will," Kassel assured him; and Steve held the paper, which was of ordinary quality, such a sheet as this boy might pick up anywhere; but the pencil characters did not suggest Borden. They were bolder and too good; an educated hand had written this; and Steve could not help thinking of Bob Morgan-Harry Hillyer.

There was a register upon the table for the names of artists and distinguished speakers at their first hearing on SFHT, and Steve motioned Kassel to get it

(Continued on Page 85

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From Death Valley to White Mountain

Whippet climbs to high by automobile

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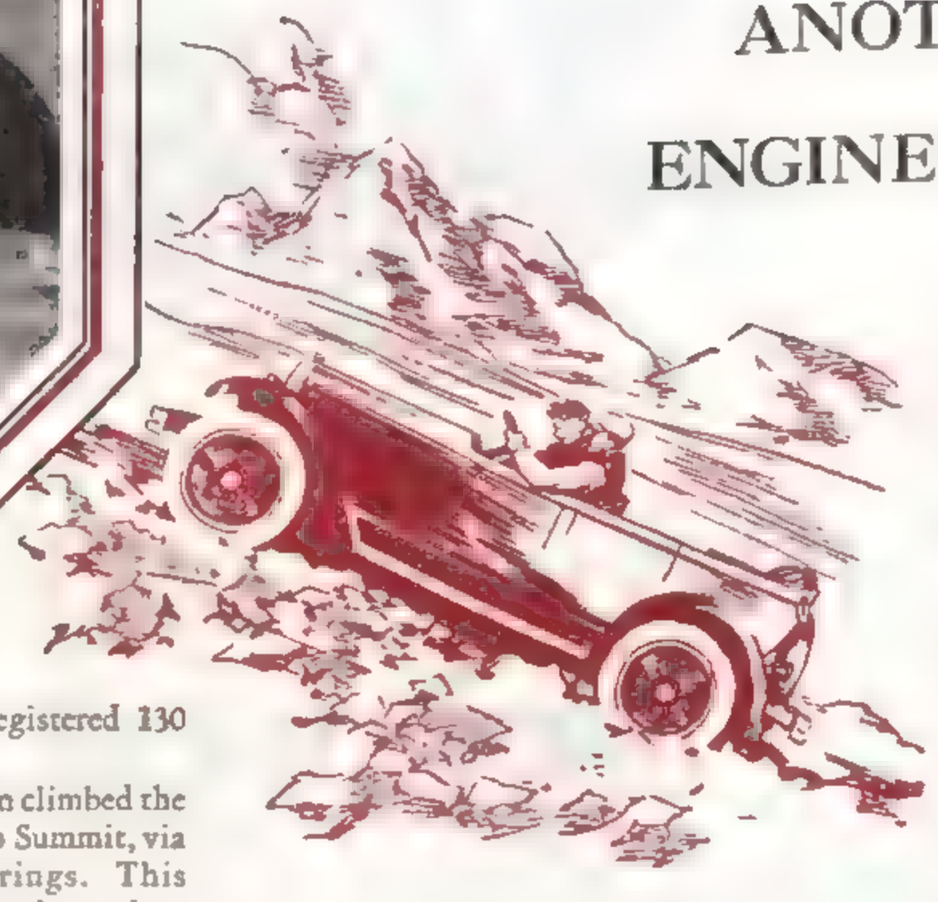
At the top of White Mountain—photograph shows altimeter reading 13,150 feet, the highest point ever reached by any automobile on the Pacific slope



BATTLING its way through the terrific heat of Death Valley, up into zero cold on the trackless side of White Mountain, an Overland Whippet climbed to the highest peak ever reached by a motor car on the Pacific slope.

To prove the performance, power and stamina of the Whippet, this dramatic test was made. Most of the 250 mile journey was through sagebrush, sand, salt beds, chuck holes, and over sharp, jagged rocks. Never before has any car in any part of the world been given such a strenuous driving test. Never before has any car so clearly and convincingly demonstrated phenomenal performance ability.

Trip starts at Barstow

Starting at Barstow, California, the Whippet entered Death Valley at Bradbury Well. A few miles beyond, the Whippet reached the arid salt beds where the road is merely two strips of cinders sprinkled with sharp rocks for a distance of ten miles. At a government bench showing the mark of 284 feet below sea level, the thermometer registered 130 degrees.

Government bench mark showing lowest accessible point in United States

On and on climbed the Whippet to Summit, via Poison Springs. This route was through a deep, rocky wash, the elevation rising to 4,307 feet.

Conditions that would turn back most motorists were encountered on the road to Roberts' ranch. The route lay through Wyman Creek Canyon, where the Whippet was forced to climb 35 per cent grades over a wagon road studded with sharp rocks set in a floor of deep sand. It required six horses to pull a wagon through this stretch, the drivers were told, but the Whippet made it alone.

Struggle for record begins

At this point of the journey the drivers were forced to cross and recross a stream 25 times, frequently filling mud holes with logs and rocks to get through. Fighting on, the Whippet continued through a narrow, roadless canyon, struggling against mud, rocks and sand, climbing the steep grades until they were six miles beyond Roberts' ranch.

Here, with an altitude of 9,000 feet, the real struggle for a record began. There was no road, so the Whippet struck off through the sagebrush and spongy soil, bumping over rocks up the steep grade toward the top of the first ridge. At times the Whippet was plowing its way through mud and up grades of 40 per cent, but not once did it falter in this test of power and stamina.

Blocked by a fallen tree and unable to pass

In Death Valley—photograph shows drivers of the Whippet examining the government bench mark at 284 feet below sea level—lowest accessible point in America

around
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E TO WILLYS-OVERLAND'S
RSHIP IN LIGHT CAR FIELD

the top of the Whippet was removed
car drove under it. Onward the
zigzagged up the mountainside to the
, 11,000 feet above sea level. In five
had climbed 2,000 feet.

Thermometer at zero

Meadows the thermometer stood at
it was necessary to drain the radiator at
The test continued on the fourth day in
gale and the Whippet slowly neared the
e in the afternoon the Whippet's radia-
pointed straight for the mountain top
climb up a 40 per cent grade was started.
Whippet fought, plunged and slipped
nued until it struck a soft spot and dug
this point the altimeter showed 13,150
highest point ever reached by an auto-
on the Pacific slope . . . less than 1,000
the topmost peak of White Mountain.

hippet was dug out, backed down the
der compression with brakes on for half
fore it could be turned, and headed for
ion.

reaching Los Angeles the Whippet was
ly inspected and despite the gruelling
test it was found in perfect condition.

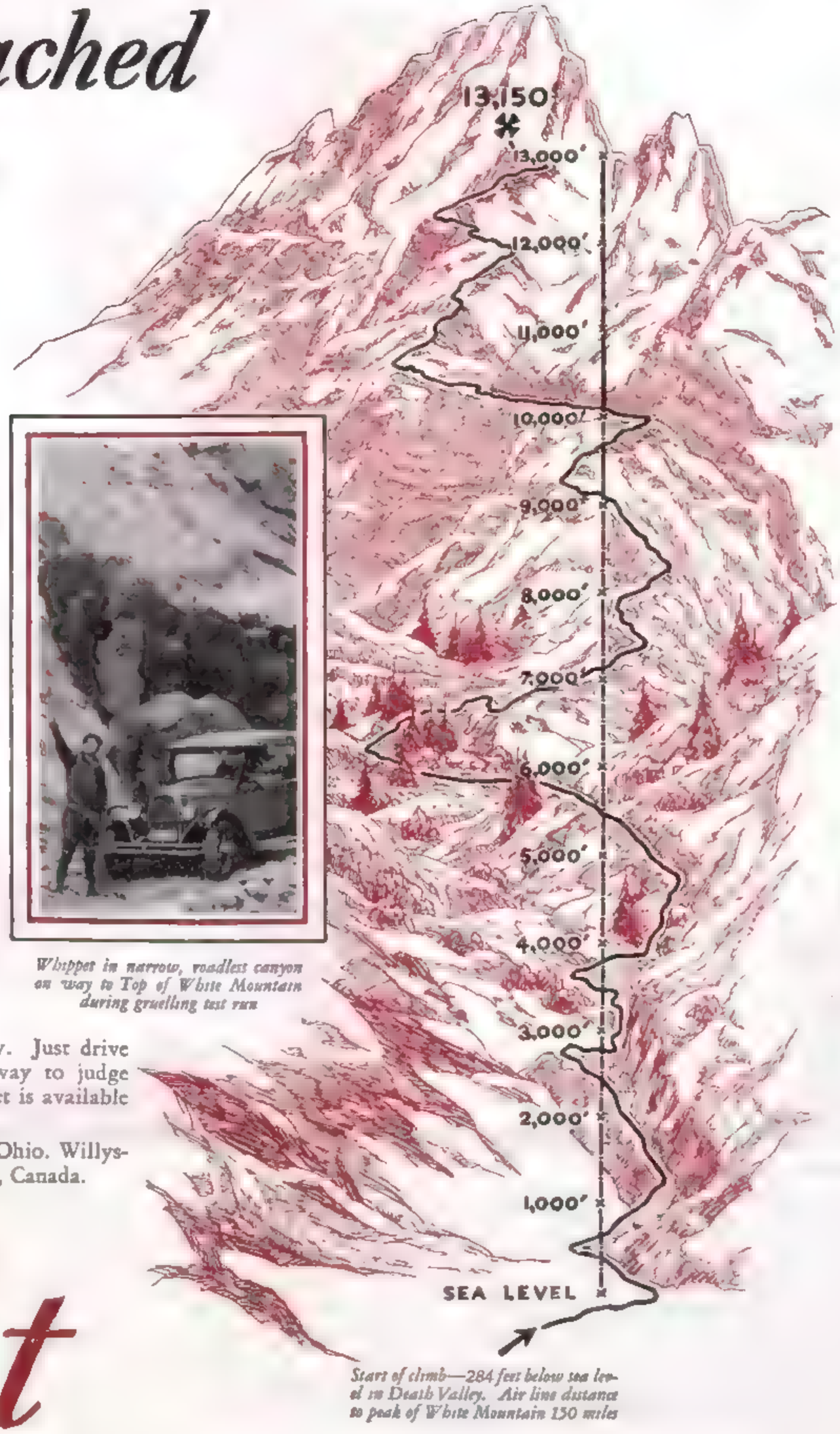
This car has stamina. It has engine smoothness and flexibility you have never found in any light car before. In countless gruelling tests it has broken records and world's records in the most impressive way.

In addition the Whippet offers you outstanding economy of "30 miles on a gallon" which no other light car can equal plus 4-wheel brakes which make it America's safest light car to drive.

These are the reasons why thousands of people are buying the Whippet . . . why it is the most popular, most talked-about light car in America today. Just drive the car . . . that's the only way to judge its remarkable value. The Whippet is available in six distinctive body styles.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Whippet in narrow, roadless canyon on way to Top of White Mountain during gruelling test run



Start of climb—284 feet below sea level in Death Valley. Air line distance to peak of White Mountain 150 miles

OVERLAND
Whippet

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans and Polishes*

Prevents Rust and Tarnish

3-in-One keeps all metal, indoors or out, absolutely moisture-proof. As it is highly penetrating, 3-in-One sinks into the metal "pores," forming a protective film against rust and tarnish. Keeps razor blades keen. Lengthens life of tools, firearms, stove ovens, auto springs. Keeps nickeled fixtures and trimmings bright. Saves unlacquered brass from verdigris and rust. Preserves appearance of black iron.

The Big Red "One" on the label is your protection against substitutes and imitations. Be sure to look for it!

Oils All Light Mechanisms

Regular and liberal oiling with 3-in-One saves repair bills on costly household mechanisms. Maintains silent, smooth operation of sewing machines, phonographs, clocks; motors of vacuum cleaners, washing machines, etc. Fine for hinges, locks, bolts. Also for typewriters, adding machines, all office devices.

3-in-One is a compound of a number of very fine oils, scientifically blended. Unlike ordinary mineral oil, it won't dry out, gum, collect dirt. Light, penetrating, yet has "body" enough to stay in bearings and do its work *right*.

Cleans and Polishes

3-in-One cleans and gives a brilliant lustre to furniture, woodwork, floors, windows, mirrors, linoleum and oilcloth. 3-in-One penetrates the wood. Does not remain on the surface like a thick, greasy oil to finger-mark and soil the clothes.

3-in-One on a square of soft cloth makes a splendid Dustless Dust Cloth. 3-in-One sprinkled on shortened strands of ordinary kitchen mop provides a practical, inexpensive Polish Mop. Full directions in Dictionary of Uses wrapped around every bottle and sent with every sample.

Sold Everywhere

Over 400,000 stores sell 3-in-One in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ½-pint bottles, also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans, which are best adapted for lubricating purposes. The ½-pint bottle is most economical for general household use.

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Company,
130 LE William St., New York, N. Y.

Please send sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses without cost to me.

Name _____

Street Address or R. R. _____

City _____ State _____

1894—33 Years of Continuous Service—1927

Continued from Page 80

"Everybody writes his name before he goes on," explained Steve, offering it.

"Oh, never mind me," objected Borden.

"It's our rule," pronounced Kassel, catching on; and evidently the boy caught on, too, or at least suspected. He took a pen and scrawled "Fred Borden, Chicago," in rough, straggling letters. "The doc wrote that for me"—he referred to the paper in Steve's hand—"just before he left this morning. I told him you was giving us a chance to tell the father —— Say, that guy in there is through." His glance again went to the clock.

Time was running against him—that he could not conceal; and Steve no longer believed that it was the time of a girl, Borden's sister, waiting for his return. He would not count that so in minutes. Something else of an extraordinary nature underlay all this, and Steve gazed at the prepared message in his hand, with his mind casting about at the thousand, the uncountable events capable of being initiated or influenced by a signal sent on the air this night.

It would be easy for Steve to balk it all by refusing this boy and his message the microphone; but another plan leaped into his mind.

Kassel was returning to the studio and Steve stepped in with him, shutting the sound-proof door on Borden.

"Speak to the arctic party next," Steve directed Kassel. "Send his message for him; speak it yourself—only where it says 'girl' you say 'boy.' If he cuts in and tries to say anything else, switch off the mike. Got it?"

"Got you," said Kassel, and went to the microphone, where he shook hands with the last speaker and informed the radio audience whom they last had heard.

Steve opened the door, letting Doctor Lytton out, and he beckoned Borden in. The boy stepped in quickly, firmly fastened the door and advanced to the microphone, before which Kassel was completing his introductory comment that the program would be briefly interrupted while an attempt was made to send a message to the Quiston party.

"Where do I stand?" the boy asked, and Steve saw that Kassel's finger rested on the button which cut out the microphone before Borden's voice could have been heard. For a few seconds nothing was being broadcast by SFHT.

"I'll shoot it up for you," offered Kassel, and Steve handed him the paper with the message about the baby girl.

The boy hesitated, uncertain of his course. "I'd like to spiel it," he said. "Hoyt would like to hear my voice."

"This is a message for Tim Hoyt, with the Quiston party," said Kassel easily and steadily into the microphone, and now his finger was lifted so that his voice was being broadcast. "You have a boy—a fine boy, born at 7:45 this morning. The boy and Gladys are both doing fine. Good luck, Hoyt. Don't worry."

At this instant, though Steve did not see it, for he was not watching the button, Kassel's finger went down, cutting out the microphone; for the announcer had been watching Borden's face and the boy broke in with: "Girl! It's a girl! Damn you, I said it was a girl—girl!"

He was altogether too much excited; the circumstances as confessed and admitted could not justify this. "It's a girl, Tim," he screamed into the microphone. "Girl, born at 7:45 this morning!"

He did not know this, but it was not being broadcast. Steve saw that it was not; he noticed Kassel's finger.

"All right," said Kassel soothingly. "I got balled up myself. It's a girl, Hoyt," he said into the microphone. "I got it mixed. The baby and mother both are fine. Good luck." And Steve, observing the switch button, knew that none of this had been broadcast.

"Our next number will be a violin solo," Kassel proceeded with the program, and Steve led Borden out.

"I want to thank you, sir. I thank you a lot," the boy said somewhat sheepishly, recovering himself. "I'll go to Gladys now and tell her."

Steve went with him to the door of the reception room and watched him go toward the elevators; then, turning back quickly, he phoned Weibolt's office and gave rapid instructions: "There's a boy in a Mackinaw coat and fur cap going down in an express elevator. Have him followed. Don't interfere with him, but find out about him."

He delayed in the reception room until the boy had had time to reach the lobby and then went down to Weibolt's office, where he found the manager.

"Get the boy all right?" he asked.

"Yes, certainly," Weibolt informed him. "Heide spotted him and went after him." Heide was one of the house detectives. "What's up?" Weibolt inquired with interest. "What's been happening?"

"We've just broadcast a purely personal message to the arctic—or something else," replied Steve, and he told Weibolt what had occurred in the radio room and the change he had made in the message.

"What did you do that for?" Weibolt inquired keenly.

"I didn't want to stop his sending the message if it was meant for Hoyt. Of course, if it was, it didn't much matter whether Hoyt thought his child was a boy or a girl. If it was meant for somebody else—that probably mattered a lot. I took a chance on it and it did matter. To all appearances, it was mighty important."

Weibolt gazed with eyes become vague with speculation. "What was that message about the baby?" he inquired after a few moments. "Exactly how was it worded?"

"I kept it," said Steve, and handed the paper over.

Weibolt read it, and reread it with redoubled interest.

"What about it?" questioned Steve, watching him. "Does that mean something to you?"

"It certainly means something," Weibolt declared, folding the paper. "Will you wait here a few minutes?"

Steve did not merely wait. Time, which in the radio room had been running against the boy Borden, now was running against Steve Faraday. In what respect and with what threat, Steve could not know; it was simply a sensation, an impression, but a powerful one. An enterprise, partly dependent upon the use of his radio station, was in operation this night; of what sort or where, or even whether it was a hundred or a thousand miles away, he could only speculate.

He lifted the telephone receiver and instructed the operator to locate Miss Aline Hillyer.

Weibolt returned, bearing a large envelope upon which Steve saw written in ink the name "J. Kurland," which had no meaning for him, a number, "760-64," and a date.

It was, Steve recognized, one of the filing envelopes used in the ordinary routine of the hotel. In every Faraday hotel, as in every other well-conducted house, any article found in a room, after a guest's departure, was preserved. However insignificant and useless a thing might appear, and however plain the assumption might be that the guest had deliberately abandoned it—still, each article was carefully collected by the chambermaid whose routine required her to open and inspect all closets and bureau drawers. Whatever she found, she delivered to the floor clerk, who listed the articles in triplicate. They were then filed and kept until it was certain that no inquiry regarding them would be made; and these instructions applied particularly to written papers of every kind, which unless actually in the wastebasket, were to be saved.

Weibolt now laid before Steve a report slip of this sort serially numbered and headed Articles Left in Rooms; Send One Copy to Complaint Department and One to Chief House Officer, on which, opposite the word "Articles," was scrawled, "Paper with writing"; and opening the envelope he shook out onto the desk a theater program, a receipted bill from a haberdasher and a smaller paper which evidently had been crumpled to throw away and then had been smoothed out and refolded.

Steve straightened this and read: "You got a girl -boy --born at 7:45 -8.10 —this morning. Both doing well. It's a girl—boy. Don't worry."

Steve looked up and met Weibolt's eyes. "When did you get this, Weibolt?"

"You can see." Weibolt touched a finger to the report slip. "It was turned in at 10:45 Tuesday morning by the maid when she made up the room. He had checked out about an hour previous."

"It spotted then, on Tuesday, the hour when the baby was to be born this morning, with an option, apparently, on 8:10. An option also on the sex, of course."

"Let's forget the baby."

"All right; and we'll forget 'this morning' too. It spotted the hour, 7:45—but it might be 8:10—when something was to be done tonight."

"That's it," said Weibolt. "And 7:45 was right, not 8:10. It had been done when Borden came to spill his message."

"Part done," Steve corrected. "There were two parts to it; otherwise there would have been no need of a message. When something was done here in Chicago, someone elsewhere was to do something else."

"That's it," said Weibolt. "The message was the signal for something to be done—no doubt of it."

"None," said Steve. "And it was prepared here in the house. You remembered it, Weibolt. How did you happen to see it?"

The manager smiled slightly. "I've an assistant who's new and a wolf for economy; he's trying to cut out unnecessary operations and brought me several samples of the stuff we're saving. This was one of his exhibits."

Steve had returned to the scrawled paper. "It's certainly like Borden's message," he reaffirmed. "But the hands are not the same. The other was the writing of an educated man. He copied it; but the message originated here. Who's Kurland, Weibolt?"

"Just J. Kurland," Weibolt replied.

"Where from?"

"New York City."

"What about him?"

"That's it, Steve—what? You know as much as I do," complained Weibolt. "He comes here, he registers, he pays his bills and goes. He's been a guest of the house off and on for six months. He comes and goes suddenly, as I think of it now. Sometimes he wires ahead, sometimes he doesn't. I remember a wire from Omaha last month and a couple, I believe, from New York; but usually he just comes to the front desk and asks for accommodations. He always wants a four-room suite, but isn't a stickler to have the same one. He wants a lot of service, but he appreciates it and tips heavily. The boys like him. I've nothing against him; he makes no trouble."

Steve pounced on this. "What do you mean by that?" he asked. "Is he the sort that you'd expect trouble from?"

"I don't know," said Weibolt. "I do know I've watched him a bit now and then, but never found any reason to."

"What does he look like?"

"He's thirty, I guess; heavy set; a hearty eater—big food bills—but he's not fat. Dark hair, smooth face, handsome in a common sort of way. You know how it is in this business, Steve—a man comes in you'd never choose for a regular guest, but he behaves himself, pays bills, doesn't annoy anyone and you keep him. That's J. Kurland."

"Know his business?"

"I don't even know whether he's John or Jacob. He has friends like himself—men and women, always quiet and decent about the place."

"The sort you'd notice were being quiet and decent?" asked Steve.

"That's it. They appreciate a place like this."

Steve was stirred by a keener sensation of time running against him. Whatever was to be done in Chicago had been done at the earlier of the two times selected -at 7:45. The consequent event, which was to be done elsewhere, therefore would happen early. Where? In New York? Kurland, Weibolt had said, came from there. Steve put aside that supposition; there was no guide whatever in the message itself or in any of the circumstances.

"Kurland checked out on Tuesday morning," he considered aloud, "after he had made sure on Monday night that his message could be broadcast. This looks as if, after he'd made a later draft which he'd sent to someone, he started to throw the paper away in his room; then he realized that he didn't want to leave it in the wastebasket, so he picked it up and meant to carry it out with him, but forgot it when he left—likely in a hurry."

The phone rang and Steve reached for it, expecting a report on Aline Hillyer, but it was Weibolt's man, Heide, who had followed Borden.

"I'm down on South State Street," the house detective related. "Borden's gone into Sicily Joe's. Shall I get help?"

Steve repeated this to Weibolt, who, with his local knowledge, interpreted: "A gang hangout, Steve. Heide'll need help in there if they spot he's following anybody."

Steve made a swift decision—unsatisfactory to himself later: "Stay outside and pick up what you can, Heide."

It was shortly after this that the operator reported that she had called Aline Hillyer at her home and had learned that she was out but had left a number in the city. Application at this produced the information that Miss Hillyer had dined there and had left suddenly a short time before.

"Well," said Weibolt, after having waited for this, "what do we do—nothing?" He was sharing Steve's sensation of imminent enterprise and time running against them.

"What can we do?" asked Steve. "I know how you feel; we ought to warn someone. But who? And where? By heavens, Weibolt," he added, tingling to the roots of his hair, "the radio reaches everyone at once! It might be north, south, east or west, ten miles or a thousand, in any of a million places. We might broadcast a warning, of course; but of what, and again—to whom? What would it mean? Something's happening, Weibolt; maybe it's happening at this minute; but we don't know what or where."

At this instant a page boy brought in Aline Hillyer's card. Steve went to the lobby and found her.

"I had the radio tuned in where I was, Mr. Faraday," she explained. "I heard someone speaking about Hoyt's baby, but it wasn't Harry's voice."

"No," said Steve, and he led her into the office, where he told her, without comment of his own, of the evening's development.

"Did you ever hear of Borden?" he asked.

"Never."

"Nor of J. Kurland?"

"No, Mr. Faraday. If they are companions of my brother, they must belong to his recent company."

Plainly, when Steve related the circumstances to her, she had not got their full significance; but she had that now, and in her alarm she seized Steve's sleeve. "Mr. Faraday, you fear more than you say! You mean that they were planning something big—and terrible—some crime. It might be murder! And Harry will be in it! We must stop him!"

"How?" said Steve simply; and without more words, she realized.

"Oh, how awful! We—we're to wait—merely wait until it happens?"

"That's it. It's all we can do. I'm sorry you have to go through it," said Steve, and he tried to steady her.

"Wait," she asked, "how long?"

"No telling. We merely know that something is being done or has been or will.

(Continued on Page 88)

OUTSTANDING PAGES OF

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

-- Oakland breaks all records -- in a *record-breaking* year

212% INCREASE

1925 Production **43,018**

1926 Production **134,089**

Oakland *and* Pontiac Sixes

SCORING the most spectacular advance in public favor of any cars in any price class—achieving a 212% increase in business during the past year—and now entering upon a record production schedule due to the wildfire demand—Oakland today is winning and holding good will as never before in its history. Production of the Oakland Six alone attained the record total of 57,566 cars—nearly 15,000 more than in 1925. In every community, the car has enjoyed unprecedented success. This is true, simply because the Greater Oakland Six offers what scores of thousands have long desired—a truly fine six, embodying all of the luxury, convenience of equipment, and advanced engineering features found in expensive cars—a value never before equalled in the history of the automobile . . .

Oakland Six with Bodies by Fisher, $1025 to $1295 at factory.
Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

The Greater OAKLAND *Six* PRODUCTS OF

AUTOMOTIVE HISTORY

PONTIAC-CHIEF OF THE SIXES

Pontiac scores a Success never before equalled

January 1926
CAR No. 1
January 1927
CAR No. 76,523

FROM the day of its introduction, the Pontiac Six began to make automobile history ... It kindled buyers' enthusiasm to undreamed-of heights ... It created a demand which called for world record production figures, month after month ... It not merely surpassed, but more than doubled the best record scored by any other new make of car during its first full year ... Here, truly, is proof of value—proof that leaves no room for doubt as to the surpassing beauty, performance, stamina and quality construction which the Pontiac Six introduced into the field of low-priced sixes ... Yet the most impressive phase of this outstanding success lies not in its magnitude—but in the ever-growing satisfaction so freely voiced by the thousands of Pontiac Six owners now on record.

Pontiac Six with Bodies by Fisher, $825 to $975 at factory.
Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.

PONTIAC
GENERAL MOTORS *Six*

(Continued from Page 55

be—this evening. We have no way of learning what it is, and we're not even sure that if we do hear of it we'll recognize it. Were you going home to Hubbard Woods tonight?"

"No. I meant to stop in town with friends."

"Don't you think you'd better go to them? We may learn nothing here at all; and if we do, I'll telephone you at once."

She demurred at first, but after a few minutes consented, and Steve saw her to a cab and returned through the lobby to the office.

"Know anybody well on one of the Chicago papers, Weibolt?" he inquired.

"I know Cleary of the Express, one of the telegraph editors."

"Call him," Steve suggested, "and ask him what's been happening in the crime line since 7:45."

Weibolt went to the phone, and after a brief conversation, reported: "Double murder in Cincinnati. There's a big fire in Detroit, and Moline has a shooting that excites them. Minneapolis has a murder worth wiring. Louisville has a rich man suicide; maybe murder. This is one violent country, Steve."

"Nothing in those," Steve commented, "which would connect them with a radio signal. Ask him to let us know when he gets something more."

The strangeness of it again seized hold of Steve as they sat waiting, and he had the sense of the immense country stretching in all directions from him—cities, villages, small lonely houses standing beside country roads, forests, snow-covered fields.

"Anywhere at all," he said aloud. "Anywhere!"

At the signal, some half hour later, Weibolt lifted the receiver.

"Toledo has a killing," he related. "There's been a gang holdup, with murders, near Morristown, New Jersey; thought to be a bootleggers' job."

"Give him the 7:45 again," Steve directed. "Tell him that is important, though we don't know how."

They again waited, and this time their wait was interrupted by Heide. The house detective came in sheepishly.

"What about Borden?" Weibolt asked him.

"Lost him," replied Heide. "I waited outside of Sicily Joe's about an hour for him. When he didn't come out, I took a chance and went in, saying I was a friend of his looking for him. Nobody spotted me; they thought I was all right, and said he'd been there, but gone out again. He had, all right, but not by the door where I was watching for him. Want me to do something more about him?"

"Not now," said Steve.

It was almost an hour following this before anything more came to them over the telephone.

"Ax murder on an Ohio farm," Weibolt then reported. "Man found dead in his auto on a road near Des Moines. . . . Hello, hello! Yes, give me the details of it." He muffled the transmitter with his palm. "Here's something that might have a kicker in it, Steve."

In the quiet of the room, the clack of the voice in the receiver was audible, but Steve could not make out the words coming from the other end—only Weibolt's.

"Men killed?"

After this, Weibolt apparently repeated the answer to his question: "You bet men were killed. One marine, and two more were wounded, so they got double or triple their number. . . . I see. Let me know if you get anything more about it."

He hung up and turned to Steve: "An express train on the Illinois Southern was held up this evening, Steve. It was a special with a shipment of three million in specie to the Federal Reserve Bank of New Orleans. The robbers blocked the track and flagged it down about seventy miles south of here at nine o'clock. It was a big job with dynamite, and machine guns firing from ambush. But they caught a tartar. The Government suspected something of the sort and the special was loaded with marines. There was a big fight and several killed."

"That looks like it," said Steve.

"It is it," Weibolt asserted. "The special left Chicago at 7:45. Shall I phone Miss Hillyer?"

"No," Steve reflected, "no. We're not sure enough of it. The 7:45 may be coincidence. I don't think it is, Weibolt; I think you're right. But we'll wait till we know more about it."

"What more do we need to know?" Weibolt demanded. "The time Hoyt's baby was supposed to be born, in Borden's message, was the time the train left Chicago. They knew the shipment was to be made, but they did not know the exact hour or, I think, the road. Boy or girl meant what road it was to be sent by. They had to get word quickly and reliably to their ambush, so Morgan or somebody figured the way to pass the word by a radio and all they had to do was sit around a receiving set."

"I think they might have known the road," said Steve. "No; we'll wait."

However, nothing more definite to connect the holdup with the radio of the Tonty was received that evening; such news as came carried only further details of the fight, and about one o'clock Steve went up to bed.

The next event in the sequence was shocking. It was a phone bell awakening Steve Faraday about four o'clock in the morning. The girl at the hotel switchboard explained apologetically: "There's a young lady who says she was to call you at any hour, Mr. Faraday. Her name is Aline Hillyer."

"Let me talk to her," said Steve, and Aline Hillyer's voice reached him.

"Mr. Faraday, a most terrible thing has happened. A train robbery was tried last night, and I'm almost sure Harry had a part in it."

"Is that so?" said Steve. "I'm sorry. How did you learn of it?"

"A police officer has just been here; he'd talked with father and then came to me. They want us to—to go down there and see if we identify him."

"Identify him?"

"Yes; they say he's wounded, but I think that was to make it easier for us. I think he's dead. The first train we can get is six o'clock this morning; we're taking that."

Something in her voice caught Steve's attention and he made quick response to it: "Would you like me to go with you?"

"Oh, if you would!" she said as if in relief. "You seem to have known more about this than anyone."

"I'll meet you at the station."

It was a little before six when Steve met them—the pale, troubled girl and the silent, gray-haired man to whom she introduced him. They were both glad, he could tell, to have him with them; they dreaded to make the trip alone with each other.

It was a trip, indeed, which Steve himself would not forget. Little was said. Outside the car window, the storm-swept prairies, under their pall of snow, slipped swiftly past; and from time to time, one or another of them started some conversation which at once languished.

"How did the police connect you with this so quickly?" Steve asked the girl.

"He—Harry; I'm almost sure it's he—had a post card in his pocket addressed to me. The officer brought it with him when he came to see me. It was dated yesterday in Minneapolis and told what he was doing there, but it hadn't been mailed or postmarked."

"Minneapolis?" asked Steve.

"Yes; the police say it's an ordinary trick to prepare an alibi with a post card or a letter. He had it ready to send to Minneapolis to be mailed for him there, but never got to it and so kept it."

The train came to a stop at the little village nearest the scene of the holdup—a lonely collection of a few small houses; but the place was filled now by a sudden influx of newspaper men and railroad police officers.

Steve did not go with the Hillyers to make the identification in the freight house where were the bodies of the bandits killed in the fight; he waited and met them as they came out sadly and went with them to the small hotel, where he got rooms for them. Then, as it was several hours before they could take a train back, he looked up the local sheriff, introduced himself and induced the sheriff to drive over to the scene of the holdup with him. Trampled snow, in places blood-spotted, and fence posts and scrubby trees seared by machine-gun bullets showed the spot; and the sheriff importantly added his description:

"Big job, and blame well planned. They pulled up the track and built a big fire on it and flagged down the train. There was more than a dozen of 'em. They'd ambushed the track along both sides and set machine guns."

Steve visioned it—the night, the wind whistling across the prairie, the train halted, the headlight beam glaring, the flashes of gunfire.

"Some fight!" observed the sheriff. "They caught trouble when they tried it on the marines. The marines mopped 'em up good. Killed seven of 'em. The rest of 'em, though, got away."

"How?" Steve asked.

"They had cars waiting and they'd learned the roads. They knew the specie was to be shipped, but, I guess, not quite when. They'd been down here four or five days, maybe a week, waiting."

"Where?" Steve asked.

"In a shack back here in the brush, a farmhouse that's deserted and nobody goes near it. They made themselves right comfortable. Had a good time, it looks like, while they were waiting. Even had a radio and listened to the jazz bands."

"Let's go over there," said Steve.

They got back into the sheriff's car and drove over to the farmhouse, where a marine on sentry duty at the gate returned the sheriff's nod and let them pass.

"No telephone here?" Steve asked.

"None anywhere near it. No wires yet out this road."

"Much business done at the telegraph office in town?" asked Steve.

"I'll say not. Not until last night. There's been plenty since then and today."

"A stranger waiting around there several days for a message would be noticed then?"

"You bet he would."

The sheriff led the way into the shack and pointed out in the two rooms of the lower floor the signs of several days' occupancy by a considerable number of men. "There's where they had their radio," he said, pointing to the battered kitchen table.

In a box upon the table were newspapers, illustrated sheets, playing cards and other scraps evidently gathered from the floor and being preserved. Some of them were wet.

"Most of that stuff was inside, but some blew out the door," said the sheriff, "and some was found in their pockets. It identified two of them that were killed."

Steve sorted it over, and coming upon a crumpled scrap similar to the paper at the Tonty, he straightened it and read in the same uneven handwriting as the slip which Weibolt had shown him in Chicago:

"Go by time as given. 'Boy' means just the usual crew. 'Girl' means armed guards extra."

Steve shuddered slightly. So he, Steve Faraday, had brought about the death of those seven men who lay over there in the freight house; but his common sense corrected that.

No; they who had planned this were the ones who had killed them. Steve's interference had merely altered it so that gangsters had been shot down instead of trainmen.

"What's that?" the sheriff asked, gazing at the paper.

"Over in the freight house," said Steve, "is there a man about thirty, heavy-set and dark?"

The sheriff considered and shook his head. "Nobody near thirty. They're all young in jobs like this these days."

"This identifies a man to me," said Steve, "who was here, but I guess got away. His name is J. Kurland and I think I know how you can catch him. Kurland probably isn't his real name, but it's the one he's using and I believe he figures he's safe under that name, that nobody will ask about him. He's been doing business safely under that name and by his method. I think you'll find him registered as J. Kurland in some big city at a high-grade expensive hotel."

It was ten days after this—and two days after one Julian Kurland, with a confederate, had been arrested at the exclusive Hotel Santon, in St. Louis, for the Illinois Southern murder and attempted robbery—that Steve prepared the printed card which became famous on the desks of all officials and in the hands of all employes, down to the smallest dishwasher of the Faraday organization:

"In the hotel business, no detail is so small that it is not of supreme greatness. Nothing is unimportant. The smallest item of your daily work is as large as the greatest duty of your president. For it is an indispensable part of our greatest possession—our routine."

His Sister's and His Cousin's and His Aunt's

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

— for the Bottler

Bottling is big business. More than 10,000 bottlers last year distributed to the public products valued at well over a half billion dollars.

Tremendous expansion in this industry is due to concerted improvement in products, substitution of machines for manual methods, creation of public demand by advertising, attraction of capital—and intelligent and extensive distribution by use of motor trucks.

It is significant that so progressive an industry has been using Graham Brothers Trucks in greatly increasing numbers each year.

Every truck need of the bottler is met by Graham Brothers—power, speed, low operating cost, long life. Chassis are proper size and weight. Body styles exactly fit the business.

Only great mass production enables Graham Brothers to build such high quality into a truck at so low a price.

GRAHAM BROTHERS—Detroit, Evansville, Stockton
A Division of Dodge Brothers, Inc
GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED—Toronto, Ontario

¾-TON COMMERCIAL CHASSIS	$ 670
1-TON CHASSIS (G-BOY)	885
1½-TON CHASSIS	1245
2-TON CHASSIS	1445*

*Disc Wheels With Dual Rear, Optional
Prices f. o. b. Detroit

GRAHAM BROTHERS DETROIT

SOLD BY
DODGE BROTHERS
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

© B. & B., 1927

An Appeal to Parents

protect the cuts and bruises
of your youngsters from

THE GRAY SPECTER OF INFECTION

Mothers . . . an infected cut may be more dangerous than measles or croup.

Every mother should know that an infected cut is fraught with grave possibilities.

For the poison in an infected wound is not local in its lurking dangers . . . If it seeps into the system, as it often does, it may cause high fever, nausea, general debility and weeks of bedridden illness.

And no wound is so tiny that it may safely be considered free from infection's menace. Lockjaw has developed from a pin prick. Slight abrasions have led to loss of limb and lifelong scars.

The pity of it is, that these infections are usually so needless. Promptness in proper dressing of the wound will safeguard minor hurts from infection's dangers.

A moment to sterilize the wound with a mercurochrome swab or iodine swab. Another moment to cover it with sterile gauze and sterile gauze bandage . . . fastened with adhesive plaster. Thus, in a jiffy and for a few cents, you have secured the soundest of all health insurance policies.

These Bauer & Black Sterile First Aid products, in individual packages . . . or in kits and cabinets for home, travel, factory and hospital use, may be had at small cost in 45,000 drug stores. And they should be kept in the home, at all times . . . instantly available for the emergency.

First Aid to be effective must be prompt. Accident sends out no "advance notices" of its arrival. It is better to be *ready* than *regretful*.

• • •

4 simple things-to-do to prevent infection in cuts and bruises. 1 Sterilize the wound with Bauer & Black Mercurochrome Swab or Iodine Swab . . . 2 When antiseptic is dry, cover with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze . . . 3 Bind with Bauer & Black Sterile Gauze Bandage . . . 4 Fasten with Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster.

BAUER & BLACK
CHICAGO · NEW YORK · TORONTO

FASHIONS FOR THE FAMOUS

(Continued from Page 13)

it, too, had its chiffon, its chinchilla, its lace and velvet bows!

Lady Duff-Gordon's carefully written announcements to her swagger clientele of the first showing of her living models brought crowds of customers and their friends. For weeks they came to view us critically—men as well as women—while the place buzzed like a beehive. I remember changing to different costumes forty-five times that first afternoon. Of course, orders for copies of our dresses poured in, and never before had a dressmaking establishment been worked as this one was. It became a grinding mill in which we were exhausted.

Yet with this enormous success, Lady Duff-Gordon was not entirely satisfied. She complained that the effect was not right. She had a remarkable ability to recognize defects immediately, no matter how minute and unseen they were to others. She could not take advice, nor, on the other hand, did she hesitate in a decision. Sharp, dynamic, she was, in her judgment of everything—places, people, and, of course, styles.

To achieve the effect she wanted she started a further innovation. She built a stage at one end of the great Georgian drawing-room—a stage wired for footlights in front and draped with blue chiffon to resemble the sky. Now, indeed, was she talked about! Editorials were written. This unique woman—with the cleverness of the nether regions—did she not pander to the desires of the flesh? But more and more the rich and the fashionable crowded to her establishment.

Direct publicity was not an established medium for gaining attention to clothes in those days. Reporters and photographers begged Lady Duff-Gordon for auditions. She constantly refused, not wishing to popularize her exclusive styles. I remember a very patient man who came daily, camping on the doorstep with his camera. His wait must have been remunerative, as many famous people walked up and down those steps and were flattered to be pictured. Finally Lady Duff-Gordon took pity on him and we were photographed. Thus began the first pictorial publicity for a dressmaking establishment. After that pictures were taken regularly, passed upon by Lady Duff-Gordon personally, and sold for good prices by the photographers to newspapers, magazines and even to competitive firms. But Lady Duff-Gordon never acknowledged competition. She felt herself supreme, as did each employe.

A Shrine for Beauty

Lady Duff-Gordon always chose her employes herself. She would have laughed to scorn the personnel department of present-day business houses. Essentially an individualist, it was necessary for her to select each person according to her liking, from the foremost saleswoman to the most insignificant errand girl. She could not bear homely people. I don't mean we all had to have Grecian profiles, exactly, but she found it essential to discover some elemental beauty in everyone associated with her. Because of this she abounded in unexpectedly strange, sympathetic reactions, which made us love her. She instinctively felt each one's strength or weakness.

Lady Duff-Gordon made clothes for the most beautiful women of the day, yet it happened that unattractive women sometimes came to her in desolation. I remember once a most frightfully plain little Englishwoman from the provinces coming in with her big blowy and obviously newly rich husband. As Lady Duff-Gordon entered the room he rushed to her anxiously.

"Dear Lady Duff-Gordon," he began almost reverently, "please, please make my wife look as well as she can, because she is so painfully plain, with a back like a cart wheel besides." The wife first looked adoringly at her husband, then with trusting ignorance into Lady Duff-Gordon's eyes.

Almost as many men went to her establishment as women. Often they came to talk with Lady Duff-Gordon, who was beautiful, witty and extremely fascinating to those she liked. Sometimes they accompanied their wives or mothers; sometimes their sweethearts. Life there never held a dull moment, either behind the scenes or out front. With the most interesting people of the day—people in the public eye, who accomplished things—constantly coming and going, Daisy and I were kept busy.

Neither titles nor money held value for Lady Duff-Gordon. If she did not approve of the way a customer dressed her hair she quickly said so. A charming lady, one of our regular customers, came to us one day with an expensive French hat topping her dark hair. Lady Duff-Gordon looked at her petite figure, almost lost under the size of the atrocity, and threw up her hands in despair.

Mistakes Well Rewarded

"Hiding your light beneath a bushel?" she asked sarcastically. The lady refused to wear the hat home, and I had to run out and buy her a more becoming one. How she loved coming to see us all! She was very musical and had an exceptionally fine voice, with a melancholy quality in the lower tones. She never ordered less than half a dozen gowns at a time; in fact, few customers did. Returning another day to try on her dresses, she would bring her music roll, full of pretty songs; in this way she rested between fittings, seated in Her Ladyship's intimate music room, playing the piano and singing. One day, several years later, we expected her, but she did not appear. She had ordered a white dress the week before. Soon came the shocking news of her death. She had gone swimming, had ventured too far and drowned. The white dress became her shroud.

Lady Duff-Gordon's magical power to create beauty often gave one the feeling of her intangibility. Despite this, she was a fiery, determined person throughout her public career. I have seen her enter a sewing room, look about, then suddenly point a scornful finger.

"You blockhead!" she would say to some unfortunate, whose mind had wandered in her stitching. "You have spoiled this line! Never let me see you again!" Nor would she; not for several weeks anyway—although we all knew the girl's fate: A gift of a full holiday in the country.

Any event affecting royalty naturally caused a distinct reaction in our establishment. When, in 1901, Queen Victoria died, we were immediately swamped with orders for gowns in black. Here Lady Duff-Gordon showed her ingenuity, her imagination and tact. It is rather difficult to design in a short space of time one hundred or more mourning gowns for a group of women, many of whom would meet one another, without repeating one's ideas; but Lady Duff-Gordon's creative ability was like Tennyson's brook—running on forever.

After the period of mourning was over we were again rushed with orders for costumes to be worn at King Edward VII's coronation. Lady Duff-Gordon blossomed forth with the most exquisite new creations. As Daisy and I were often tired showing approximately eighty-five gowns daily, other models were added to the establishment. There came the midnight-dark Corisande, and Gamela of the waving copper tresses. Later Hebe, tall and stately, was chosen. Lady Duff-Gordon called her the Cleopatra model. They were charming girls, thoroughly conscious of their beauty—as models should be—and thrilled by the magnificent costumes designed for them.

With the advent of these others I became more useful to receive customers. Lady Duff-Gordon said I had a gentle way of greeting people and making them feel at home. Though there was doubtless a quality of flattery in this, I sometimes found myself in the rôle of pacifier. Because she often refused to design clothes for people she disliked, I was literally pushed forward to give suggestions. One look at a customer and Lady Duff-Gordon saw the lack of artistry in her soul. These and dull *nouveau-riche* women she refused to see.

One day Lady Duff-Gordon happened to be downstairs when a new customer arrived. Having seen the famous dressmaker's picture, she recognized her effusively. There was no possibility at the moment of getting away from this woman, distinctly parvenu. Coldly, without enthusiasm, Lady Duff-Gordon accepted her order for twelve gowns. When the customer finally left she came to me, her brilliant eyes snapping.

"Were you mad to let that terrible woman near me? Because her husband made a fortune during the war does she really think I will make her clothes? Bah!" I had to write a letter that night canceling the order.

When the beautiful Lady Warwick came to us we all stood at attention, so to speak. A true daughter of the gods, she was tall and more than divinely fair. Indeed, her skin was the most remarkable of the many beautiful women in London. She was the loveliest of the Earl of Rosslyn's beautiful daughters, and inherited, I presume, some of her father's idiosyncrasies. When he became bankrupt, among his assets were discovered one thousand waistcoats. To accentuate the many tributes given her by Nature, she wore nightgowns of black chiffon. At Warwick Castle, in Warwickshire—which she later sold to the American millionaire, Henry Marsh—her bed was always made up with sheets of black silk.

Emphasizing the Good Points

Lady Warwick was one of the few customers Lady Duff-Gordon did not find it necessary to preach to. She was forever asking people what they ate and advising them about what was then most seriously termed deportment. It was amazing to watch women noted for their beauty, grace and refinement drinking in each word. I once heard her lecture, between fittings, several of the twenty-two bridesmaids attending the young Duchess of Sutherland's wedding.

"The trouble with you young ladies," she said earnestly, "is that you don't know how to walk properly." Then, meditatively: "I wonder what you eat."

One of the secrets of Lady Duff-Gordon's success was her credo—in which she believed devoutly—for women wanting to be smart rather than beautiful. She began with the importance of studying personality. If a woman came to her with but one good point she made the most of that. If one had slender ankles a skirt would be shortened—at least an inch—or heavily flounced to draw attention to their beauty. It was the same with a sixteen-inch waist or a prettily rounded bust; these would be accentuated, of course, by the style of the garment.

Ellen Terry often came to us. She seemed to fly rather than walk in. I have never met anyone who appeared forever in so mad a rush. At that time her great success was in Cymbeline and King Arthur, but like all good actresses she was forever on the lookout for new plays. Hence she carried in her left hand a large bag so stuffed with manuscripts it wouldn't close. Where and when she expected to read these as she dashed about I never quite understood. Perched on her right wrist sat a vicious green parrot, which I abhorred, as it was allowed to climb eerily up and down one's gown, front or back.

Miss Terry was the one customer who could stop the wheels of progress in our now-famous establishment. Sewing girls, fitters, models and saleswomen stood watching or eavesdropping, fascinated by her marvelous voice, which echoed about the large rooms in a startling manner.

Another customer about whom we all exhibited curiosity was Lady Duff-Gordon's dark-complexioned friend, the Maharaja of Kuch Behar. Turbaned, but otherwise dressed as an Occidental, he sometimes brought beautiful young ladies for whom he lavishly ordered veritable trousseaus. But more often he came just to dine or lunch with Her Ladyship, of whom he was genuinely fond. He admired her genius and, whenever he came, brought gorgeous gifts from India to prove it—rare jewels in necklaces, rings and bracelets. Indeed, the Maharaja of Kuch Behar lived up to all one expected of an Oriental potentate.

Fundamentally an Artist

As month followed month, with business growing to enormous proportions, we soon found it necessary to make Lady Duff-Gordon retire at intervals for rest. By this time she felt she could trust several of us to run things for a short while at least, although the house was never the same live, thrilling place as when she went from room to room inspecting a model's frock, giving it a pull here and a hitch there—keeping us all on our toes, so to speak. Away, a change of scene and air would revive her spirits, and her constitution became stronger, to react with renewed fire to those amazing imaginative qualities which often enervated her, almost reaching the point of prostration. Sometimes Sir Cosmo would enter upon the scene, hinting gently that a dose of domesticity was what she really needed by way of change.

"Tell me, wouldn't you like to do a bit of old-fashioned marketing, buying food once in a while, instead of these everlasting silks, satins and laces?" A teasing Scotch burr came into his voice, while his eyes smiled, a little sadly, I thought. Her Ladyship would glance at him for a moment, the mere humor of such a suggestion an aggravation. Then: "Fancy me, me, a great artist, buying bacon and eggs!"

Suddenly there was a flurry and bustle of packing, and off they would go to France or Italy—wherever she desired and he felt she might be happy for the moment. In Scotland was always the shooting box, a bit forlorn, awaiting her, with its large plain rooms, hopeful for her chance arrival and that touch of beauty she would naturally bring to it. Sir Cosmo had insisted certain apartments were hers, never to be used by anyone else whether she came or not. When she went there as a bride she had arranged them daintily, and they had not been touched since.

Occasionally she traveled north to spend several days rearranging the dotted Swiss hangings—quite a novelty then—and the pink ribbon bows, bits and pieces of china, her feminine oasis in this barren masculine waste land. Her artistic tendencies were manifold. Had she not been primarily

(Continued on Page 94)

Why the European triumph of the ERSKINE SIX *is being repeated in America*

THE LITTLE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTORDOM

AT the Paris Salon . . . at the Olympia in London . . . in Brussels . . . and in Berlin . . . all Europe found its ideal small car—visualized by American engineering genius. A deft combining of European economy of upkeep with American comfort and stamina.

For the Erskine Six is evolutionary in its development—sacrificing nothing to comfort because it is smaller than the large fine car—nothing to sturdiness and smooth going under all conditions, though it is relatively lighter.

Engineered and built by men responsible for the outstanding success of one of America's truly great cars—*Studebaker!*

Body of steel—by a master designer, recognized as one of the world's foremost—*Dietrich!*

Richly appointed. Roomy—plenty of head and leg room even for six-footers.

An American fine car after the best traditions—but more compact; a car of splendid reserve energy, of lightning pickup, agile in traffic.

Now Studebaker offers this little aristocrat of the fine car field in four models—Custom Sedan (for five), Tourer (for five), Custom Coupe (for four), Business Coupe (for two).

Arresting Style—Luxury

The body lines of the Erskine Six as evolved by Dietrich are a revelation of beauty and trim, modish contour. The embossed panel on the hood, the handsome crown fenders, the beautiful lines of back and roof are characteristic of the finest custom body practice—secured only by expensive dies and deep drawing operations upon sheet steel. The French visor, tilted at a smart, military angle, accentuates the distinguished European body lines.

Finished in lustrous lacquer with distinctive striping—rich in appearance—built to defy weather and wear.

Upholstered richly in broadcloth with embellishments of broadlace. Hardware in silver finish; dome light, robe rail and silken curtains carry out the air of luxury. Receptacles for gloves and cigarettes at each end of the instrument board.

New-type, one-piece windshield, adjustable for ventilation. Instrument board includes speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge and ammeter. Cowl ventilator, automatic windshield cleaner and rear-vision mirror are also standard equipment. Custom fashion and luxury both inside and out.

Precedents of Performance

The engine of the Erskine Six develops 60 miles an hour—effortlessly—accelerates from 5 to 25 miles in 8½ seconds.

Climbs an 11% hill in high gear under full load. Travels 25 to 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline—1,000 miles to the gallon of oil! A two port manifold, properly heated, aids in making possible this notable efficiency.

18-foot turning radius!—slips through traffic like a bicycle—parks in spaces bigger cars have to pass up.

Triumph of Design

The Erskine Six engine is of 2½ litre capacity, L-head type—inherently balanced—extra quiet—simple—a smooth-flowing power plant with flexibility and strength as well as speed. Filtration system guards moving parts from impurities.

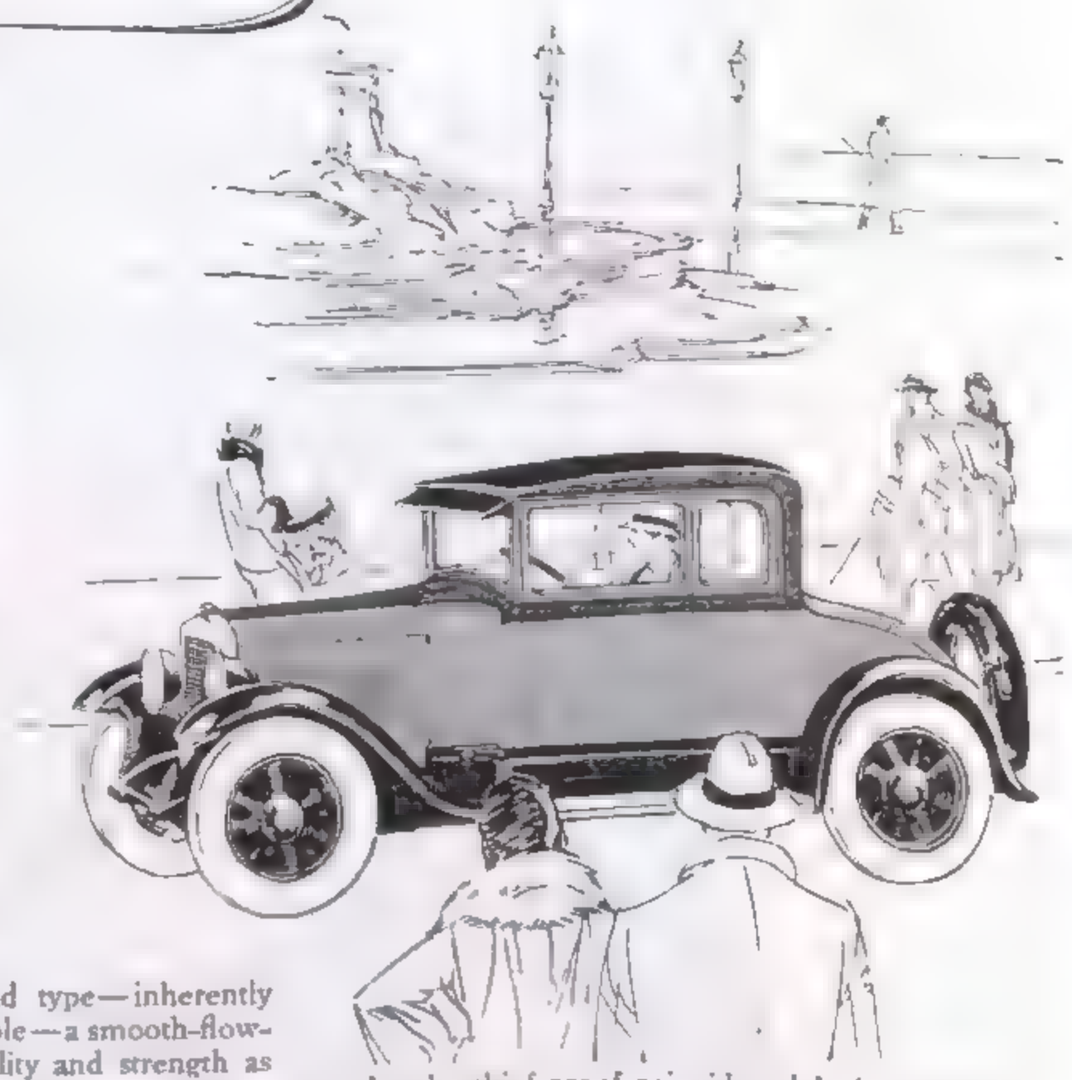
The Erskine chassis is swung low, giving it the secure grip on the road assured by a low center of gravity. Chassis balance that takes the curves at top speed with all four wheels on the road.

Vibration brought to its vanishing point—frame of heavy, channel steel braced rigidly with six cross-members.

Safety with Comfort

The full-vision, all-steel body of the Erskine Six brings a new measure of safety and simplifies driving. Extra wide windows, narrow pillars, *unobstructed vision.* The car control afforded by the positive-acting 4-wheel brakes brings a sense of security at all speeds. Safety lighting devices include twin-beam headlights and combination stop-and-tail light.

The comfort of the Erskine Six is most remarkable—body space so well utilized that there is ample room for even the largest persons. Cushions are shaped for restfulness—doors over 26 inches wide—steering wheel position most convenient—gear shift and emergency levers right at hand—thief-proof coincidental lock mounted on steering column.



Great riding ease is achieved by cradling the body in a spring-base equal to 82% of total wheelbase.

Oilless bushings and leak-proof universal joints minimize necessity of greasing. Battery and tool boxes conveniently located on running boards. Throughout the entire car, both in chassis and body, simplicity and accessibility have been achieved.

What London Said

The Automobile Expert of the London Daily Chronicle after inspection of the Erskine Six at the Olympia Show described it as follows in his paper:

"When looking for sheer value for money and taking no cognisance as to country of origin, the new Erskine saloon on the Studebaker stand is another exhibit which forces attention. The value is so outstanding that it is apparent at a glance

"Though I have not yet tried the car, they tell me it has an excellent acceleration capacity, and does nearly 30 miles to the gallon.

"While naturally reserving final judgment until after the actual trial, I must say it looks one of the best value for money newcomers we have seen for a long time."

ERSKINE

Erskine Six
Custom Sedan
$985
f. o. b. factory

SIX

Studebaker's New 2½ Litre Car

(Continued from Page 91)

interested in bedecking the human form she easily could have excelled as an interior decorator or made her mark as a painter. When she went to the Continent it was not unusual for her to be laden with easel, paints and brushes under a spring sky in Normandy, more excited—for the nonce—in placing on canvas some natural vista before her than when designing a work of art for England's greatest beauty.

England's greatest beauty! Who was she? How impossible would it have been to choose her among the hundreds of exquisite women coming to our establishment! Carriages with high-stepping horses, most proper coachmen and footmen driving up the livelong day and depositing great Junoesque beauties, or others of "form and feature delicate"; blondes, brunettes, and the very popular Burne-Jones girl, the Titian-haired English type.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones, the gifted and famous son of Sir Edward, often sought an hour's relaxation with us. He was tremendously interested in Lady Duff-Gordon, not only as a woman but as an artistic symbol, one who instinctively carried out his own ideals in everything she created, although her *métier* was naturally quite different from his. I remember him arriving one day, a man of that peculiar distinction which sets off black clothes perfectly, when Her Ladyship was off on one of her spontaneous vacations. Sir Philip regarded me in a disappointed manner for a moment as I greeted him. I understood his woebegone expression, for I knew how he enjoyed to watch her, talking brightly all the while as she draped some new creation about one of the models. He was as interested in the actual technic as in the result, and a particularly sympathetic observer. Although he seemed disturbed that afternoon, I asked him to stop awhile to take some tea. To my surprise, he accepted.

Posing for a Princess

"Would you like to see some of Her Ladyship's latest creations?" I asked.

His eyes lighted, quickly pleased. I went upstairs and chose several exceptionally beautiful dresses, flaming with color, asking Hebe, a graceful tall creature with red hair and a mobile expression, to present them. As she appeared again and again, in one dress more exquisite than another, he stood up, walked about her, looking at each detail as keenly as anyone of our most fastidious customers.

"Odd!" he kept repeating to himself, and "Remarkable!" He was suddenly silent, but finally turned to me and said in a quiet voice: "I wonder if you realize the great privilege you enjoy here, working with this genius who treats pieces of materials as every true artist must feel a picture should be treated. To look at a gown of Lady Duff-Gordon's is to look at a romantic dream—a dream of something that never was, and never will be."

But I must not give the impression that every creation stamped with the genius of my employer met with the favor and artistic appreciation of Sir Philip. Every iconoclast—especially in art—is frowned upon by the reactionary element. There were those who felt the early Victorian period with its lavender memories of crinoline and fashionable ladies with the vapors was all sufficient. When Lady Duff-Gordon had the temerity to dip back into the barbarous devices of that earlier day, to select nonchalantly the colors from the plaids, the hues of the bars and checks of the 1850's, I suppose it annoyed them. And when she chose, with even greater deliberation, to rearrange the bright blues, the crude violets and hideous crimsons into exquisite examples of the unusual in dress, the female Tories of that time quickly intrenched themselves behind the styles of various old-fashioned dressmakers, following their Queen, Alexandra. Although she originated the fad of the jeweled dog collar, which is still popular among elderly women, this static royal beauty—before her marriage to King Edward VII Denmark's lovely princess—rather avoided change in fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon sighed when she thought of what could be done to modernize that slender figure, whose dignity of line was truly regal. But it so happens that England's queens have never been leaders in fashion, although her kings and her royal princes have changed the fortunes of tailors and haberdashers overnight.

One winter day in 1905, as I went over the morning mail, I was delighted to receive an envelope marked with the royal seal. Opening it, I found a message from one of the ladies in waiting to the Princess of Wales, now Queen Mary of England. She made an appointment to come to us to choose several models for Her Royal Highness. When she came, several days later, she chose ten gowns, telling us to bring them the following afternoon to the Court of St. James, where I was to exhibit them in the private drawing-room of Princess May, as she was then called. Very much excited, we drove in Lady Duff-Gordon's smart barouche to the palace, where stood the famous Horse Guards on duty at the entrance. I felt like a little girl in a fairy tale, expecting to awaken and find it all a dream. A liveried servant received us and we were taken down a long and splendid hall, where the lady in waiting met us before a door leading to the private royal apartments.

As we entered the room we curtsied to Princess May, who sat before a small table, waiting. With her were two middle-aged ladies, evidently secretaries. They arose and showed us a room near by, where two maids waited to help me change my costumes. Princess May looked at the dresses but was quite silent. Finally she asked me if I had brought any samples of materials other than those the dresses were made of. Luckily I had dozens of little colored squares of chiffons, silks and satins with me. It took her but a moment to decide upon a model in Alice-blue silk trimmed with chiffon of the same color, heavily embroidered in gold and silver.

The apartment in which we were was dreadfully old-fashioned. I presume it had been decorated many times. Then it was ugly, with heavy pieces of carved walnut furniture, dark hangings and rugs; many photographs of members of the royal family on the walls gave it the only light touch in the room.

Princess May selected five dresses in all. One of the secretaries gave me her measurements, and a week later, by appointment, I returned with a fitter to try on the new gowns. They cost twenty-five guineas each, and it was understood, of course, that they were to be copied for no one else then in the United Kingdom.

Pursued by Success

Although His Royal Highness, King Edward, never personally honored our establishment, many noted customers went there because of the royal approbation. Among the women who became loyal followers of the Duff-Gordon ideas in costuming was the Honorable Mrs. George Keppel, an imposing figure. She was a most happy person, endowed with a gift for friendship, and one of the very popular society women of her day, gay and adventurous. They said of her that she was the one woman in London without an enemy.

Another customer, and a good friend of the King, was the serene and darkly beautiful Lady Muriel Wilson. For Lady de Bathe—formerly lovely Lily Langtry and also a royal friend—Lady Duff-Gordon had made marvelous garments which hid yet revealed the splendor of her perfection. The Jersey Lily, as she was nicknamed by the press—she came from Jersey, in the Channel Islands—was then at the height of her charms. She was so beautiful crowds gathered about her carriage when she drove out. King Edward also admired the quaintly simple frocks designed for the amusing Margot Asquith, one of the most appreciative and gracious customers it was my pleasure to know.

It is, I think, both difficult and unwise, when delving into one's memory, to choose and set down with certainty that excelling moment which might be called the time of greatest success in a career. As Lady Duff-Gordon met success more than halfway in the beginning, and was pursued by it constantly in the years which followed, later in France and also in America, it is impossible as well as unwise to try to write of any supreme moment. But when Sir Charles Wyndham, the English actor so adored by the London public, brought his leading lady, Miss Mary Moore, to us one summer afternoon with the announcement of a new production, a smart society play by Henry Arthur Jones, I recall the moment most vividly as having something vital to do with Lady Duff-Gordon's fame.

The High Cost of Clothing

Sir Charles was then the John Drew of the British theater, and Miss Moore, also his partner in the proprietorship of several London theaters, was as dainty and fair as he was meticulous. He was the Beau Brummell of London, and had just thrown a bomb into the conservative styles for men by appearing at a dinner party in a purple evening suit trimmed with black braid. Later he wore dinner clothes in various colors, and many have followed his edict of the one in dark blue. It looks fresher and has more life than black, under artificial light. The new play, The Liars, proved a popular success and had a long run.

The leading lady's costumes were as much talked of as the play itself, and it seemed to me that the creator of them went up several rungs of the ladder of fame with one unexpected leap. These dresses were not so different from others of that period in line or material, but they gave one the feeling of Sir Philip Burne-Jones' romantic dream. They seemed too good, too beautiful, to be true. It was not uncommon to see sketchers from other dressmaking houses in the audience of The Liars night after night, with pencil and pad, drawing busily the moment Miss Moore came on the stage. The Liars and its star's dresses were the talk of London for a long time.

Prince Albert of Monaco, with his second wife, Princess Alice, once came incognito, ostensibly to purchase gowns for Her Highness. I exhibited the dresses myself, as it was immediately evident we were of the same figure, although she was many years my senior. Their Highnesses sat impassive, watching me come and go as though I were some marionette on the string of fashion. Gloomily, silently, they arose after I had passed and repassed them a dozen or more times, giving no order, making no comment. They appeared thoroughly bored with me, with the establishment, and especially with each other. We were not surprised to learn of their divorce a few months later.

In those days clothes were comparatively cheap. One might buy a frock there for as low a price as sixteen guineas—about eighty dollars. Today a fashionable London dressmaker charges from forty to eighty guineas, or approximately two to four hundred dollars.

Among the first to complain of prices were certain of our titled customers. Conscientious objectors from the moment they decided upon a gown, they became annoyed when the price exceeded even twelve guineas. They evidently believed their titles were worth a reduction. But they returned, season after season, realizing they could procure styles truly individual, styles never affected by what one or more of a conclave of modistes decided upon. It was my employer's desire to produce rich and beautiful garments, regardless of what they finally cost. She thought only of the result—a masterpiece.

As it had become our habit to exhibit new models at regular intervals on the stage in the large drawing-room, our customers looked forward to receiving invitations, just as they might anticipate a social event of great importance. If by accident someone was forgotten we were soon apprised of the fact by a curt, accusatory letter in the post the morning following the showing.

Rows and rows of gilt chairs seated an audience of unusual character. Curtains were drawn, a hush of expectancy dwindled the conversation, the chatter and gay laughter; the footlights were turned full on, the blue chiffon draperies properly adjusted, and Hebe or Corisande advanced across the stage, like some sacred or profane love, according to the dress.

Backstage, Lady Duff-Gordon, as excited as an artist at the hanging of his pictures before an important exhibition, showed her ingenuity, constantly changing a fold of lace here or a flower there, to achieve some graceful effect. Out front, duchesses and dukes, countesses with their earls, lords and their ladies, beautiful music-hall stars, a princess here and there, famous writers, painters, actors and actresses, sculptors, fascinating ladies of leisure—one and all, they had come to see the unexpected which had now become the expected of Her Ladyship.

As in a theater, there were programs for each of these performances. Choicely printed in an old English script, they became artistic souvenirs of a memorable occasion. Each gown was named and listed on the program. Recalling these, I cannot but wonder just how seriously our audiences considered the names. Today they would doubtless be the butt of many an ironic columnist. But then, when one took life more seriously, more romantically, and, I fear, with more sentimentality—although with less sentiment, because of the fripperies—than today, their listings were accepted as quite charming.

What's in a Name

An old program before me names the gowns of that particular exhibition, beginning with the modest Come to Me and Come Into My Garden and My Heart! Then Unconsolable Sorrow, a widow's weeds in unrelieved black, depending on its line entirely. I recall it followed by Consolable Sorrow, a model we all were to remember too well. It was copied so many times, with many six-month widows ordering it! It, too, was black, but with interesting touches of gray here and there, indicating subtly that a widow wearing this gown was beginning to think once more of things mundane.

The Captain With the Whiskers was an immediate success. A first-party dress for a debutante, it was so named because of the popularity of bewhiskered, uniformed gentlemen at dances given in private homes in those days. Every young girl nurtured the ambition of attracting the attention of a fashionable captain with whiskers.

Lady Blessington was a peony-pink silk taffeta, flounced and frilled, with a deep fichu of creamy lace, and a large taffeta hat adorned by pale-blue loops and streamers of velvet ribbon. This was inspired by the picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Alas, the Sighing Sounds of Lips Unsatisfied has completely escaped my memory! Also, the Garden of Karma, named after a poem by Laurence Hope. But When Passion's Thrall is O'er was as unforgettable and as daring as its name. A riot of orange and red chiffon, veiled in mauve-colored chiffon, an amazing bit of artistry, cunningly devised, almost sinister in its beauty. On the same program is Sunset in the Highlands, a dress with shades of violet and red dissolving mysteriously into soft browns—as memorable as a highland sunset indeed. Gretna Green was a chic traveling dress in a hunter's-green broadcloth, suggesting most suitable attire for a runaway marriage, Gretna Green being a very popular place for elopers at that time. The Sea Shell and the Breeze was a divine confection of iridescent grays, shell pink and soft blue fashioned of tulle, with sparkling paillettes.

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of articles by Miss Elsie as told to Avery Strakosch. The next will appear in an early issue

...about *no account* Horsepower

IT strays up the flues in the form of unburned gases. It wanders away from poorly insulated pipes or surfaces in the form of heat radiation. It shuffles off in steam leakage. It shirks all along the line because it is not properly guided.

A startling amount of industrial horsepower, carefully raised from the coal pile, turns out "no account." It just never gets to work.

Making this "no account" horsepower get to work is a lot cheaper than creating new waste again and again.

Let a Johns-Manville power specialist go over your plant and show you how "no account" horsepower, now a large loss, can be changed into a large gain.

Johns-Manville Packings, Insulations, Refractory Cements, etc., help to transform your "no account" horsepower into the kind that helps pay dividends.

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SAVES HORSEPOWER

Especially Designed

for smart new shoes—

These trim new "U. S." Rubbers

EXACT FIT for all the latest styles in shoes—that's what you can count on in "U. S." rubbers and arctics.

Each year our skilled designers study all the latest shoe models. Every season we add new models in rubbers to conform to the changing styles.

And because they fit, they wear. They are made by the world's largest rubber company, with all the skill developed through seventy-five years.

No wonder these "U. S." rubbers and arctics look better, fit better, and wear longer than ordinary rubber footwear!

It will pay you to look for the "U. S." trade-mark. It is on the smart rubbers and arctics made only by

United States Rubber Company

The newest and smartest creation for women!

At last, a neat, stylish galosh that's just the right height. Warm—yet light and smart. In gray or tan tweed or in black jersey. Many other trim "U. S." styles, too, to fit your newest shoes.

"U. S." Rubbers are designed to fit well, look well, and wear well

Designed to match the new brogues that are so popular this season with men. Fit trimly and snugly—yet slip on and off easily. And because they fit—they wear! You have your choice of many other "U. S." styles, too—for all kinds of wear and weather.

"U.S." Rubbers

Trade Mark

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

THE HAPPY PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 28)

the heroic marks of the Christian character, not so much puerile humility as we used to show to the world, not nearly so much impudence as these moderns show to the Almighty, whose back is never turned to our performances.

The more I see of people, East or West, in this new world, the more does the impression deepen in my mind that they have no fixed premises to start from or to return to as exalted spiritual beings, getting a lesson in faith by living in the flesh, because they do not believe they are such beings. They may be right about emancipating themselves from the terrifically commanding idea of providence, and from what we called the eternal order of things, in favor of their own providences and short-termed orders; but, if they are wrong, they are heading straight toward destruction by their own hands. A catastrophe that has happened before on this earth—more than once it has been wiped clean of man and all his works. He did not even leave so many bones behind him as other animals have done that perished then.

If it happens again I do not suppose there is any timekeeper in eternity who will so much as glance at the clock to note the time of day when the disaster was finished. It will be in that wideness an incident of relatively little importance, like brief bad news items from other districts of this universe. Besides, whatever may be said of these distant planets, there is a spiritual element breathed long ago into the dust of this one. Another race of men will spring from it presently, with better judgment of values, nobler powers of mind and body. Every time we come again we are abler, as Adam was a grand improvement on those original merely male and female humans who antedated him, according to the record in Genesis.

As for me, my imagination quails before this next interim of awful silence. I do not care to be mixed up with such a tragedy, even in the ancient dust of my grave. I am for holding fast to God, the original premise of all things. If I go wrong then it is much simpler to turn back home in Him and start all over again, sanctified and freshened for the journey, than it is to wander around frivolously at loose ends, as I see men and women doing now. Maybe they have always done it, but not with the golden calf of their own intellects to worship.

The materialists must often be amused at me, if they take any notice at all of me, because I am so short on logic and consistency, artlessly claiming the providence, either personal or impersonal, according to the kind I need on that page to convey my thought. But, I ask you, did ever you see any man who was logical and consistent in his thinking and living? If so, you did not see him when he did not know you were observing him. I may be a fool, but not that kind. I can at least rise upon the wings of my foolishness, which is something no materialist can do. He is committed in consciousness, by his philosophy, to sharing the same fate with the lowest animals. Whatever mine may be, I have no such diminishing consciousness, which gives me a tremendous advantage over him.

It is never normal to keep a diary even of your thoughts, much less your feelings. Only sedentary people who have grown listlessly self-conscious, mentally or physically, through extraordinary circumstances or illness do it. For years I have written little sketchbooks of the thoughts and visions that come to me, because I have lived in a remote place with practically no companionship except that of my own mind and imagination. These conditions were changed in the West, because of the fleeting companionships. In another way, however, they were intensified by long days of illness when my mind remained well and fairly active. Never before had I been confined to my bed except for brief periods. It was during my stay in Los Angeles that I seemed to be getting on my feet again. Not only that, but I was taken cheerfully and completely out of myself by those blessed invocations I received as a popular author; a strictly local demonstration, you understand, and precisely the same which every writer of any note at all receives in the West.

Not one of these Westerners can lift his eyes to his sky line, to the purple tops of his mountains, without becoming as vocative as a child about his country, his ocean, his past and his future, which includes all the inhabitants, scenery and natural resources of that region. But to my mind their most lovable and enchanting characteristic is the generosity with which they recognize the faintest trace of a laurel on the stranger's brow, the largess of praise they are ready to bestow upon any person of talent, especially in the arts. As human beings they have a blithe climate, warm and sunny hearts. They are incapable of jealousy or indifference. They have a rare and sweetened quality of the mind, which, even more than their natural climate, probably accounts for the fact that so many artists and writers—gifted people of one sort or another—take up their residence on the West Coast. They are all well nourished with praise. I was literally pudgy with it after they discovered me.

This accounts for the fact that I lost my sketchbook and did not record so much as a date in it while I was in Los Angeles, though I was frightfully depleted financially during this half-year period. I can only remember that I left for San Francisco early in August, with everybody expressing a cool sort of wonder that anyone should care to go to San Francisco who had seen, felt and partaken of the friendliness and hospitality of Los Angeles.

You might live six months in San Francisco without suspecting any antagonism toward their Southern neighbors, unless you happened to notice the curious silence that falls upon them if you mention any city, town or circumstance connected with Southern California. But the effect is the same as if you had committed a breach of good manners. They endeavor politely to change the subject, after leaving you a perceptible moment to dangle in this silence. It is similar to the coldness which frequently exists between the cousin branches of the same family.

The new city they have built upon the ruins of the old San Francisco seems older and grander. Never were there firmer foundations laid against the internal jostles of the earth.

There are classical fronts and doorways in the new parts of the town that remind one of the ancient doorways in the oldest parts of London, streets cobbled like the oldest streets in Madrid. Over all an air of permanence and dignity. The idea is that here in this calm old wide-open town they have acquired the arts some time ago, all the excellences and culture successive breeding affords, and are now sitting restfully upon the same. They only give way to their Western emotions in splendid processions and tremendous entertainments. They have a passion for jubilees. They will give a diamond jubilee breakfast at the dropping of a hat, and invite the world to be present. They make a fête day and resolve themselves into a procession in honor of anything from the Forty-niners to the celebrating of Navy Day, or the return of a hero from the air. And they have the only romantic mayor in existence, kept, I do believe, especially to officiate on these occasions. He wears black mustaches, a broad-brimmed black hat, cocked slightly to one side, with or without a plume, and boots! No matter what the remainder of his regalia may be, he wears boots summer and winter, in times of peace and of war, every day no less than upon these grander days, and he always rides a horse.

I was in San Francisco the day the city turned out to meet Captain John Rogers and the two young airmen just after they had been rescued from that Ancient Mariner's adventure, lost upon the seas around the Hawaiian Islands, which came so near costing them their lives. At three o'clock, after a grand parade, they finally arrived at the hotel, where the women of the city were to entertain them. I saw Rogers come in, walking briskly, like a desperate hero hurrying through intolerable glories. He was accompanied by those two young airmen who had shared his perils. They were grinning sheepishly, each one wearing a diamond ring on his finger, that finger raised, sticking out as if it had some kind of glad bone felon on it. The city had presented Captain Rogers with a magnificent silver service, but to these youths they had given diamond rings.

That is your West, North or South. They are bound by no loving-cup traditions. Their adulations are personal to you and original with them. They are capable of decorating you with a double golden chain, studded with jubilee diamonds, if you are a national hero, or if you have been a worthy citizen in straitened circumstances they may endow you with an estate, although the world never heard of you. I actually did hear of a poor young man who had given much of his time and service to the city of San Francisco without compensation and without political designs upon any public office. After fifteen years' labor as a silent patriot a number of rich men figured it out that the city was in debt to him. They subscribed sixty-five thousand dollars, bought a prosperous business and presented it to him, after underwriting his credit at the bank for a good many thousand more, in case he should need additional funds.

When you are making a happy pilgrimage under difficulties, you are entitled to itemize your experiences in the record you make of the adventure without seeming egotistical, except to that class of critics who would convict you of their own fault whether you are guilty or not. Therefore, I go on to say that it will ever remain a source of gratification to me that I continued to be a mildly distinguished old person in this fine grave city without standing before an improvised counter in a bookstore to hold the surging crowd's attention by reading from my works while the flying clerks sold autographed copies of the same. This is a good business, but it would embarrass me at the end to stand at the bar on the last day and be judged as the greengrocer of my books, because it will be dangerous enough to be marked down as merely the author of the things. Still, I did have a lively experience in a bookshop there. I had gone in with a young woman who is now by way of being a popular writer in the West, but who was distinguished then only privately for her wit and grace. When she disclosed my name to the manager of the shop, he exclaimed:

"What a coincidence! Your mother has just been in here asking for one of your books."

For the briefest moment I was disconcerted by this news, since my mother passed away nearly forty years ago.

"Well, it is a coincidence. I had no idea she was in the city," I replied. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. She said so."

"What age woman did she appear to be?" I asked.

He stared at me, growing more and more amazed with certain estimates of ageableness which he must have been making secretly.

"Why—er, she appeared to be about your age!" he exclaimed.

"She was fifteen years younger than I am now, when she died," I told him mildly.

His only reply was to cast a sort of wing-flapping eye gesture at his stock of books, indicating that some were gone forever. It turned out that my "mother" had induced him to send the only copies of my books he had to her address on approval—a recklessly roguish old tourist passing through the city. We must take our praise where we find it in this world. I derived what satisfaction I could from the fact that somebody admired my works well enough to obtain them by assuming a fraudulent maternal relation to me. I hoped she was a handsome woman, but I did not have the heart to ask her poor victim how she looked.

So far as I know, I committed only one breach of wise manners in San Francisco. This was on the occasion when I was invited to address the Kiwanis Club at their weekly luncheon. I sat beside Chester Rowell at the table. He is made on the square, physically speaking: short in the legs and wide in the body, with no more depth than a comfortably thin man. He has a broad, square-jawed, pink face, blue eyes, small but positive. He is a great editor, a famous student of international affairs, and one of the idols of the West.

The mistake in manners to which I have referred occurred after my talk—when nobody with the soul of wit should make one—after the meeting was over and I was being cordially received in a handshaking seance with the audience.

I had heard much of native sons in California. In every city or town I visited temples or halls have been erected to or for these sons. But I had never seen one beyond the age of schoolboys and college students whom I knew to be of this vintage. So when my hosts asked me that day if there was a single thing they could do to make me happier—which is their gracious custom toward the stranger within their gates—I said, "Yes, I wish to meet a native son." What, the very idea of my not having met such a person! California was literally teeming with native sons, and so on and so forth, but not producing the article for which I called.

"Just show me one," I insisted.

I was conscious of having created an embarrassing situation. But what could I do? To save their very faces I was obliged to wait until they fetched him forth, even if they got him out of New England.

Finally they found one. And I had the privilege of meeting a certified native son at last—a fine-looking man, good face; but the fact that he had been born in the West had not done much toward adding that excessive cubit to his height we have somehow been led to expect. He was below medium height. My suspicion is that it is the shadows cast upon our imagination by this lofty land, crested with the tops of the high Sierras, and the exaggerated traditions of themselves and their country which these people promulgate, that produces this expectation. Every tall man whom I located, topographically, came from New England, Kentucky or some other state.

The youth of any country is its own divine product, and is worthy of more inspirational suggestions than we of the older sections bestow upon it, with all the expensive methods we employ to train it mentally and industrially. I have often thought that if we raised more monuments to great men and heroes in the remote country districts, besides those with which we garnish the parks and plazas of our cities, the effect upon the character of youth there would be more elevating than it can be in these great centers, where there are so many competitive grandeurs and frivolous distractions to dull the perception of young people concerning that which is ennobling and heroic. Monuments are the prides and vanity which rich cities can afford, but far out in the dumb backwoods of our civilization they are some of the necessities which we rarely provide. Country boys and girls literally starve for such visible inspirations.

California is making no such mistake. Her young people are the obvious heirs of

(Continued on Page 101)

GENERAL

HOME
in a GENERAL MOTORS *car*

AT LEAST three million men go home from their work in General Motors cars. Their most precious asset is their time, and the car conserves it. For those who love the country it makes possible a country home.

To the homes of 170,000 employes General Motors has a very personal relationship; it sends into them more than $256,000,000 a year in salaries and wages.

And this is only part of the story. For General Motors purchases supplies from more than 6,000 sources in all parts of the country; it is an important buyer of cotton, of lumber, of steel and of other raw materials; it is one of the largest customers of the railroads.

Thus the prosperity of any one industry helps all. And the prosperity of the automotive industry means good things, directly or indirectly, for almost every American home.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE • OAKLAND
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YELLOW CABS, BUSES and TRUCKS

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FRIGIDAIRE
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• • •

Fisher Bodies • Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment • Harrison Radiators • Jacox Steering Gears AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers—AC Oil Filters • New Departure Ball Bearings • Jaxon Rims • Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials and Bevel Drive Gears • Hyatt Roller Bearings Inland Steering Wheels Klaxon Horns

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General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire electric refrigerators and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the GMAC Payment Plan.

MOTORS

What kind of a sloganeer are you?

CAN you think up a slogan which will help us sell more Middishade Blue Serge Suits? Can you tell the Middishade story as concisely, yet as strikingly, as we have in the slogan—"There is no fade to Middishade."

We want slogans—good ones. We're ready to pay well for them. Here are the prizes:

First Prize $500

Second Prize $200

Third Prize $100

—and 25 Prizes of Middishade Blue Serge Suits

See a Middishade Blue Serge Suit—at the Middishade dealer in your town. We'll tell you who he is if you will write us. In that way, you will get a better idea of what you're writing about. Then write a slogan—not more than 10 words. When you've decided which one of your slogans is the best—write it on any sheet of paper, with your name and address. Or better still, write it on an official entry blank—furnished by Middishade dealers—but that isn't absolutely necessary. Then, in not more than fifty words, tell why you think your slogan is a good one.

That's all there is to this contest. Nothing to buy! See a Middishade Blue Serge Suit if you can. If not, study the points listed at the right. Then sum up your best selling thoughts on Middishade Blue Serge Suits in a snappy slogan—and mail it to us. Someone's due to be richer in the near future—why can't it be you?

Middishade Points That Will Help You!

1. Middishade Blue Serge Suits are guaranteed fadeproof, to give satisfactory wear and keep their original shapeliness.
2. Made by the world's largest "sergical specialists—operating on blue serge suits only"
3. Specialization brings the price down
4. Although all Middishade Suits are made from the same wonderful serge, infinite variety is achieved by the genius of one of America's greatest designers
5. There are 32 different models—"fat or thin, short or tall—Middishade can fit them all".
6. Blue Serge—the only Middishade material—is always in good taste—suitable for almost any occasion—the color which looks best on most men.
7. There's Middistripe, too—same fine serge with a silk stripe

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest is open to any man over 18, except employees of The Middishade Co., Inc.
2. The contest closes February 28th, 1927, at midnight.
3. No slogan containing more than 10 words will be considered. Brevity is important—the shorter the slogan, the better your chance to win.
4. Only ONE slogan from each contestant will be considered by the judges.
5. In addition to your suggested slogan, you must explain in not more than fifty words your reasons for selecting the slogan and why you consider it an effective method of advertising the good qualities of Middishade Blue Serge Suits.
6. The first prize will be awarded to the slogan, and the reasons therefor, which, in the opinion of the judges, is the one best suited to telling the Middishade story. The second, third and 25 suit prizes will be awarded to the next best slogans, and the reasons therefor

   If two or more contestants submit the same identical prize-winning slogan and the same reasons for suggesting such slogan, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each tying contestant. The decision of the judges will be final and binding on all contestants.
7. Suggested slogans and the "reasons" explaining your choice may be written on paper of any size or style—but you'll find the Entry Blanks a convenience. All Middishade dealers have them, but don't let the lack of one keep you out of the contest! Send your suggestions in any form—they'll be carefully considered
8. Give the name and address of the store where you ordinarily buy your clothes.
9. All entries should be mailed to The Middishade Co., Inc., at the address below, before midnight of February 28th, 1927

THE MIDDISHADE COMPANY, *Inc.*
MIDDISHADE BLOCK • DICKINSON, SOUTH 30TH, REED AND SOUTH 31ST STS.
PHILADELPHIA

Think of a slogan for

Fadeproof
MIDDISHADE
Blue Serge Suits

(Continued from Page 97)

tremendous inspirations as well as incredible opportunities. That state is forever widening the wings of her glories to catch the eyes and fix the attention of posterity.

Pioneers are the only effective people. When a man ceases to be a frontiersman in his mind and purposes, whether in the material or spiritual world, he is no longer a man in the whole sense of that sublime word. He is a consequence produced by himself. Therefore, whatever the pacifists may say or hope, man is the original name of war. He must fight and contend to change himself in order to survive.

That supernal dot of emerald green in the wide seas which we call England is now no more than the ancestral homestead of a great race of pioneers who have cut a highway of civilization around this earth, who have laid water mains through deserts and are still advancing, but at a slackened pace. However, the earliest inhabitants of the British Isles were savages. They had to be overrun, conquered, alloyed, smelted and changed before they became these men who have belted a globe with their empire.

If natives could make a civilization, Columbus would have found one upon the edges of this continent, whose shores he touched so vaguely. He did not because the North American Indians had already been natives so long that they had by that time become one of its natural features. They had sloughed off the history of their ages and could never tell from whom they had descended. Since we have begun to dig up the evidences of ancient civilizations here, we discover that the people who made them bear no resemblance to these Indians. The little clay faces turned up with many a spadeful of dirt in Yucatan bear the features of both the Nordic and Oriental races, but those of these Indians resemble them only as one human resembles another. Their features, skin and bodies were produced by submission to natural conditions as a plant is slowly changed and made indigenous to any climate and soil that produces it, if it survives at all.

The same is true of men everywhere. In Peru, before the Incas, lived a mightier race of men, different. They built their foundations in the earth more firmly, of stones no less huge than those in the Pyramids, without mortar. Yet they stand to this day. After the Incas came Pizarro with his conquering hosts. And the native Indians, not to be changed or assimilated, receded before the face of all of them. They remain naked savages in the jungles of that country—as there are savages in the heart of Africa who were not captured and sold into civilization by slavery.

We must be changed, born, and born again. Once in so often our corruption must rise and put on incorruption, or we perish into what we were in the beginning—no more than the naked prospects of immortal men.

So do we go forward, some part of us forever slipping backward. We veer this way and that, and no man is the captain of his soul. But there is a far-off divine event toward which we move, else by common consent we should cease to strive. Whether we call this the will of God or not, we must obey it. The scientist and the fundamentalist must lie down together—two old lambs at last—only to rise some morning with a fiercer argument, strive again toward another change.

But the time has come when these great movements of races cannot continue—too many people in them, not so many little wars and great plagues to reduce population. Science is making a great economy of human life. The multiple of numbers increases accordingly. More labor-saving devices being invented, with no scaling down of birth rates to correspond to the invention of machines that can do the work of from ten to a thousand men. Every natural resource is being exploited, consumed. So competition for a place in the sun grows desperate and immigration becomes a peril. Yet some kind of static condition begins if so much as three generations remain in the same part of an already highly civilized country without a change of breed—the crossing of strains, whereby the mind and body are freshened not only by new blood but new ideas.

In this vast country our best interests are served by migration instead of immigration. If not another foreigner landed upon these shores, we shall need a hundred years to assimilate those whom we have already received.

In the past seventy-five years the East has made the Far West. The North and the South have made the Far West. They have brought that section up to higher standards of civilization, in many particulars, than the older sections are now from which they migrated. The explanation is that not only did they become pioneers again by this change of scenes, climate and terrific opportunities, but they have already been orientated in this country. They had the "mettle of our pasture" in their blood. They speak our language. They could think from the start like Americans, with the same verve and audacity. The one grief and regret California suffers is the Orientals she imported.

In San Francisco I was now able to go to church and sit through a service without sinking into a cold perspiration, not of piety, but of physical exhaustion. And I made the most of this circumstance. I might have known what I should find, for now, more than ever before in their history, men are earnest and curious about the mysteries of the soul, immortal life and the great invisible. Still, the vocative strain of the Far West has not impressed me as being spiritual in the strictly religious sense. Therefore, I was amazed to find their churches crowded to the very doors at every service, with quiet, earnest, intelligent men and women. I suppose the temples of their various cults were also crowded, but what I mean is that now, as always, men and women seek to know God.

The difference was in the character of the preaching; far more intelligent than I have been accustomed to hear, but not so spiritual. It was, I should say, a sort of back-firing of the mortal mind toward Christianity, an effort to make the Gospel plausible to rationalists.

My churchgoing opportunities were limited in this brief period, but during the past six weeks in the West I heard a number of sermons, one of which impressed me as being literally and fearlessly inspired by the Word. This was on a Sunday morning in one of the fashionable churches in San Francisco. The rector's name, as I remember, was Deems. His sermon was a simple message of the love and will of God, recited with tenderness and awe. Later I was told that he had acquired this manner of preaching during many years when he had charge of a mission for sailors close to the wharves of San Francisco Bay. Certainly he had been down among men and knew how far and how near we all are to God.

I left San Francisco the next day for Santa Rosa. My recollections of the month spent in this lovely town are all so intimate and friendly that they keep like roses in the heart, but they might not make interesting copy for the general reader. Long, warm days spent in the open. Wide meadows illustrated with hoary oaks, swinging beards of gray moss from their green boughs. A glimpse far up the side of Mount St. Helena of a tumbled-down cabin where Robert Louis Stevenson wrote Treasure Island. A drive through the Valley of the Moon, that low-lying farmhouse bowered in trees where Jack London lived when we had that hot correspondence about the review I wrote of a certain novel he had written.

Alas, for the roaring London of those days! He was nearly the first red-blooded biologist we had in American fiction. With what fierce fangs he tore romance and sentiment, left us nothing but our sex to go on. How tame he reads now in comparison with the primitives. No man was ever more romantic in the impression he left of himself upon the startled imagination of his readers. He was really short of stature, with tired eyes. Yet he played, with the courage of true genius, the part of a tall, mad young John the Baptist, clad in a ragged skin, coming up out of the hot, hollow places of this torrid West, "with the sun in his eyes and offal on his lips," to proclaim a new sign of the zodiac in American fiction. A fierce soul with a barbarian's creed of life. Well, God rest him, just the same, and teach him, now stripped of that frail garment of flesh he wore, the science of the great reality.

Late one afternoon, as I was returning with the Shaws from a drive, we saw a very small, active old man step briskly across the road from his house and enter a great garden of flaming loveliness. This was Luther Burbank. As it happened, Doctor Shaw was his physician. Thus I came first to meet that great man. Standing in the velvet twilight of a California evening, the thing that impressed me most was the beautiful symmetry of his face, and its effulgence, lighted softly from within with that rare good will of wisdom. Presently he hurried back in the house and returned with two steaming hot figs—a part of his own modest evening meal—which were sweet and delicious. This merry, touchingly simple hospitality was characteristic of the man.

Later, one morning, passing by, we found him fussing among his lilies. He joined us and we spent a Paradise morning on his farm at Sebastapol. So many miracles there of fruit and blooms. One long traveling monologue of entrancing knowledge, made simple by the wisdom of a great mind, as we walked back and forth among his wonders. I cannot claim that much of it was addressed to me. It was the peaceful sunlight of his spirit let out in words over this vast budding and blooming family of his heart. Then again at a small dinner party given by a very ancient Japanese gentleman, called in those parts the Robinson Crusoe of Japan because he has spent fifty years there making a vineyard that produces wine which rivals the rarest vintages of the Old World. On all these occasions Burbank showed that fine soft luster of his spirit without the least consciousness of himself, disposed rather to the smiling silence of good will, inspiring others to talk better than Nature made them to speak, as an old rose will bloom again in the freshened air of kind warm weather.

The next time I start off on a happy pilgrimage a part of my preparations shall be the composition of a brief speech, denoting some dignity of mind and character, such as distinguished people are supposed to have, but elastically worded so that it may be used upon various occasions to express appreciation, admiration, faith in the land and the people whom I happen to be visiting at the time. Somewhat like that funeral discourse my dear Lundy once prepared in advance at the request of a good woman of his church when she supposed her son to be dying. As a matter of fact, he did not die, and one night, at a pinch, Lundy used the thing for a prayer-meeting talk with almost too much effect upon that faithful group, who could not understand why their emotions were so stirred.

Last year I left upon my travels without a copy of any of my books, without a photograph, without a single letter of introduction to a person nearer than Australia, and without so much as a formal sentence in my mind for public delivery. Afterward it turned out that I was frequently in need of a few elegant sentences. This was a risk I should never have taken, being too spontaneous by nature—that is to say, ardent and natural, lacking the manner and dignity of a worthwhile person.

Thus, the women of Santa Rosa participated in some kind of local jubilee about the time I arrived there, which I was not able to attend. After the celebration, however, came one of them bearing an armful of the most brilliant flowers I have ever seen, by way of welcoming me to their fair city. What I should have done was to receive the offering with some graceful, well-chosen phrases indicating proudly restrained pleasure and my own importance, after giving that dear woman a chance to make her own speech of welcome, which is no doubt bottled up in her to this day. For what I actually did before she got beyond the introductory sentence was to seize the flowers in one arm and embrace her with the other and kiss her fervently. This was literally our first meeting on earth, but the first thing I shall remember, if we meet in Paradise, will be the startled expression she wore on her mortal face that day as she backed gaspingly through the door and took her departure.

What I think now is, if the world thinks you are somebody, act up to their illusions even if you know you are no more of a body than other people, and thus avoid disappointing them in their purely romantic ideals.

I missed seeing the great redwood trees in Northern California and was obliged to content myself with a visit to the Armstrong forest near Santa Rosa and a view of Parson John there among his noble brethren. But the Parson was only sixty feet in diameter at the base; relatively speaking, a small stunted redwood, they told me. Dr. Elizabeth Yates took me on this excursion. She is a practicing physician past seventy years of age, active, graceful and young, who cheerfully takes the road at the rate of sixty miles an hour. A few months after I came back to the valley she dropped in to spend the week-end, no more fagged than a youth after the swing she had just made around this North American Continent. Those people in California! They retain the hearts of children for life and its experiences.

I had a heavenly long day's drive late in September with the Picketts from Santa Rosa to Berkeley, where I spent several days and where the very wow of my social experiences in California began. It ended a week later in Los Angeles at a Southern dinner—which we of the real South would have worked up as a Southern barbecue, out-of-doors, since there were five hundred guests entertained that evening at the Verbeck residence—served in courses, mind you, with plenty of room for everybody to tramp around afterward without crowding! The guests were all distinguished men and women in the arts, and if they were all real Southerners we now know why we at home are backward in the fine arts in this section. Our geniuses have gone West!

On the third day of October I left Los Angeles for Georgia, having been warned that I could neither risk a sea voyage nor the loftier altitudes in the mountainous regions of the Northwest. I was not homesick, but I began to weary for my old habits, interests and anxieties. I wanted to go home and worry about the weather, get up at night and look out to see if the stars were shining or if a cloud was gathering, close a window or open one, according to my weather prescience. A hundred dear anxieties began to crowd my mind like orphans crying for care and attention before the winter closed down hard and white over my valley.

I am not parsimonious. I am no homing bee of a traveler anxious to return caked with honey, but as I settled down for this long homeward flight it was natural that I should spend some thought in calculating my experiences as a pilgrim. What had I gained? Rest, refreshment, companionships, a closer walk with the men and women of my times—all that; but what wisdom of life that I did not have before? A good deal, but without one single conviction changed. I was going back to my narrow green grave of quietness among the North Georgia hills the same old person I was before I started on this adventure. Not a fault, dear hearts. If memories could be changed by modern facts what would become of our background, our histories and traditions? If old people wear young people's clothes, ape their minds and manners, are they not ridiculous?

The new world through which I had traveled seemed too far removed to worry

about. Other men and another order of minds have inherited it. Let them have it, was the way I felt, lying back lazily and peacefully, watching the desert fly past through the windows of that train, cactus, sage and sand, no longer impressed by this thirsty vastness. I had seen it before. But when I had been going through it on my way West early in the spring, I still owned some kind of equity in this dead, dusty miracle of heat and silence, as all the living must feel that all the earth is their inheritance. Now I had lost that feeling. I was only an ancestor. My mind belonged to the past. My faith, the very principles by which I had lived, belonged to the archives of human recollections; the stuff out of which moderns are now writing.

I made up my mind about the women of these times. They are after something, but they will not get it because they do not know clearly what they need, only rather too excitedly what they want. They want what men have got, not the same opportunities, but the same wisdom and license in living. I saw this in a book—a good saying, not so cynical as it sounds: "He is a fool who helps to make a woman wise." That is what the men of this new world are doing to their women—giving them access to too much of the wrong kind of wisdom. Formerly they had a finer regard for them.

I think women are losing their private minds—which is something men never lose. They have more and more the disposition to think, speak and act in public. This is dissolution, not of morals but of entity. They tattle themselves out telling nothing. Not the least thought or emotion remains hidden or unsaid. They expose their very instincts, which is the most perfectly nude nakedness in this world and never before admitted among the fine arts of living.

I cannot see that their records in public life justify their assurance. They may have done many creditable things. So have millions of women for ages without the bugling public to inspire them. Give them a chance in a big place with great opportunities and they prove to be mediocre as compared with men. They all have been controlled in their public manifestations by either their submission or antagonism to men. And one is as bad as the other. It is said with some show of authority that a woman can sometimes make a man great, but there lives not a man in the world who can make a great woman. His influence is too potent. It is bound to rock her boat.

And what of the men in this new world? Not changed at all, except in their relation to women. More powerful there, and far more indifferent to them. Look at what they are doing that men have never had the brains or power to achieve before. I have to hand it to them. They are supremely intelligent at last. I suppose they are as capable as they ever were of heroic deeds, sacrifices and splendid achievements. But I missed in them that noble sense of themselves the men of an elder generation did have.

Were their forefathers hypocrites, vain boasters, because they made more of heroism than these young ones? I do not think so. I think they lack some quality of spirit which their fathers had. I think the scenes of heroism have changed. It is to be found in doubtful intellectual ventures where there is no danger to incur; in the sporting world, where the other fellows play the game; in the commercial world, where wealth is the tawdry heroes' crown; on the screen, where great deeds, great sacrifices and courage are merely imitated. These circumstances make an amazing difference in the character of men and the sense they have of themselves. Thousands who are really doing the advance work of civilization are never heard of, rarely praised.

"Yes, yes," I said to myself; "but you must have found something to honor in this new world." I did—one great thing: There is less deceit in it than ever before. And to be without deceit is to invite virtue—every virtue. There is astonishing deviltry in its frankness, but also truth, that master key to great consequences. Give them time—oh, give them, time, my dears, and they will pass out of this stage of these childish antics of the carnal mind, and we shall have upon this earth the greatest race of men and women ever seen beneath the sun! Meanwhile, as we speed along, I take some comfort in the fact that God's affairs seemed to be going forward as usual. I could not perceive that the rationalists had put Him out of countenance in a single thing—day and night as usual, seasons changing as usual, grass still springing as it did on the morning and evening of the third day. All the chances we ever had for peace and happiness spread before us as they were before the first man. Nothing wrong with anything but us, and that because He has loaned us a little brain power by which to ascend to Him, misused still. I remembered a silly argument in this connection put up by somebody in the West merely by way of teasing my poor old hag-ridden pieties. He said he could not see how I could believe in the devil. Since God created all things and is a good God, how could I believe He had made the devil.

"You who reason so," I replied, "forget that he made man. There is the devil for you, and the saint, and all there is in the way of consequences!"

We are beginning to understand too much, so that we can no longer believe enough to save our own souls. I feel the horror of that sometimes. Though I have lived by faith, I begin to comprehend, I entertain strange premonitions of sane terrible wisdom. For example, being in the West where there are so many Orientals has been for me like taking a mental malady from them. I feel what they think they know, which is damnation to my faith. Far worse than rationalism is their dreadful ancientness of life and death. I have a hunch that these Orientals have discovered to their satisfaction that eternity is behind us instead of in front of us—appalling thought! I was glad to be getting away from those people, bewitched for so many thousand years by their philosophies.

Home at last on a bright October day! Smoke curling like an old lady's plume out of my cabin chimney, winds blowing a tide of autumn boughs high against the evening skies. Little flowers blooming, like the last faint line of a long summer song. All familiar things showing like blessings. The old dog knows me, yelping joy as if his dear mistress had risen from the dead. The cat with her tail up, three kittens trailing her with their tails in imitation. Everybody glad to see me! No tears, no ring or robe, no fatted kid, but better than a prodigal's return at that.

Now it is October again. Same wind blowing, bright tides of autumn leaves rising against the sky, last flowers blooming.

And I have spent the whole of this year in bed writing these recollections of last year. The happiest year of my life. Yet I am not content. Still I long for the further ends of that happy pilgrimage which I did not reach. Not submissive yet to lie upon my shield. It may be that the soul of me feels the approaching change, like a poor old homing bird whose wings tremble for flight. But for me there is no dependence to be placed in such premonitions. I have had them all my life. I would rather hold back now and outdo Moses at this business by traveling all my promised lands.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth and last of a series of articles by Mrs. Harris.

THE POETS' CORNER

I Wish I'd Been in the War

(Child's Complaint)

ROCKETS at dawning when the barn cocks crow.
Ev'ry man ashen and his heart pounds large;
Ev'ry man shaking as the minutes go.
Only seven more before we charge!

Rockets at dawning, and the men breathe fast.
There's half the division going through.
See the major sweating as he turns at last,
And puts away his watch - stand to!

Three golden rockets bright against the gray.
Hear the whistles shrilling up the line!
Heave up! Over! What's the captain say?
Battalion, steady! Right, incline!

Seven down, eight down! . . . Damn the wire and mud! . . .
Take open order! . . . How the hell can we see? . . .
Where's the major running with his face all blood?
Ten of us took cover here and now there's three.

Whistles shrilling out again! Bombers to the fore!
Forward the company! . . . What's left to run. . . .
Hold up, George! Whatcher screaming for?
Got it in th' guts! Let 'im go! He's done!

Machine guns!—drop, you fools! Listen to the lead
Like angry bees in summer. . . . Damn the smoke!
Stretcher! Stretcher! clear away the dead! . . .
And once I thought the war was just a joke!

Up again, you blighters! . . . Golly, ain't it wet. . . .
Mills grenades to clear that traverse—
8)
One last run for the crumbling parapet. . . .
Bayonets at the ready. Let's go!

Thrust! Hah! Use the butt. Guard again, there!
Smash 'im till he can't move any more.
Steel and butt and bullet—anything is fair.
Blood and mud and lead. That's war!

Glory and adventure! Hear the bugles call!
But, little brother, hide away and cry;
For it's nothing like the war you play at all,
When men you've learned to love go out to die.

Rockets at dawning when the barn cocks crow!
The best of the men will be the first to go!
Choking with the chlorine, croaking in the lead;
Lying in the wire and wishing they were dead;
Bleeding from the gullet, burning up with pain;
The best go first, and they never walk again.
Stand here, little brother, and watch the colors go.
Aren't the generals pretty as they lead the show?
See the shiny buttons and bands of shiny brass.
And don't you feel all thrilly as the men march past?
But remember, little brother, a battle isn't fought
With bands and shiny buttons, exactly as you thought;
And soldiers don't look pretty charging through the mud;
And there isn't much adventure with gas and lead and blood.
So remember, little brother, when the bugles . . .

The war they always talk of isn't like your war at all.

—*Albert Richard Wetjen.*

The Prodigal's Brother Stays at Home

YES, I live coldly, clammily;
That's absolutely true.
The pest of the family
Is you!

I'm of the humdrum laity,
And probably I'm wrong
That I don't join in gayety
And song.

Why will I not then play with you?
Why do I grub at home?
Why don't I slip away with you
And roam?

Why all my dull sobriety,
My sodden, sullen strife?
Why don't I seek variety
In life?

Brother, that's answered easily.
I have to boil the pot
While you are roving breezily—
That's what!

You say I plod on drearily?
Boy, who supplies the jack
To stake you when you cheerily
Come back?

—*Berton Braley.*

Tribute

IF YOU meant less to me, if you were naught
To be recalled, but just another face
Or one more name, I might not have to trace
So arduously the wording of my thought.

If you meant less, the lines might spring unsought
From pen to page with easy, unfelt grace.
The shallow compliments indeed might be
Beautiful in their insincerity,
If you meant less to me.

I shall not try in futile words of praise
To find expression—I can only bless
Your comradeship, your true responsiveness
To all my moods, the calmness of your ways,
And as returning seamen fix their gaze
On shore-lit beacons, guiding from afar,
I look toward you, who dear though distant are,
My constant, quiet star.

—*Carl W. Gluick.*

A Puzzle

I WONDER where the summer goes
When winter comes, don't you?
I wonder if it has a house
Up where the sky is blue?

I wonder if it goes up there
And puts its lovely head
Upon a pillow made of clouds
And sleeps on a cloud bed?

Or do you think the summer goes
Away beyond the sky,
Where angels sing and play all day
And people never die?

Where do you think the summer goes?
Nobody seems to care!
I've asked a lot of people and
They only smile or stare.

And yet it really seems to me
That someone ought to know.
How can the summer go unless
It has some place to go?

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

WHAT TO LOOK FOR IN A RUG

LOOK for beauty and friendly comfort; look for pattern and color that express the soul of your room; and, above all, look for the proof of the "hidden" values on which the final true worth of any rug depends.

For a rug is not just for today or tomorrow. You should select it as you would a silver service or a precious string of pearls . . . with a thought for the pleasure it will bring you for many years to come.

The real quality of the wool, the method of weaving, the way the yarns are dyed, the skill and care in the weaving itself . . . these are the "hidden" values you should be sure of.

Your eyes cannot see such "hidden" values of true worth and endurance in a rug. Nor can your hands feel them. Only by the confidence you entrust in the maker's name can you judge them.

The name "*Bigelow*" or "*Hartford*" on the back of a rug or carpet stands today for the priceless experience and fine workmanship of more than one hundred years. It is your faithful guarantee of the "hidden" values of honest worth and beauty that endures.

Bigelow-Hartford rugs are woven only of the best wools. Each loom is manned by a master craftsman. The yarns are dyed with the finest of the world's dyes. And talented artists are constantly creating new designs and patterns exclusively for Bigelow-Hartford.

These telling "hidden" values you will find in every Bigelow-Hartford rug and carpet. And, too, you will find a matchless variety of lovely patterns and colorings in every grade to suit every style of room and furnishings . . . at prices that are reasonable.

The rug shown here is an Imperial Bussorah Seamless Axminster, pattern No. 4051. Bigelow-Hartford Axminsters are unusually rich in texture and in stunning patterns and colors. Look for the name woven in the back of the rug.

Look through the variety of Bigelow-Hartford rugs and carpets. Examine the beautiful "Axminsters," of which an example is shown here, and also the "Wiltons," "Hartford-Saxonys" and "Servians." And always look for the name "*Bigelow*" or "*Hartford*" on the back as your guarantee of "hidden" values

Invaluable Booklet on Home Decoration

You are invited to write to our Department of Home Decorations at any time for suggestions on the selection of rugs and for advice on other home furnishing problems. Also we suggest you send 25 cents with coupon for our new booklet, "Color and Design—Their Use In Home Decoration," written by the famous interior decorator, Ethel M. Kremer. It is invaluable, and the price we ask is far below actual cost. Beautifully printed and illustrated, it is a work of art you will be proud to add to your library.

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RUGS & CARPETS

WEAVERS SINCE 1825

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Balloon tires are great . . . . but on the bad bumps you need good rebound control

Any automobile engineer will tell you

that balloon tires are a great deal more flexible than high pressure tires . . . that on bad bumps they flatten out more and have a greater tendency to cause your car to rebound. This is because of the *added impulse* that balloon tires impart to your car springs on the rebound.

That is why on the bad bumps with low pressure tires you need *rebound controls that are doubly effective*. On the other hand, your rebound controls must automatically ease up over car tracks and on "washboardy" or "cobblestony" roads in order to give springs and balloon tires unhampered play.

WEED Levelizers are designed to restrain sudden upward movements of the car-body when you hit bad bumps. They ease up on minor irregularities, controlling rebound in proportion to actual requirements—always with a *smooth, positive restraint*. No grabbing or jerking.

Levelizers are easy to attach—any garage man can install them quickly, at slight cost. Most cars have a hole provided in the frame, so if you are handy with tools you can bolt them on yourself. Simply follow the instructions which come with every set.

See your dealer about Levelizers. He has them, or he can obtain them for you from his nearby WEED jobber or distributor.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Incorporated*
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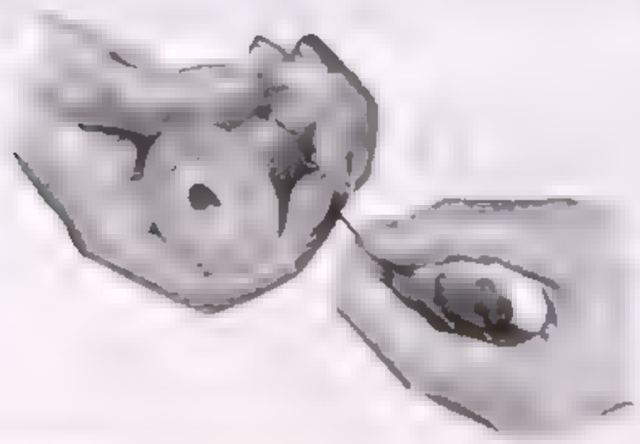
Makers of WEED Chains *and* WEED Bumpers

WEED Levelizers

They "level the road as you go"



The Levelizer principle

Wrap a string several times around a common wood spool, and hold loosely in your hand as shown in the illustration. Pull the string slowly and note how easily the spool turns. This is the action of WEED Levelizers over good roads.

Now give the string a quick, hard jerk. Note how the spool digs into your hand and resists the pull. This is the action of WEED Levelizers when you hit a bad bump. Levelizers pull on the axle and resist rebounds in proportion to the tendency of rebound.

SOME DAY

(Continued from Page 5

is to know in case you hear anything. Not on our account, you understand, but for the sake of Aliste's memory. You know the sort of innuendoes whispered round when this sort of thing happens. Well, Aliste wasn't that kind. I have reason to believe she acted on a sudden suicidal impulse, because she'd learned just after sailing what my wife and I had decided to do about her, and she got it wrong."

Clive merely nodded.

"Well, we thought we were acting for the best and for good and sufficient reason. Here was Aliste, our charge, showing every symptom of derangement—swinging to the other extreme of her retirement, breaking out in daring gowns, a lure for every sort of bankrupt adventurer, and spending her capital with both hands, painting this fisherman fellow tucked away in some little nook on the shore, hobnobbing with this singer, careering over the road from Biarritz to San Sebastian at all hours of night to gamble at the tables there. Suddenly run wild, you might say. We managed to persuade her to come back to America, and just after the ship sailed we made our fatal error. My constitutional fault is talking too much."

"To her?"

"No. That was the worst of it. We had deck staterooms and we forgot that Aliste's chair was right outside the window—the shutter drawn, of course. I was saying to my wife that there should be no difficulty at all in getting Aliste quietly examined for her mental condition by a prominent alienist, and in their finding her incapable of the management of her own affairs or even directing her own course of action, we would be not only justified but authorized in getting a conservator appointed to prevent her squandering her fortune. I'd just finished saying something of this sort when we heard a little noise outside the window, followed by the sound of somebody moving away. The cursed blind stuck the way they always do, and when I managed to get it open there was nobody immediately at that spot. But I at once thought it possible that Aliste had overheard everything I said and in her neurotic state of mind concluded that we had tricked her into returning to America in order to get her locked up in some sort of private madhouse."

Clive's face was somber. "That would be enough to do it," he said.

Mr. Porthieu nodded drearily. "You can imagine how the thought has haunted me. I was very fond of Aliste, as if she had been my own daughter. The surrounding conditions were of a sort to inspire a morbid impulse. A still, murky night in August, clear so far, but with a gale ahead. The glass was down and the sea smooth except for a big swell coming in from the Bay of Biscay. We got it on the nose the next day. Aliste went to her cabin a little later, and to bed. Said she felt the motion. My wife could get nothing out of her at all, and that was the last anybody saw of her. She must have slipped out sometime in the night, watched her chance and slid over the side. Got it into her morbid head in the reaction, after all her tearing around, that it would be better to find oblivion in the depths than to be put under surveillance. The sea always had a fascination for her."

His voice sank. Clive felt sorry for him; also intensely moved. That lovely girl—his first love, one might almost say; for that matter, his only one, as no woman he had met in his busy active life had ever so appealed to him as Aliste that summer in Greenwich, before he entered the Naval Academy.

"Had she objected to the idea of returning to America?" he asked.

"No, not particularly. We'd suggested it about a fortnight before we sailed. We'd planned a gay winter here in Washington, where we've lots of friends, and let her think that was on the program, with a run down to Palm Beach. I think she was getting a little tired of her new feverish activities."

"And her fisherman?"

"Oh, I doubt if that amounted to anything," Mr. Porthieu said wearily. "Somebody told me his boat had gone a few days before we sailed—out tuna fishing in the Gulf of Gascony. But the significant point I haven't told you, and this may have been another factor in Aliste's determination to end her life, Her entire fortune has or had disappeared."

Clive sat up straight in his chair. "How?"

"Over the tables, I suppose, though we could never directly trace it. You know how they are in these gambling establishments. But she might have been robbed or victimized in some fashion. That is another of our serious worries. It would naturally be said that I should have exercised some sort of supervision over Aliste's spendings. But, outside of a little remonstrance and a word or two of caution, I had not interfered. Mrs. Porthieu was for a while rather glad, on the whole, to see Aliste coming out of her shell."

"How had she drawn her money?"

"Well, first she had got the bulk of it in the bank in Paris, then transferred it to the Crédit Lyonnais. That, of course, made it easy for her to get what she wanted from their branch at Biarritz. With her identification *en règle*, there would be no difficulty in her drawing as long as there was anything to draw. As they saw it, she'd be merely another American heiress to whom the matter of a few million francs was a bagatelle with which to amuse herself for a season. That's where I was so horribly to blame. I never realized how she'd swung to the other extreme."

"And your relations were always friendly?" Clive asked.

Mr. Porthieu's face showed his difficulty in meeting this question frankly. He seemed to hesitate, then said desperately: "Well, Clive, you might as well have the whole of it. I have since come to the conclusion that Aliste hated us both like poison."

"Why?"

"She'd got it into her head that we were sponging on her," Mr. Porthieu blurted out with a directness most undiplomatic; "that we'd been doing that for years and were encouraging her retirement so that there might be more income for our joint use."

"Was there any ground for that?"

"Unfortunately, I'm bound to admit, there was. I've never been a business man. Never earned a dollar in my life except in the small matter of my pay. I've frittered away the bulk of the fortune Aliste's mother brought me, and married again the year after her death as a matter of convenience. I took it for granted that my present wife had a considerable fortune of her own and she made the same mistake in regard to me. It was Aliste's moderate income that has really been keeping us going, with the exchange where it stands."

"And she never knew that?"

"I don't think she'd ever given it a thought until one day, just prior to our sailing for America, I asked for a little loan. It all came out then and she was very bitter in a hard sarcastic way. Somebody evidently had been talking to her. Up to her outbreak we had lived nicely enough, getting a great deal for what we spent through my knowledge of how to make a little go a long way. The worst of it is that now with Aliste gone and her fortune gone, we find ourselves in a very embarrassing position."

"Hard up, you mean?" Clive asked.

"Well, that too, though we can manage to scrape along with the position I've been given as bond salesman for a big firm of some friends of mine. But, don't you see, there are apt to be rumors and queries as to what became of Aliste's fortune. Nobody who knew her in this country is going to believe she suddenly flew off the handle and started in on an orgy of spending and gambling. It's not in the character of her that everybody knew."

Clive nodded. The reason for Mr. Porthieu's call had now become fully evident. It was not that he wished Clive's advice as to the motive of Aliste's act, but because Clive in his European contacts was bound to meet many people who knew Mr. Porthieu, and that gentleman's acquaintanceship was not only very dear to him socially but now practically his sole financial asset. There might be opportunities for him as a sort of liaison factor, a go-between for important financial deals, or as a lobbyist. Such openings are apt to offer themselves to a man of Mr. Porthieu's position, and he would realize that his value in this respect would be negative with any smirch or off-coloration attached to his integrity.

Clive felt sorry for the man, whom he had always rather liked, even though considering him a bit of a bore. It was not difficult to understand how a man of Mr. Porthieu's careless nature in regard to money obligations should have drifted into sponging on his stepdaughter, she herself indifferent to the situation. Porthieu could scarcely have been expected to anticipate Aliste's sudden change of viewpoint, her abrupt awakening and frenzied efforts to catch up with those lost years of her life. As Porthieu said, somebody must have awakened her; and being once awake, she had realized and resented the fact that the Porthieus had been taking quiet advantage of her indifference and lethargy; that she had furnished an unwitting host for these parasites who, as Aliste saw it, had, like vampires, soothed her to deeper somnolence by the soft flutter of their wings while drawing their nourishment from her neglected estate.

But Clive's sympathy was cooled by the reminder that Mr. Porthieu actually was troubled less by the loss of Aliste than by the disappearance of her fortune and what people might be saying about it. Actually it did not matter greatly, as, except for her stepfather, Aliste had been alone in the world, and as they were of good accord, he might have been expected to inherit.

But Porthieu now said nervously: "A fortnight before we sailed I had a most unpleasant clash with Aliste. One might call it a scene, only that there was no audience—except the model—this Breton fisherman, Fanch Kerodec."

Clive reached for his notebook and jotted down the name. "He still hung round?"

"Yes. I'd caught a bit of gossip that made me think I ought to stop these posings in sheltered nooks along the shore. This day I went to look for Aliste and found that the posing was over and she and this young fisherman viking—for he looked more that than French—were swimming outside an ugly line of surf. Oh, it was less scandalous than it sounds. Aliste loved to swim and always took her suit along, and on that part of the coast there are plenty of grottoes. But I was angry. I talked to her sharply and gave the fellow a tongue-lashing in French. He merely stood and blinked at me in a stolid Breton way—a big blond *bœuf*. Honest, stupid, harmless and docile, like most of those slow-motion *pêcheurs*. They seem to keep their big hulks on a thin soup of bruised fish and bread and a jug of cider. Many have handsome lofty features, even when there's nothing else behind them. It was the picture, not the bathing, that made me so cross. Aliste had posed him as Leander drowned on the shores of the Hellespont. She seemed to have a morbid, insistent idea about painting drowned people, and that's significant in view of the tragedy later."

"And all this while she was so gay?" Clive asked.

"It was a false gayety, I now believe—hectic, and with a sort of high-temperature curve, like a Malta fever. It would run along for a while, followed by a low period, then flare up again for another series of days. Between the exacerbations she would paint like fury. Then all at once she'd put away her paint things, go out and spend a lot of money on a gown or a jewel and start on a dancing and gambling spree."

"What became of her jewels?" Clive asked.

Mr. Porthieu looked distressed. He jumped up and started to pace back and forth. "There's another thing that might look badly for us, Clive. Several women we knew over there have asked my wife that question. Aliste must have put them all on before she slipped overboard. There wasn't one of them among her things."

"Are you sure she had them with her?"

"Yes; because when she came aboard she was wearing her pearl necklace and wrist watch, a bracelet and some rings. She had been in one of her excited moods before we sailed."

"What was she wearing when she—disappeared?"

"A dinner gown of sorts; the kind of thing you might expect aboard ship. Not much to it and little underneath—in the modern way girls dress. She'd got to be quite a beauty, you know, in her distinctive way. More robust and developed than when you knew her, and there was something about her nearsighted eyes and peering look that appealed to many men—a sort of intimacy in the way she brought her face close to that of the person she was talking to—mouth seductive and inviting. Her face was provocative, if you know what I mean."

But Clive scarcely heard this last. "Then she got overboard in evening dress and all her jewels? That sounds like sudden suicidal impulse."

"Precisely what it must have been, but with some premeditation too; because she evidently slipped on a long dark raincoat to make herself more inconspicuous, as the night was very warm. You can see how horrid all this is for us. People naturally will reason that she could not have had any affection for us at all. At the end she'd have left at least a line to exculpate us, some good-by message for us and a word of regret."

"That does look bitter," Clive admitted. "Had anything disagreeable passed between you after coming aboard?"

"No. As a matter of fact, Aliste seemed gay, in her recent feverish excited manner. Some friends had brought her from Biarritz in a car—new friends of hers whom we scarcely knew. They all came trooping aboard and Aliste ordered champagne. She must have overdone it a little, being not long accustomed to that sort of thing, as she went to her room to lie down immediately the ship sailed. And that was actually the last I saw of her."

"Did she have anything to say to Mrs. Porthieu?"

"Not to mention. My wife looked into her cabin, which was in the next corridor, to ask if she was coming to dinner, and she merely said no, that she wanted to rest. But a little later she must have changed her mind, for she got up and dressed for dinner, as the stewardess reported she had ordered a split of champagne, and when she brought it mademoiselle was in evening toilet and wearing her jewels."

"Then neither you nor Mrs. Porthieu talked to her at all after she came aboard?"

"No—except for my wife's looking into her room. Fact is, we were rather upset by the noisy crowd Aliste was with. We were inside when the ship cast off, not caring for the jokes the friends on the wharf were flinging after her."

"Americans?"

"No; French parvenus I should say. Three young men who might have been the pampered sons of profiteers, and two girls who, if not demimondaines, were certainly no great distance removed. Not that it makes any great difference nowadays, with

(Continued on Page 109)

OMAHA

—*the Western Gate*

When Lincoln stood on the heights of Council Bluffs and looked across the Missouri at the little frontier village that marked the beginning of the overland trail, he was already visualizing the sweep of empire westward across the billowing green and golden plains.

But even Lincoln could not foresee the astonishing growth of Omaha!—or its sister, Council Bluffs, already springing up about him! Great buildings, enormous grain elevators, vast stockyards, with twelve railroad systems pouring the wealth of one of the richest agricultural regions of the world into its storehouses. A city-state like ancient Nineveh rising proudly upon its teeming plains. A great independent metropolis distinguished for its varied commerce and its culture.

Lewis and Clark, camping on the site of Omaha in their exploration of the Missouri, could not have dreamed that this spot was the core of the continent, and the deep loess soil beneath would one day yield more wealth than all the gold mines of Ophir.

Location: Astride the broad trail that leads West; dominating the middle reaches of the Missouri River; the natural metropolis for the vast region that includes Nebraska, Wyoming, and sections of adjoining states—a region more than twice the size of all New England.

Population: Within Omaha's corporate limits, 210,000; within a radius of 50 miles, 500,000 divided among 154 towns and 29,330 farms. All within shopping distance of Omaha and Council Bluffs.

Manufactures: Annual output of packing industry, $190,000,000. Smelter products, $40,000,000. Omaha leads the country in the production of pig lead, is third in packing-house products, and is the greatest butter manufacturing center in the world, 55,000,000 pounds. Flour mill products, agricultural implements, bakery products, share largely in the output of Omaha's 600 manufacturing plants.

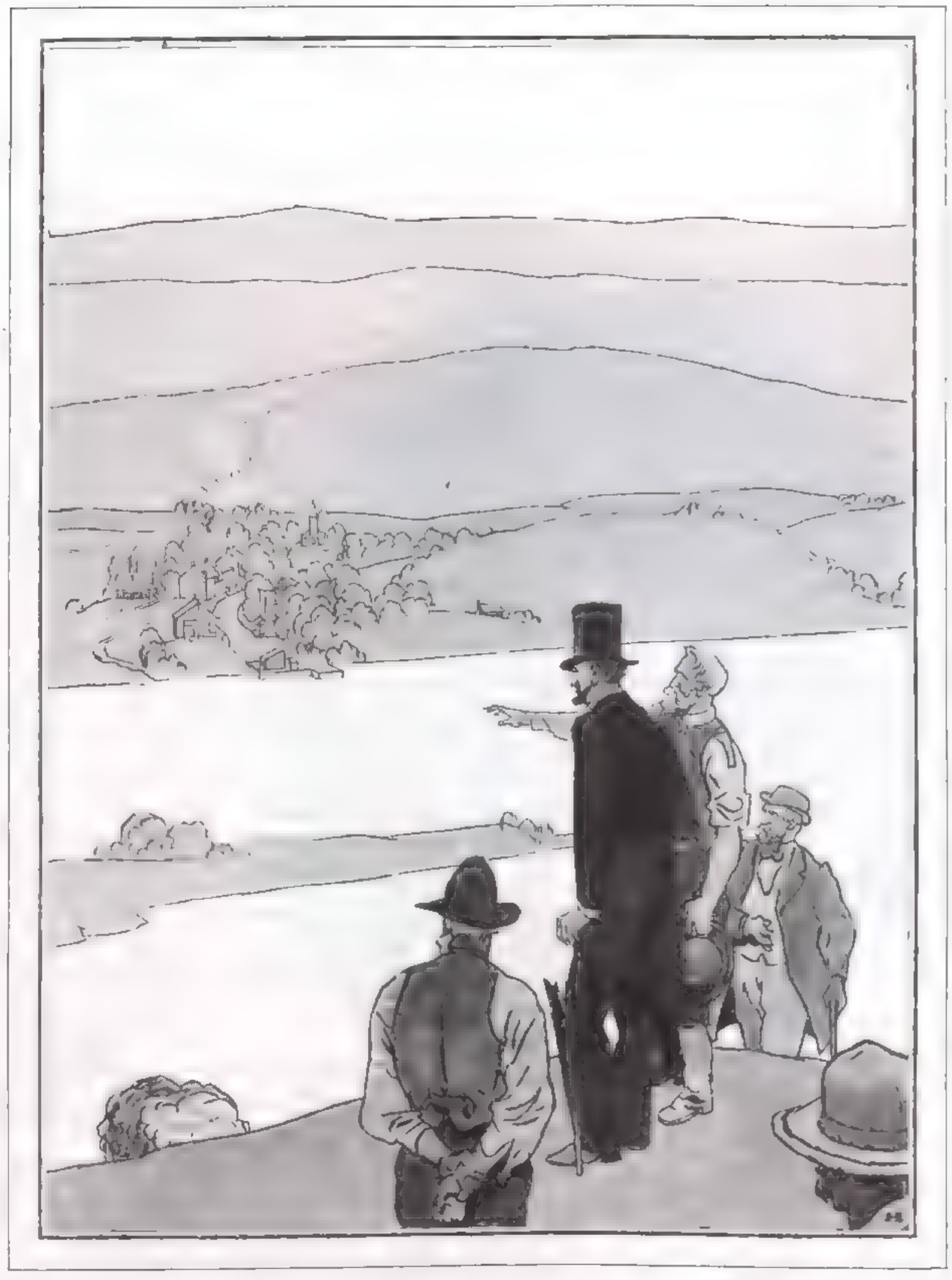
Trade: Wholesale territory embraces 1500 towns; 310,000 farms averaging 390 acres. Crop value, $2,000,000,000; livestock on farms, $1,000,000,000. Bank deposits, $1,500,000,000. Omaha is leading retail center between Chicago and Denver; annual business, $157,500,000.

Transportation: Twelve railroads converge at Omaha and Council Bluffs as through a great gate. The chief outlet from Omaha to Chicago and points eastward is the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

A natural metropolis

Born on the edge of the prairies, Omaha and Council Bluffs have grown from the richness of an incomparable soil. There is an opulent conservatism about it that has insured steady growth. Living wealth—the value of growing animate things—of an inexhaustible nature is a positive guarantee of Omaha's inevitable progress and expansion.

Omaha's history is rich and varied, colored by the turbulent adventures of explorers, fur-traders, Indian wars, and the migrations of the Forty-niners. It is a city of varied interests, of fine homes, of splendid country clubs, of exceptional educational facilities. With a population over 85% native born American, it is a metropolis worthily placed in the center of the nation.



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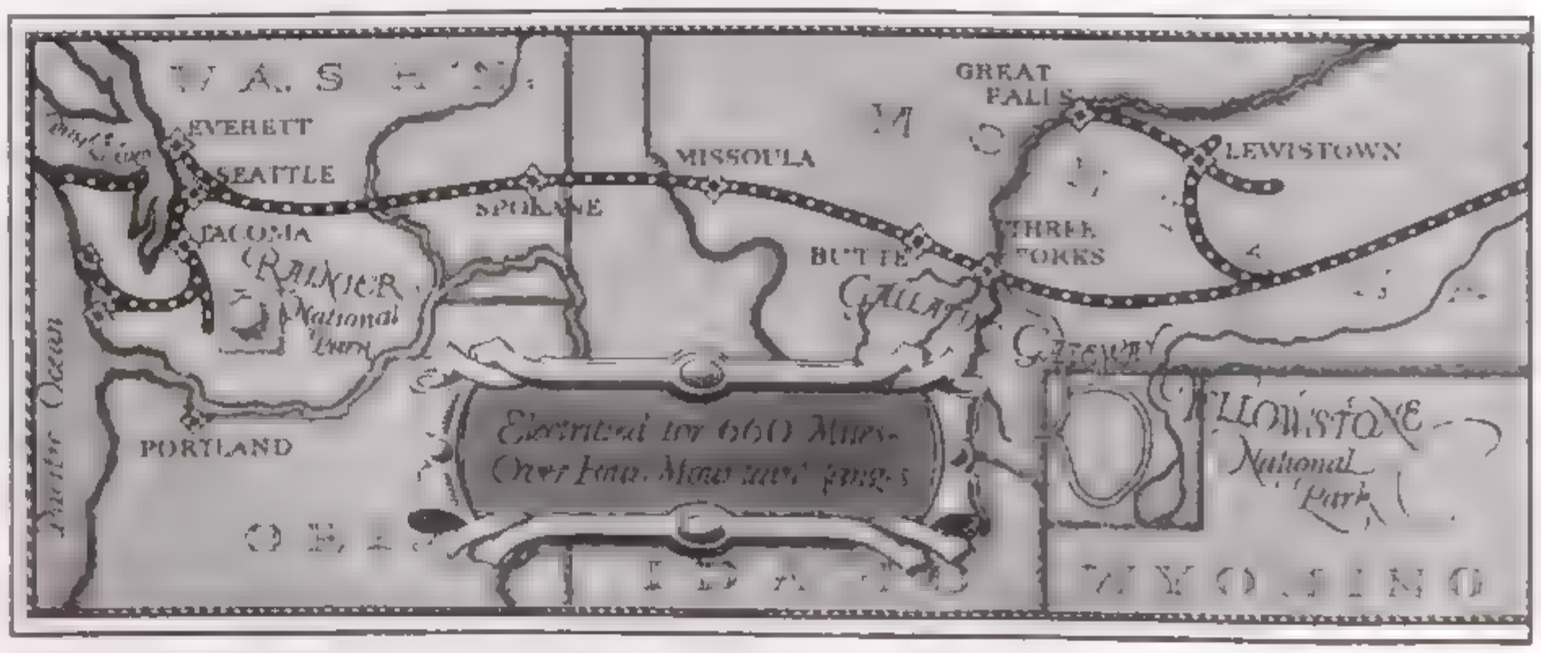

The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities.

A network of polished rails

THE run from Chicago to Omaha over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is only an overnight interlude in business between these two great cities. Business conferences are often continued on the splendid Milwaukee trains that serve the Western Gate. Superior comfort and Milwaukee service make this trip a delight at any time.

The Milwaukee Road not only serves Omaha with a trunk line across golden Iowa, but it serves with equal facility the great metropolis that is the pride of all the Southwest—Kansas City. Its vast system, extending along 11,000 miles of track, operated by 60,000 employees, forms a network linking all important centers northwest of the lower Mississippi Valley. From Chicago to Kansas City, Sioux City and Omaha; to the Twin Cities and Duluth; to Milwaukee and the Upper Michigan Peninsula; to Puget Sound and the Pacific. Spur lines and feeders tap vast resources of raw materials.

Farm implements, machinery, tools, seeds, pure-bred stock, and people in an endless stream pour through this artery, bringing energy and life to new regions. Pulsing back comes the flow of raw materials upon which the great industrial centers are fed.

The Milwaukee Road is the shortest link with the Pacific Northwest. For 660 miles over four mountain ranges—the Belt, the Bitter Root, the Rockies, the Cascades, to shipside—*it is electrified.* This is one of the greatest achievements in railroading. Another revolutionary advance has been the adoption of *roller bearings* for passenger cars—the first time this has been done in the history of railroad transportation.

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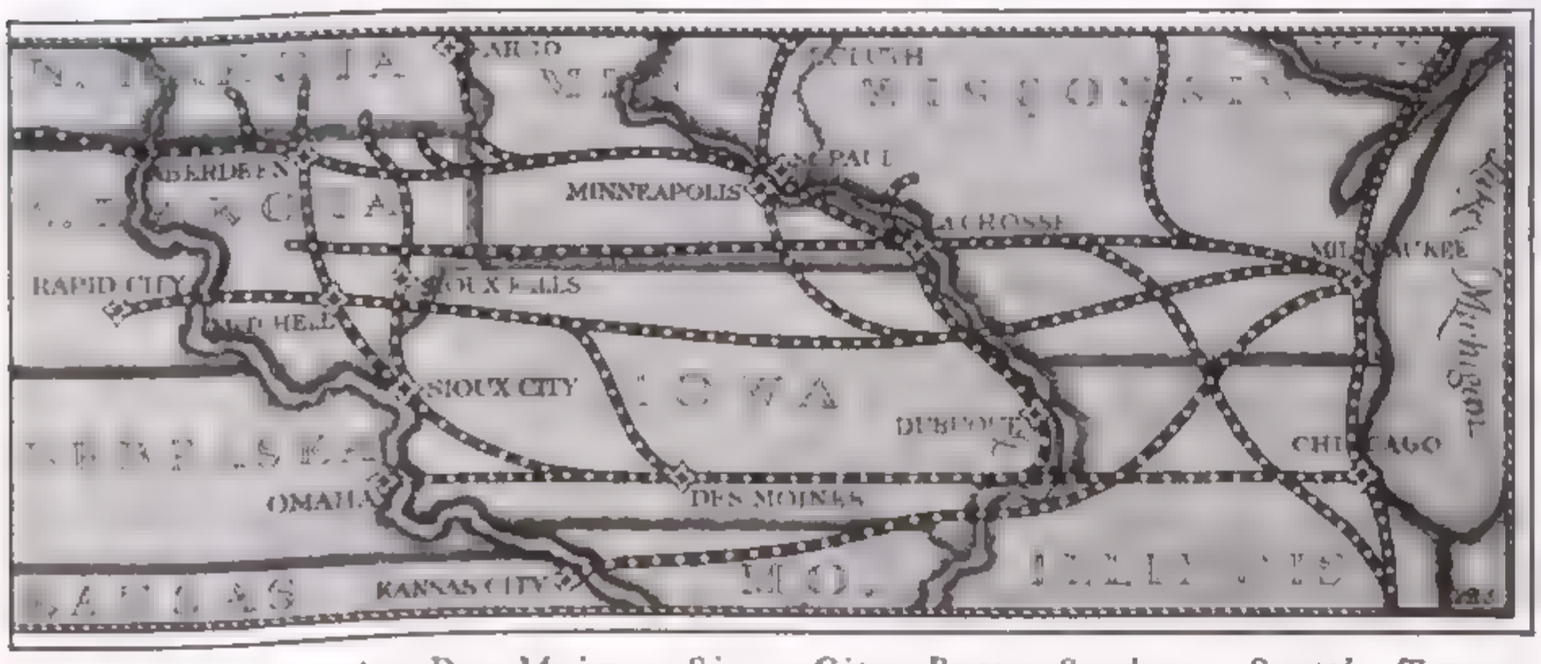
If you wish to visit Omaha on your way to the Coast, the *Pacific Limited* is the train to take. If you are going to Kansas City, go by the *Southwest Limited.* The famous *Pioneer* takes you to the Twin Cities. Then there is *The Olympian*, the de luxe limited that travels to shipside at Seattle or Tacoma, after passing the most beautiful and diversified scenery in America, through a new empire bursting ripe with opportunities! These trains all leave Union Station, Chicago.

MILWAUKEE ROAD



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A SINGLE maker of passenger cars required more than 3½ times as many Lycoming Motors in 1926 as in the previous year—another, almost twice as many. The requirements of a single very large builder of trucks increased 51½%. In total value, the 1926 production of Lycoming Motors almost doubled that of 1925.

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Truly an impressive demonstration of public confidence in the builders of cars and trucks powered by Lycoming. And since the public rightly considers the power plant the most vital single unit of a motor vehicle, it is an equally convincing endorsement of the service rendered by Lycoming to past and present owners of Lycoming powered vehicles. More, it is a tribute to the broad-visioned policy of those car-builders who have enlisted, in co-operation with their own experience and resources, the Lycoming Organization's highly specialized experience in motor engineering and building.

Finally, it is a vote of confidence in the ability of these builders to hold their well-earned place in the forefront of the industry's rapid advance in engineering principles and practice.

The interest already evidenced in the several cars powered with the newly-announced Lycoming Small Eights is but further assurance that the steady progress of the past will continue through 1927 and beyond.

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(Continued from Page 105)

European society all plowed up from under."

"Was the singer with them?"

"No. And that surprised me a little; she and Aliste had been so thick, and Marina ran with this crowd. I did not notice them very closely except for one girl, who was so painted she looked like a poster."

"Do you know who any of these people are?" Clive asked. "Where they could be found?"

Mr. Porthieu shook his head. "They were merely froth—one might say scum—that Aliste had probably picked up somewhere, either Biarritz or San Sebastian. Looking back I think Aliste must have been quite off her head." He hesitated a little, then said: "My wife has a different theory; one that I dislike to mention even to an old friend of the family like yourself."

"I'm safe," Clive said shortly.

"It's not that—merely that it may sound to you—well, cattish."

"Let's have it," Clive said; adding grimly to himself, "all the dirt."

"She believes that Aliste had developed a sudden unpleasant neurotic condition as a reaction from making a sort of cloistered nun of herself, and that she had flown quite off the handle, if you know what I mean—had suddenly decided, probably as a result of the intimacy with this singer, that she'd been a fool and her asceticism not worth while. Mrs. Porthieu had found her one day reading one of these decadent postwar books, the emancipation of *la jeune fille* and all that sort of thing."

Clive nodded. "Then if she'd just decided to live, why suicide?"

"Another reaction, I suppose. The depression following this spree may have helped. Perhaps she had no deliberate intention to hurt us by leaving no word, and her act may have been, as I have said, insistent impulse. But the fact remains that she was really very bitter from her discovery that for years she had been paying most of our bills, and the sudden wrong idea that we were plotting to impeach her sanity and lock her up may have precipitated her decision. At any rate, you can understand the position in which we are placed; the accusations, or at least imputations, to which we are subject."

"Well," Clive said shortly, "if I hear anything, I'll say what I can to exculpate you from any blame in the affair, Mr. Porthieu."

"Thanks, Clive. I shan't keep you any longer. The poor girl was unquestionably farther gone than we'd suspected. A prey to morbid impulses, and one gripped her suddenly. I don't think there was any premeditation about it at all; none of this dressing in her best with all her jewels for her tryst with death, as one woman suggested. She merely happened to find herself alone on deck, with no deck steward or quartermaster on duty just then, and the impulse got her—drew her over the rail and into the sea. I shan't detain you any longer. Bon voyage and the best of luck."

He gave Clive's hand a nervous grip and went out. Clive stood for a moment thinking deeply. Then he went to his *secrétaire*, pushed back a slide and took out the contents in bulk. These consisted of what, in a bachelor of thirty, might be called an unbound memory book, a mass of newspaper clippings, photogravures, unmounted snapshots and a few letters. These last not of romantic sort, but mostly congratulatory for certain achievements intellectual or athletic from people he most cared for.

Running the loose mass of them through his fingers, Clive came to what he sought—a snapshot of Aliste taken that summer they had become intimate as boy and girl, when she was sixteen and he a year older. She was in a swimming suit on the deck of his knockabout, half turned to face the camera before diving.

Clive stared at it, intensely thoughtful. Aliste even then, before maturity, had the full physique of the long-distance swimmer, unlike the slenderness of the girl athlete excelling in other sports. Even so, it was not what a trainer would have called an athletic figure, being too feminine, too rich in curves, to indicate sustained muscular effort. And Clive reflected that at the time of her disappearance Aliste could not have been in very good training, with her self-indulgences alternating with periods of depression.

"All the same," he said to himself, "there's something phony about this. I'd like to know what that French singer said to her."

II

ON THE second day out Clive found occasion to talk to the woman who had been Aliste's stewardess. On telling her that he was an old friend of Miss O'Day's, the woman freely spoke her mind. She was of the sensible, clear-headed type to be found in such positions, and Clive's French was colloquial and good from his having been from the age of twelve to sixteen in the École de Normandie.

But the stewardess naturally could not tell him much. Mademoiselle had dressed that night for dinner, then before the bugle sounded had said that she felt the motion, rung for her and ordered a *demi-bouteille* of champagne *brut*. Clive objected that, as the ship had sailed from Bordeaux at noon, there could scarcely have been any motion there in the mouth of the Gironde between Royan and Verdon.

That was true, the stewardess admitted. But they were a little farther out, having dropped down with a fair tide and the long swell on the Bay of Biscay coming in ahead of the storm they ran into next morning. A number of susceptible passengers had already felt *malaise*. Mademoiselle had been lying on her berth dressed for dinner. . . . Yes, she was wearing some jewels. The stewardess remembered that she had seemed very flushed rather than pale, as might have been expected. More like a person with fever than one seasick. That was about all the stewardess could tell him, as, after serving the champagne and asking if she might help her to bed, which offer was declined, the stewardess had not seen her again.

The deck steward, who remembered having arranged the chairs for Monsieur and Madame Porthieu and mademoiselle, could not furnish much more data. While dinner was being served he had seen mademoiselle come on deck and take her chair. She had declined a rug, for the night was warm and sultry, and she was wearing a dark raincoat. The surface of the water was glassy, with a long swell just then mounting over the bar, the precursor of a gale. There had been a number of passengers on deck while dinner was being served; but, after dinner, music had started in the salon and most of them had gone to listen.

The deck was lighted, of course, and the steward could scarcely understand how mademoiselle could have slipped over the rail unobserved by someone, whether a passenger or steward or quartermaster. Still, it was possible. There had been no ships near by, though in his official report of the affair the captain had mentioned passing fairly close aboard some small fishing boats drifting in for shelter from the gale that obviously threatened, the nearest about a kilometer distant. Clive's technical knowledge told him that the theory of being sucked into the propeller was not borne out in fact. A vessel strongly displacing a mass of water thrusts surface objects clear. Only if plunging very deeply close to the side might there be danger from the propeller, or if the ship was backing down on the swimmer.

He turned several facts in mind. Aliste had once told him that she had not been ill at all on her voyage to America—a rough one. She had never been sick aboard Clive's knockabout. In warm, smooth water, she must, Clive thought, have been good for several hours' swimming if divesting herself of the raincoat, and the sea had for her none of the morbid attraction that it might possess for a person who feared it. Therefore, would a sensible girl, even if gripped by a sudden impulse for suicide, have chosen a means in which the end was bound to be indefinitely prolonged?

Clive remembered they had once discussed this very topic as to whether a good swimmer lost overboard with no hope of rescue would be able to suspend all efforts at swimming and have the business over with. And they had agreed that such would not be the case, any more than a person of no matter how great determination could commit suicide merely by holding the breath.

Other considerations arose to negative the idea of Aliste's suicide. She seemed to have just begun to live, after seven years of mere existence—suspended animation. What if she had overheard Porthieu's discussion with his wife about her sanity and misunderstood his project for putting her under some sort of restraint? Such a plan, Clive believed, would be more apt to arouse the girl's combativeness, and she would have been sensible enough to perceive that she possessed a weapon of a sort that Porthieu would never dare to face. She had only to say, "All right, go ahead and see where it gets you when I explain to the court that you have been living on my income for all these years, and that now I have recently decided to spend it on myself." Porthieu, with his dread of scandal, imputation of selfish and none too honest motive, would have dropped such procedure like a red-hot brick.

Moreover, Aliste had not been obliged to return to America. There was nothing to prevent her remaining aboard the ship under the protection of the French flag and returning on it to France. Clive knew she had been born in France, was a French citizen, entitled to the rights thereof; so that, after discovering what she might consider to be a plot against her liberty of person and action, Porthieu, for all his influence, had no hold at all on her or on her estate. Aliste had already demonstrated this fact by withdrawing her property from America and placing it first in an American bank in Paris and then with the Credit Lyonnais.

The more Clive thought this over, the more he was inclined to believe that the girl had not committed suicide, but met with foul play. There were plenty of unscrupulous adventurers filtering into America, and one such might have overestimated the value of Aliste's jewels and been desperate enough to strike her senseless as she leaned against the rail, grab the necklace and bracelet and shove her overboard. Murders of this sort were continually happening in city streets, the vestibules of houses, even in jewelers' shops during business hours; so why not aboard a ship, where, if the crime were quickly accomplished unperceived, the means for disposing of the victim's body were immediately available?

Clive considered, of course, the possibility of Aliste's having been seized by a sudden impulse to slip off the ship and swim to one of the fishing boats, becalmed and waiting for the breeze to make in for shelter from the coming gale. She might have felt it impossible to support the company of the Porthieus any longer, after what she had overheard. The captain had mentioned in his report having passed some smacks, *sardiniers* or tuna fishers, within a kilometer or two—no great swim for Aliste. But in this case she should have been heard from again; and besides, the cause was not enough for such a freakish act. Aliste was not bound in any way to or by the Porthieus, who had, in fact, more reason to fear charges on her part than had she anything to fear from them. She was twenty-seven, with a will of her own beneath her pliant exterior; and Clive had found no lack of personality in her, even as a girl of sixteen and fresh from convent discipline.

Of course, there might be something else, some other reason for despondency at which Porthieu had not so much as hinted. The chances were, he knew of nothing at which to hint.

Clive did not attempt to discuss the tragedy with the captain or any other of the ship's personnel. It would be a sore subject, he reflected, and one on which they must have been harassed by reporters and others; and nearly a year had now elapsed since its occurrence. Then, as he was going to his room to change for dinner, he met the stewardess in the corridor. She had shown no distaste at being questioned and, at her friendly glance as he was about to pass, Clive obeyed an impulse to ask her if any idea of Aliste having met with foul play had been entertained.

"Of course, that was suggested, monsieur," she answered, "and it was dismissed as unreasonable. A ship like this has its *service d'information*—an intelligence, or secret, service—and on this voyage it happened that our passenger list contained no possible *apache* or suspicious characters. We were able to get satisfactory reports on everybody aboard. There were, of course, some few persons whose records were not admirable, but none to be suspected of such a crime."

"Nothing was found in Miss O'Day's stateroom that could offer any clew to her motive?" Clive asked.

"No, monsieur. Her things had not been unpacked except the dressing bag from which she had taken her toilet articles and the gown she had put on for dinner. But when I smoothed the bed, which had not been turned back, I found these." She touched a pair of rimless pince-nez hanging from a little gold hook on the bosom of her white uniform in the fashion of a trained nurse whose vision requires correction. "Curiously enough, they seemed to fit my eyes better than my own, which I had dropped and broken that afternoon. So when I mentioned this fact when offering them to Madame Porthieu she said I might as well keep them, since the glasses were of no value to anybody else."

Clive glanced at the glasses mechanically. To the average person who was not an oculist or optician they would have told nothing at all. But now, as the stewardess held them in her hand close to the bosom of her white linen uniform, the reflection and refraction were such that Clive's indifferent glance went through the lenses to discover that the textile a few inches beyond them was magnified. Moreover, he observed as the stewardess' hand moved a little from the motion of the ship, the woven fabric moved against the line of motion of the lenses instead of with it.

Even then, it is doubtful if, despite his knowledge of optics, the significance of what he saw would have suggested anything to his mind had he not happened to possess a brain not only analytic but quickly observant, and of the sort to associate cause and effect. On this account he became instantly aware that the eyeglasses held convex lenses instead of the concave ones required to correct myopic vision. One of Aliste's most noticeable traits had been her nearsightedness, and the girl's peering scrutiny had exercised a sort of fascination for Clive. He remembered that once when bathing at Belhaven, Aliste, who wore her glasses even in the water, had lost them and that he and some of the other boys had dived off the float and successfully retrieved them in about eight feet of water.

The stewardess noticed the puzzled expression of his face. "But what is it to intrigue monsieur?" she asked.

He took the glasses and verified his discovery. "These could not have belonged to Mademoiselle O'Day," he said. "She had a strong myopia, whereas these lenses are the reverse of that—hypermetropia—farsightedness—in which the focus falls beyond the retina. These glasses could not have been hers, but must have been left there by somebody else."

"But that is impossible," the stewardess protested. "They would have been discovered when the cabin was made up fresh and the mattress turned. They had slipped down between it and the head of the bed, in a slight fold of the sheet."

"Tell me," said Clive, "did Mademoiselle O'Day have them on when you brought her the champagne?"

"Yes, monsieur; she was then in dishabille—changing her shoes and stockings for evening ones."

"Did you have a good look at her face?"

"No, monsieur. Because when I came in answer to her rings the cabin was darkened, and when I opened the bottle she was putting on some face clay. But why does monsieur ask? Surely ——"

"I am astonished," Clive answered, "because I knew Miss O'Day intimately and was under the positive impression that her defective vision was myopia. But these glasses are certainly to correct farsightedness. So I am now wondering if it is possible for an optical defect to reverse itself in the space of eleven years."

"Eleven years, monsieur?"

"Yes. I knew Miss O'Day when I was a boy. She came with her mother from France to spend a summer at my home. I have scarcely seen her since. At that time I am positive she was nearsighted. So I am wondering if the defect of vision could reverse itself in this space of time."

The stewardess, intelligent, like most French women of her class, nodded. "That must be the case, monsieur. In fact, I had a niece who was nearsighted as a young girl and I remember taking her to be fitted for glasses. I remember the oculist telling me at that time that shortsightedness corrected itself with age while farsightedness like mine increases."

Clive nodded. He was himself aware of this fact, but was under the impression that the readjustment was a matter of many years, from youth to past middle age.

At any rate, the stewardess' assurance that these glasses could not possibly have been in the berth before Aliste's occupancy of the room was scarcely to be questioned, while the fact that Aliste and no other had occupied the room had been verified by Madame Porthieu, who had first talked to Aliste there on her coming aboard and later when going in to ask the girl if she were coming to dinner. Also, Porthieu had mentioned Aliste being in her chair. And it was also possible, Clive reflected, that he might always have been mistaken about the girl's ocular defect; that it might have been farsightedness to start with and her glasses ill adjusted, which would account for the peering or straining gesture.

He now said as much to the stewardess; and first call sounding just then, went to his room to change. While dressing, Clive found himself in a curious state of mind. Instead of being profoundly depressed at this fresh opening of an old wound, for the reported suicide of Aliste had pierced him more deeply than perhaps he had fully realized, the information volunteered by Mr. Porthieu, backed by what the stewardess had told him, now acted precisely the opposite to what might have been expected.

For instead of having the generally accepted assumption of Aliste's suicide confirmed, Clive's analytic mind began to reject the theory as he examined its evidence piece by piece. In the first place there was the fact of Aliste's religious training. Then came his recollection of the girl's quietly combative disposition. She was not the sort to shirk an issue, especially what she would consider to be an attempt at tyranny on the part of people she had come to despise. Clive knew her courage and determination, and he decided that it would have been entirely out of character for Aliste to have preferred oblivion to a finished fight with the Porthieus. She had her full share of Irish blood.

Next came the curious change in her point of view as the result of her interview with this singer, Marina, and her abrupt emergence from a retirement to plunge into hectic gayety. Some sort of disillusionment had taken place, Clive decided; some quick decision that she had been wasting her youth and capacity for enjoyment through a mistaken attitude toward life. Evidently Aliste had decided either that her ideals were faulty or else not worth the sacrifices she had made, and was determined to make up the deficit of pleasure lost in the past gray, gloomy years.

But, once Aliste had come to this decision, Clive found it illogical to believe that she would permit herself promptly to be crushed by a fresh disillusionment—that of the Porthieus' fostering friendship and protection of her. Once such a nature as Aliste's became convinced that her mourning for her fiancé and her confidence in her step-parents had been based upon a sham, she would not permit herself to be swayed by morbid impulse.

The suicide theory was now impossible for Clive to accept without some further evidence of desperation on the part of Aliste. Also, he was aware of a vague inner conviction that Aliste was still alive. He was no believer in the philosophy of a subconscious mind, no player of hunches. But still he now wondered a little if perhaps he might not always, from the moment the tragedy was reported, have held some such reassurance. If so, it would explain what always had puzzled him a little and make him think he was callous of nature, that he had not been even so profoundly depressed as his early devotion to Aliste would seem to have ordained.

For, like many young men of intensive pursuits and determined diligence, Clive had still underneath a strong romantic tendency. He had never given up his thought of some day winning Aliste. That some day which can be so comforting and yet so fatal had not, he now discovered, been completely obliterated on learning of Aliste's engagement to the young officer, Johnson. For there is this peculiar tenacity to some-day dreams—that even after they appear to have faded entirely away, become thin ghosts, they are still capable of swift revitalizing under the proper stimulus. Possibly Clive's boyish infatuation for Aliste had grown, if anything, more *lointain* rather than a closer goal as his progress advanced, but it had never completely disappeared.

He reflected now while dressing that there might, of course, be reasons for Aliste's desperate act that neither Porthieu nor any other of her friends and acquaintances had ever guessed. Some fearful danger might have threatened her, some possible disgrace for an error she had committed unawares.

Perhaps she had felt herself caught up in a coil that was merciless and with no strong resourceful friend to whom she could appeal.

Clive had sailed at a date to allow himself a fortnight's freedom before undertaking the mission with which he had been charged, an important detail for which he had been detached from present technical service because of honors gained in its performance. It had been his plan to rest and travel in France and pick up the threads of old acquaintanceship. But Clive now determined that this time should be spent in seeking to unravel the mystery of Aliste's disappearance, whether the result of suicide, as everybody believed, or through foul play, which Clive was beginning to suspect. If able to discover what would be for him convincing proof of sufficient motive or desperation of mind, then Clive could only cherish her memory as the lingering sweetness of the young girl to whom he had given his boyish love. But if any evidence to support the latter possibility were to be uncovered, then Clive determined to make time for the concentration of his analytic mind with the patient searching of a scientist for the elimination of an active principle from heterogeneous matter. He would trace down her destroyer or destroyers and visit them with destruction.

This might be the work of years through such moments as he could set aside for the pursuit, but Clive possessed the quality of the born investigator, his receptiveness to any helpful hint at any and all moments. Certain doors of his mind would always be open to the entrance of a clew.

Meantime there were two persons presumably not far from his port of disembarkment whom Clive was most anxious to meet, study and interrogate. One was the supposed ci-devant woman spy and casino singer, Bella Marina; the other was the handsome Breton fisherman, Fanch Kerodec.

III

ON LANDING at Bordeaux Clive proceeded immediately to Biarritz, where he found no difficulty at all in locating Marina. The manager of the casino told him that she was at that moment filling an engagement at La Rochelle with a troupe that was playing that charming old pioneer of light musical comedy that some forty and odd years ago had raised such a furor of bewildered criticism in France, La Vie Parisienne.

So to La Rochelle Clive went, hoping most easily to locate the Breton fisherman through Marina. He procured a box seat for the piece and, for the first few moments after the *trois coups de bâton* that raised the curtain, he was a little surprised at the cast of Marina for the principal singing rôle. Clive was aware that the French, unlike the Germans, are not respecters of past success to the extent of still bearing with an artist whose glories of voice and beauty have faded. Marina, Clive decided, had passed her perihelion in both respects. Her voice was tricky and full of holes, though she cleverly skirted these pitfalls, and what must have been a piquant face and superb figure showed the erosion of that inexorable tithe collector which is adversity.

He soon discovered, however, that she had something else; something more rare and precious than purity of beauty and perhaps even purity of tone; something that might even augment with age and experience instead of becoming desiccated. This was personality, magnetism, the power to please, to charm. She was magnetic as a favorite minstrel, held her audience in hand, gained immediately its sympathy and liking by a rare gift of good fellowship that it felt to be genuine and not a lyric mask. She had, Clive felt, instinctively both wit and humor that might be cynical, ironical, but yet was merry. She impressed him as that most rare of birds which is a laughing philosopher of the feminine gender. He could imagine her dry jollity supporting a disheartened troupe on which some producer had loaded a fizzle, a flop. The present piece was admirably adapted to her on two grounds—that it was itself archaic, still after all these years a little puzzling in the French dramatic sense, and seeming to poke fun at itself and them.

Marina's drollery was irresistible and brought down the house, as, with finger pointed at the really good comedian, she led the chorus:

Son habit est craqué dans le dos, dans le dos;
Son habit est craqué dans le dos.

He had no trouble in gaining access to her after the theater. The competition would no longer be very keen. All required was his card with a brief line to ask if a former admirer might have the honor of offering her a little *souper*. This with, of course, the report of a well-tipped usher who found Clive's personality entirely correct.

He had stretched the point of "former admirer"; but considering all the young officers who had entertained her in such fashion during the flaming days of war, Marina would never know the difference—or, at least, so Clive imagined. But if Marina's stage presence had surprised him, so even more did her private one. Seated at a table partly sheltered by an *orangier* on the corner of the *terasse*, he found himself talking, as it seemed, not to a provincial actress but to a very fascinating and perfectly poised woman of the world. Also, she was more effective off the stage than on it, with her fine skin devoid of paint and depending for effect on a pair of very clear, tawny eyes, lips naturally carmine, straight and firm, but not hard, and other features finely chiseled that showed undoubted race.

"You charmed me, charmed us all, in that quaint old extravaganza, mademoiselle," Clive said, "like some fragrant breath of an old potpourri—dried rose leaves and spices—in a jar of Sèvres."

"That is well expressed, monsieur. It pleases by its contrast with the rank productions of today, and their fetor of flesh—raw perfumed flesh."

They talked a little of the changed conditions, and Clive admired the subtlety with which this woman, whom he judged to be about his own age, managed to draw him out about himself without direct questioning while discussing impersonalities. It would have been this faculty that made her so dangerous a wartime spy, got her packed off to South America not to return under pain of death until after the conclusion of peace. He could understand also the high protection at which Porthieu had hinted and which no doubt had saved her arrest. She was the sort of woman one would not tire of—and intelligent.

Clive let her know frankly enough his mission—that he was an expert in aircraft construction and that he had served in this capacity at home during the war, when just graduated from the Naval Academy, but already arousing attention for some minor inventions and adaptations along these lines.

"Then how," she asked directly for the first time, "can you be an old admirer of mine?"

He smiled. The claim he admitted to have been stretched a little for the pleasure of making her acquaintance. He had admired her by reputation. She had been known to him from the mention of friends she had fascinated and he was rejoiced to discover they had not exaggerated.

Then, deciding to throw out a direct tentative, Clive told her that these friends were not entirely young officers who had graduated in classes ahead of his own and who had been so lucky as to get to France. There had been a young girl who had visited with her mother at his home when he was still a boy. He admitted frankly having fallen in love with her at that time, though too shy to declare himself, and soon afterward their paths had taken them apart. He understood that she had become intimate with Marina at Biarritz, and a little later tragedy had overtaken her.

The tawny eyes widened. "You are speaking of Aliste O'Day," Marina said in a thin voice, and was briefly silent.

"Yes. Was ever a charming girl so wasted?"

"That, monsieur, is precisely the word. But the waste was not only in her death but for years before it. And for what?" She checked herself.

"Precisely," Clive agreed. "Because she fell in love and engaged herself to a young officer who was among the first to fall. She crept into her shell and closed the lids of it on life for seven years." He looked directly into the eyes opposite and asked in an even voice, "Was that the reason you told her what you did, mademoiselle?"

Whether this question should be considered as a random shot or a shrewd thrust does not matter, because in either case it went home. If Marina had felt any sense of guilt attached to herself she certainly would have parried the question. But, as it was, she merely shook her head, not bothering to ask herself from what knowledge the young man opposite posed the query, or if it was bluff.

"No," she answered. "I told her by chance, never imagining that she had any interest in that young officer. But if I had known that he was her fiancé, and that she had been wasting the best years of her life from loyalty to the memory of such a *fripon*, I should have told her anyway. Perhaps I should not say *fripon*, for after all he fell upon the field of honor. But so far as concerned his fiancée, he did not, as the British say, play cricket."

Clive nodded. "Aliste was an idealist, and when her icon burst open or melted and ran in pewter, base metal instead of the gold she thought it, I presume she took it very hard."

Marina looked thoughtful. "I assure you, monsieur, that I had no intention to be for her an iconoclast."

(Continued on Page 115)

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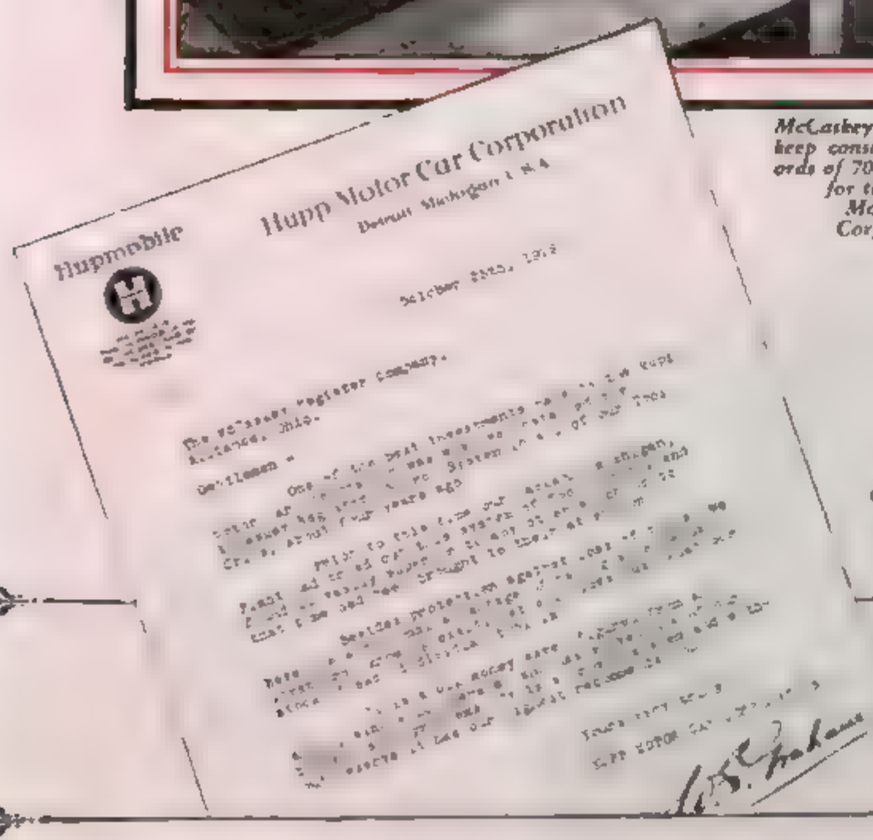

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(Continued from Page 110)

Clive was surprised at her use of the word which seemed to indicate some erudition. But women of this class, he reflected, gained culture in their contacts with men of birth and education; and if naturally intelligent, might supplement it with reading, study. Many of the most flagrant books of destructive morale were written by French Academicians, masters of literature, and such women as Marina read them.

"I quite believe you," Clive said. "It was not your fault. But the puzzling part is that Aliste, after deciding that she had wasted these years of her life and coming out of her cocoon to flutter like a bright moth, should then have turned round and drowned herself. Having made up her mind to live, why should she have wanted to die?"

Marina looked at him thoughtfully. "That also has puzzled me, monsieur. If she had been a creature of impulse, one could understand it. But she was not. Besides, I think she was growing tired of her seclusion, remaining *en retraite*. Also, she had talent. One of her paintings was exposed in the spring salon and got honorable mention."

"The drowned girl?"

"No, she did not send that—the Leander."

"Did you know her model, that fisherman?" Clive asked.

This time her look was more veiled. "Monsieur is well informed," she said.

"Monsieur Porthieu told me about him," Clive explained.

She made a grimace of disgust. "That *gros pouf*—her stepfather, I mean. He and his wife would have been reason enough for somebody to have given Aliste a *tuyau*."

Clive nodded. Serving himself with the same slang, he said, "You are right. For years she had been their *bonne poire*."

"Their meal ticket," Marina said, with a smile matching her American slang with his argot. "It may be that she threw herself overboard on his account. But that's absurd. He was a harmless enough parasite."

"Do you think Aliste had gambled away her fortune?" Clive asked. "That she dreaded finding herself dependent on Porthieu?"

"Not at all," Marina answered impatiently. "For one thing, I doubt if she lost any money at the tables. She played close to her belt, as you say, and I'm more inclined to believe she bought her gowns and her jewels with her winnings. But even if she'd found herself cleaned out, she could have managed to get along by painting."

"Perhaps she was in love—hopelessly." Marina shook her head. "She had learned her lesson there. After a woman has thrown away seven years of her life for one of your cheating sex"—the remark was softened with a smile—"she does not throw away the whole of it for the next."

There was, it seemed to Clive, much sound psychology in this remark. He demanded boyishly, "Then why the deuce should she have done it?"

"I don't know. I have often wondered. Myself, I have lived, and I know something about human motives. But this puzzles me. I was not here when she sailed, but playing in Nantes. I learned afterward that Aliste had got in with a very bad crowd, little better than *apaches*. There are a good many such nowadays, some of them well born, others war rich. She may have been drawn into some frightful affair—unwittingly, of course; then—*fait chanter*."

"Blackmail?"

"That is merely a suggestion. She was a proud girl. She could have faced death rather than disgrace."

"What about this model of hers—the fisherman?" Clive asked.

Again he caught the veiled look, and a little tightening of the sensitive lips. "What does he matter? A Breton fisherman whom she paid to pose for a canvas or two."

Clive decided to lay another card on the table. "Has it never occurred to you, mademoiselle," he asked, "that Aliste may not be dead at all?"

Like his former adroit thrust, this one also went home, though it did not meet with equal frankness.

For the first time in their talk Clive caught a glimpse of the feline nature that had been evident enough in the actress, though up to this time in its softer guise. The still-pretty features remained under good control, but a different light appeared for a moment in the clear, tawny eyes; or, to be more exact, the light in them did not focus on Clive's face as hitherto. They did not evade his own, nor blink, nor waver, but their vision became distant. Many have noticed this blankness in the eyes of a caged lion when his gaze becomes projected infinitely, as if contemplating some scene remote, scorching Libyan sands or a wide sweep of veldt. Yet Clive had a distinct consciousness that Marina was not trying to baffle him, to lower a drop curtain to screen what was in the depths of her mind. It was rather as if he had suggested something that for the moment she examined, forgetful of his presence. He followed up his lead.

"You probably know that she could swim like a sea otter."

Her attention returned to him. "But the ship was far out and there are strong currents; an offshore one just then, as the inquiry showed."

"There were fishing boats about, one of them close aboard at dinnertime. It is not known at just what time she went overboard."

Marina's look now became pensive, *lointain*. She said slowly: "I became very fond of Aliste. What is more, she seemed fond of me, and I am of a nature to return affection. You say, monsieur, that you also were fond of her. It seems to me, therefore, that if there is any possibility of what you suggest, then Aliste must have had good reasons of her own for wishing to be considered dead. In that case, the best way in which we as friends can serve her will be to respect her wishes, not to indulge our curiosity."

"That is true," Clive admitted, "but it has its faults. There is always the possibility of whatever plan she may have had going wrong. It may be that at this moment she is in urgent need of a strong friend. I wish, mademoiselle, that you would help solve this mystery. I feel that you are holding something back and that it has to do with this fisherman model."

This time Clive was aware of a hostile note—a suspicion in Marina's quick look. "Unfortunately, monsieur, there is nothing that I am able to tell you," she said a little coldly. And as Clive half turned to signal the waiter, she said with a hint of sharpness: "Do not order more wine for me, monsieur. It cannot loosen what is not held back. Neither have I come yet to the point of receiving a commission on the *consommation*."

"Both remarks, mademoiselle—especially the last—are unfair and ill-timed. You forget that I have just come from a country where champagne is poor and scanty, exorbitantly dear. I feel like catching up a little."

She laughed and seemed to relent. "You are a good deal of a boy, like so many Americans. I am sorry. I like you and would regret to offend you. My intuitions are seldom wrong, but I have had, unfortunately, a good deal to do with secret agents."

"Meaning that I may possibly be a detective sent to investigate the disappearance of Aliste O'Day?" Clive asked.

"I do not think so now. I believe you to be what you say."

"The proof," said Clive, "can easily be offered for your inspection. I have a letter to the French Minister of War and to certain others in high authority. As there is nothing at all secret about my mission here, you are perfectly free to read them if you like, and you must know enough of police methods to admit that an investigator of what might be a criminal case would scarcely be furnished with such documents."

Marina nodded. "I believe you. As the British say, it isn't done. I believe you to be acting entirely from motives of friendship for Miss O'Day. You have given me a new idea and in return for it I will tell you this: If your suspicions that Aliste is not dead are correct, then the very worst thing that you could do for her would be to suggest the idea that she may still be alive. More than that, monsieur, I cannot and shall not say. So now if you will excuse me, I beg your permission to retire."

There was a finality about this speech that Clive knew better than to protest. He motioned the waiter, paid his bill; then, going out with Marina, walked with her across to the modest *pension* where she was stopping.

The interview with Marina, Clive reflected, had resulted in precisely the opposite to what he had hoped. Instead of his learning something from the singer, she evidently had been given a new idea by himself. But she had, however, confirmed what Clive already suspected—that Aliste's sudden extravagances, as described by Porthieu, were not the access of folly that he claimed. Nor were they due to any irrational idea of going through her fortune so that the Porthieus might never get another cent of it. Marina was no doubt right in saying that Aliste, with the traditional beginner's luck, had made a killing at the tables—a run of luck that was not yet large enough to bring her to more than the envious notice of other players—and she had spent the proceeds for gowns and jewels. The bulk of her property would be, Clive was now convinced, in some safe place, possibly under another name. The chances were that Aliste had for some time suspected that Porthieu might try to get himself appointed her conservator and that she had taken measures to prevent this.

But Marina had at the very last dropped one hint that was most significant. She had said, "If your suspicions that Aliste is not dead are correct, then the very worst thing that you could do for her would be to suggest the idea that she may still be alive."

The key to this cryptic statement fitted two doors. One of them opened on the path of thought that Aliste had planned a disappearance to be explained only by suicide because she felt that her safety required such a measure; while the other door opened on the more pleasing prospect that Aliste had done this same thing because she thought that her future happiness demanded it. But Marina had more than hinted at blackmail or some other form of coercion, so the supposition that the girl had chosen this ruse to escape something dreadful was the more plausible.

If Clive could have been convinced that Aliste had acted for her future happiness he would immediately have dropped his investigations. If, for instance, she had first forehandedly placed her fortune in a safe place where she might have access to it, then contrived a means of establishing the conviction that she had been drowned because she had desired to establish a new identity that might enable her to take up her life afresh and undisturbed, whether singly or mated, Clive would have considered that to be strictly her own affair and not tried to interfere. But if, on the other hand, the motive of such an act had been dread, then Aliste was certainly in need of a friend who might help to save her from herself and others.

The more he pondered it, the more he grew convinced that this latter theory was nearer the truth. Marina had not let fall for nothing that remark about Aliste's having run foul of a desperately bad crowd—a criminal mob perhaps. She might have been drawn unknowingly into some criminal act, then had this fact held over her for blackmail. Her design might easily have been to make her blackmailer believe that the dread of this, or disgrace and punishment, had preyed on her mind and driven her to suicide.

For one thing was fairly certain—that whatever Marina might suspect, she would not divulge it. She did not want to get mixed up in it, have any information traced to herself and risk vengeance for it. Marina was no longer the daring wartime spy that she had been. Something might have happened to break her nerve, perhaps merely the consciousness that she no longer possessed her former weapons of high vitality and beauty and the insolence of youth. Something or somebody had got her goat. Clive had not missed the tension of fear in her face when she dropped the hint that he had better keep his suspicions to himself and refused flatly to say more. She had impressed Clive as having knowledge of some danger that might be collateral to Aliste's disappearance, but ignorant of the details of her fate. Also, he felt a growing conviction that he himself had been the first to suggest to Marina that Aliste might still be alive and in hiding somewhere.

He determined now that the next step must be to identify and interview the Breton fisherman whom Marina had professed to consider of no importance in the affair. First, however, it was necessary for Clive to run up to Paris to arrange for certain details in regard to his itinerary—a tour of aviation centers, factories and proving fields of Europe. This would take but a day or two, when he might return and get about his investigation.

He took the Paris *rapide* that night, and on his arrival Saturday morning decided to spend the day in renewing his acquaintance with the city. He had always been an amateur of painting—the word to be taken in the French sense of an art lover, not necessarily himself a painter, but something of a connoisseur and, where the means permitted, a collector. Clive was able to judge a picture on its merits, and he was particularly anxious to see an example of Aliste's work. Her talent had been rather grudgingly admitted by Porthieu, but more warmly commended by Marina; and of the two, Clive esteemed the actress was apt to be the better judge. The mere fact of a painting by a young artist being accepted for exposure in the salon and then given honorable mention did not, as Clive knew, carry a great deal of importance. He was aware that in France there is always the inclination to encourage maiden effort, a definite policy in fact, by people intelligent enough to know that there is no such inspiration as success. A first picture with even the promise of ability is apt not only to be exposed but well placed, and thereafter each fresh entry must show marked improvement in order to receive any consideration at all. And it is on this account that so many beginning painters are apt to wonder why their first picture should be accepted and subsequent ones of equal merit thrown into the discard.

As it was then between the spring and autumn salons, Clive wondered where he might be able to find some canvas of Aliste's.

The best way, he decided, would be to inquire at the Georges Grand or some similar gallery. The former, by the Madeleine, was nearest his hotel; and on going there to state his errand, the dealer smiled.

"It is curious, monsieur, how a tragedy to the artist appears immediately to increase the demand for the work of that one. I have here in my *atelier* three paintings by Mademoiselle O'Day that I managed with some difficulty to find to fill an order of a client for everything from her brush I may be able to discover. I am now on the track of another that is, I think, at Biarritz."

He showed Clive the three paintings, two of which had been already described to him by Mr. Porthieu—the Bay of Biscay fisherman aghast at finding in the haul of his net the beautiful drowned girl, a nude partially draped by the folds of the net, and the Leander. The third was a more cheerful subject, a little in the *genre* of Simon, who paints Breton girls bathing in the sea at the foot of the cliffs, which seems a paradox to one having any knowledge of Breton peasant girls.

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ED. PINAUD'S
Eau de Quinine

Clive found the brush work a contradiction of his knowledge of Aliste. It was broad and bold, not without certain faults of the beginner as to drawing and composition, but with a promise of distinct ability to come as the craftsmanship improved. The dealer himself pointed this out.

"The color is excellent," he said; "but what is most important, the values are very nearly exact. One would say that if this young lady had lived, another year or two of painstaking effort must have placed her high in the ranks of modern painters."

"What strikes me," said Clive, "is the warmth and cheer that she seems to have given to a very cold and cheerless *motif*."

The dealer nodded. "Is it not true? That is youth. One overlooks the *triste* element in the joyousness and vigor of the sea and sky and the brilliant sunshine. Nine out of ten would have carried on the idea of tragedy by shrouding the surroundings in gloom. These bathers also suggest gay modern girls who have stolen off for a bath *au naturel* rather than stolid Breton girls, who, as a matter of fact, would never so conduct themselves. It was necessary to paint one of the party taking off her coif and velvet bodice to identify them for what they are meant to be."

"When did you procure this last, and where?" Clive asked.

"About a month ago, from a singer in Brest. It had been a present to her from the unfortunate artist. She happened to see my advertisement, and being perhaps in need of money, as often happens to those of her profession, sold me the picture."

Clive could guess the identity of this singer. The dealer's next words were of greater interest to him.

"The work of Mademoiselle O'Day, scanty as it is, appears to have produced an effect. Because since her death," he continued, "I have been offered for sale two paintings that show a distinct effort to profit by and improve her technic. In fact, if Miss O'Day were still alive, I should say that she were painting with somebody who was greatly impressed by her technic and *genre* and with the ability to improve on both; also that she had decided to paint more cheerful subjects."

"May I see them?" Clive asked.

He was shown two larger canvases that pleased him infinitely. But even more he was struck by the similarity of work, which, as the dealer had said, was distinctly more able. The subjects and titles of these pictures were jolly. One, La Poule et ses Canetons, joyously parodied a fussy and motherly white hen harassed by fears for her brood of ducklings when these latter splash out into the water. The scene was on a steep little beach at the foot of the cliffs, where a *bonne femme* in white appeared to be much upset by the rompings of four naked children in the water. The other, also happy of conception, had its touch of humor, which likewise extended to the title—Pincée, with the *double entendre* that the word "pinched" conveys in the slang of France as well as that of America.

Two lovely girls, seized by the temptation for a surreptitious dip without costume on a beach where such practice is prohibited, were surprised by the *garde champêtre*, a grim-faced man of middle age, who, with his little *carnet* and stub of pencil, was ostensibly making his *procès verbal*, though both his mind and eyes were obviously not directed to this formality. And at the moment of apprehension one of the delinquent's rosy toes had been seized in the nip of a small but determined crab, when in this more pressing ill she appeared to be appealing to the grizzled guardian of the public morals for his assistance; in the left foreground a Breton maid in coif and kirtle seemed smothering her laughter at her mistress' predicament.

"These pictures," said Clive thoughtfully, "are good. Who is the artist?"

"The letter was signed Guy François Doret," said the dealer, "and the address care of the Comptoir des Escomptes, here in Paris. No price was set upon my disposition of these pictures. I wrote to suggest that they first be offered for exposure at the Salon d'Automne. They would certainly be accepted, though the artist is unknown even to myself, and their value would be increased. Rather to my surprise I received a letter to say that Monsieur Doret would have other and better paintings for exposure and that he desired to sell these as soon as possible. So I have offered to buy them myself at what under the circumstances seems a fair price."

Clive was examining the pictures and comparing them with the work of Aliste, when at this moment there came an interruption. A young man who had entered came up quietly and stood a few steps removed, as if waiting for the dealer to be free. Glancing at this newcomer Clive received an impression that was distinctly unpleasant. The man was faultlessly dressed in the prevailing fashion, but had that accent of foppishness that is conveyed when the social position of the wearer impresses one as not commensurate with the elegance of his attire. Clive had already, even in his few hours in France, verified Mr. Porthieu's remark about the post-bellum social upheaval. Evil was stamped on this man's face as it might be on that of the *sui-generis apache*, but it was a different sort of malignancy, being of featural conformation rather than expression. The man's face looked to Clive like a mask of cruelty. It depicted that negative completion which is the utter absence of any saving grace.

So strong was this impression that if Clive had been armed he would instinctively have felt for the comforting pressure of a weapon. He would not have been surprised if this perfumed dandy with dirty finger nails had drawn an automatic and invited the art dealer to open the safe.

But the picture dealer, on glancing at the newcomer, showed no such sinister foreboding. He gave him a polite *bon jour* and said, "I have not yet received an answer to my letter, Monsieur Constant. In fact, it is still too early to expect one, as Monsieur Doret is very sure to be *en province* at this season."

His client nodded. "I happened to be passing," he said in a thin metallic voice, with a slight accent that was not French, "and entered to see if by hazard there had been any reply."

He turned as if to go out, then loitered to look at one or two pictures that had been taken out to show to some client and not yet put away.

The dealer turned to Clive:

"Had Mademoiselle O'Day begun to paint when you knew her as a very young girl, monsieur?"

"She sketched a little with pastels," Clive answered. For some reason he would rather not have been questioned about Aliste. A vague presentiment, what he would have called a hunch, seemed to warn him that Monsieur Constant was listening. He added, "My acquaintance with her was very slight, and about twelve years ago."

He changed the topic to ask about what was being done in contemporary art. Monsieur Constant went out. The dealer glanced after him, then said dryly to Clive, "One has strange clients these days, monsieur. You would hardly expect a type like that to be interested in paintings—especially of children."

"No," Clive agreed. "He looks as if he would take more interest in a bomb."

The dealer smiled. "I am of your advice. As a matter of fact, he came to me the other day on the same errand as your own—to ask if I knew where he could find a picture by Miss O'Day. I showed him these others and he professed himself charmed by La Poule et ses Canetons. He came again, bringing a friend somewhat in his own class, which appears to be the parvenu, and both of them greatly admired the craftsmanship of the children. Monsieur Constant then commissioned me to make Monsieur Doret an offer for him to paint a similar informal portrait study of the three children of a friend, summering at Beg Meil, by Fouesnant, in Finistère. They gave me carte blanche to set the price."

Clive looked thoughtful. "One would scarcely pick Monsieur Constant as an amateur of child portraiture," he said, "but you can never tell. The arts and muses are apt to break the surface in quarters the most unexpected."

"Is it not so? But sometimes it is unmistakable—as in the case of the unfortunate Mademoiselle O'Day. One perceived immediately that she had the gift, the nature, the soul; that she was pure artist. There was a quality in her regard—her eyes ——"

"She was very nearsighted as a young girl," Clive said.

"Yes, but that very defect accentuated the impression. The last time I saw her she mentioned her eyes. She said she believed her glasses needed changing. I advised her to go immediately to Romeywitz, close by."

Clive, on the European principle that one does not enter a store without purchasing something, however slight, bought a chic little study in oil that pleased him, a Breton sunk lane, with a girl in the quaint costume of the country walking in the shadow-flecked sunshine of the pollards along the high turf hedge. Then, as if inadvertently, he asked, "Where do you suppose these two pictures by Doret were painted? Brittany also?"

The dealer nodded. "My client, Monsieur Constant, asked the same question. This beach is the sort found between Brest and Lorient, though the cliffs down there are not so high. Still, it might be near Douarnenez."

Clive studied the picture Pincée. An idea suddenly occurred to him. A clew might be offered, he thought, by the details of the laughing Breton maid. He knew that though the Breton costumes are practically the same, each *pays* has its distinguishing coif. Some of these dainty and invariably immaculate headdresses are very slight, a mere arrangement of bands, while others may be ample. But each has its distinguishing note.

He did not call the attention of the dealer to this possible means of locating the scene in a general way. But he fixed the design of the coif in his visual memory, which was exact. Then, with a word of thanks for the courtesy shown him, he went out and made his way to the shop of the optician, Romeywitz.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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LOGICALLY enough, the full significance of Relaxed Motoring has been best appreciated by the leaders of the industry—the car builders whose sense of obligation to their public is highest and who are habitually most alert to forward steps of proven value.

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Packard Eight	Packard Six	Peerless 8-69
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Of all cars now built to sell at $2,000 or more, 60% are factory-Stabilated. In 1926, approximately an equal number, in the same or lower price classes, were Stabilated by local car-dealers or individual owners.

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DECORATIVE DOORS

No other architectural style makes such bold use of broad areas as you find in the Spanish and Italian houses. This Curtis door C-308—a remarkably inexpensive door—is especially suited to this style. Here it is shown as used in the home of Mr. Andrew C. Borzner, architect, in Beechwood Park, Delaware County, Pennsylvania

Mr. Borzner first drove wrought-iron studs into the stiles and rails to give relief to the flat surfaces. He then had the door painted brown and a coat of green paint put on over it. Before the green paint dried it was wiped off, leaving a mellow, antique effect that blends perfectly with the rough plastered walls. The Curtis trim (C-1651½) was treated the same way.

Delightful effects similar to this can be obtained in unending variety with other Curtis door and trim designs. The Curtis Woodwork in Mr Borzner's house was furnished by the Gillingham Company, Philadelphia.

Instead of windows, many Spanish and Italian houses employ full-length French doors. This Curtis French door C-321 has been used very effectively in a group of Italian houses designed and built by J. S. Mozino & Company, on Morgan Avenue, in Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania. The Gillingham Company, Philadelphia, were the dealers.

Colorful Interiors *in Spanish and Italian homes, now so popular,* need this

BUILT-IN BEAUTY

1866 CURTIS WOODWORK

(LEFT) If you are thinking of building in the Spanish or Italian style, try to procure that most delightful feature of the plan known as the patio. Even in a small house, as in this home of Mr. A. Parish, in Altoona, Pennsylvania, it is an interesting detail. The door shown is Curtis design C 239, it is painted yellow and black. The first floor window is C-1021, and the second floor window C-1024. C. S. Moss was the architect and The Fluke Company, Inc., the builders and dealers.

EVERYWHERE that beautiful homes are built, you will see increasing numbers of houses that reflect the shores of the blue Mediterranean in their design and color. But like all beautiful homes, strip them of all extraneous ornament and remove all furniture and decorations and they are still lovely because they depend for their beauty only upon pleasing proportions and interesting details.

Chief among these details are such woodwork forms as you see here—doors, windows, trim, cabinetwork. These are the principal architectural features of Spanish and Italian houses while at the same time they form the background for all decorative effects. This is a principle of architecture and decoration that builders of the best houses in all styles universally recognize.

Those who admire Spanish and Italian houses can now obtain delightful effects, both inside and out, with standard designs of Curtis Woodwork. There is no need to pay the extra cost of made-to-order millwork. Woodwork for English, Colonial and Modern American homes is also available.

In order that she might have the proper setting for her distinctively painted bedroom furniture, Mrs. Thomas Norton achieved this colorful effect in her home in Sylvan Hills, Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania. Here is a Curtis dressing table C-810. The trim used in this room is C-1640. The panels of the doors and dressing table are painted black, the stiles and rails an olive green, while the ovolo molding that defines the panels is gilded. The effect is striking, and the woodwork makes a beautiful background for the furniture, which is treated in the same way, and for the richly colored bedspreads, rugs and draperies. The Fluke Company, Inc., Altoona, Pennsylvania, were the Curtis dealers.

In all Curtis Woodwork you will find more than good design; you will find the soundest materials and workmanship not excelled by even the finest furniture.

The leading dealer in woodwork in your town (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis dealer. Ask him to help you and your architect or builder to select, from his own stock or from his Curtis Catalog, the proper designs and woods to suit the architectural style of your house and the sizes that can be used in your plans. He will be glad to explain the superior construction of all Curtis items, too, or write us for helpful information and practical suggestions.

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THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK

(Continued from Page 6)

which it supplies to the public from 200 to more than 1500. During the last fiscal year 189 new items were added, covering 38 commodities. We are rapidly approaching the time when a business man will be able to determine the exact position of his industry in relation to production, stocks, orders, sales, conditions of sources of supply, the consuming market, credit, business activity and broad economic currents both at home and abroad. The individual judgment has thus been greatly strengthened. Statistics are like weather reports in their relation to business conditions. They can be made to convey warning of every incipient movement toward overproduction or inflation so that individual action becomes a great neutralizing force.

Not so very long ago all that anybody knew of the weather was derived from what he could see of the sky—the few square miles overhead that he surveyed with his own eye. But the weather was upon him then. Nowadays, city people, at least, pay no attention to the sky. They look at the weather forecast. But business statistics are more than simple weather forecasting, for they help to make the weather of business. Human judgment, if accurately informed in time, can change the weather. As a standing proposition, the more knowledge the more confidence. Most readers will recall that in the early summer of 1917 a notion got abroad that the papers were suppressing news relating to the war, and, as a natural consequence, one heard very intelligent people gravely repeating grotesque rumors. Nothing gets on the nerves like darkness.

But all this admirable business reporting, extremely valuable though it be when intelligently used, is not quite like weather forecasting either. If it rains everybody outdoors will get wet—the just and the unjust alike, as the Scriptures remark. But a forecast of business rain doesn't mean that at all. In business it is always raining on some people, while other people, just across the street, are enjoying tropical sunshine. By "business," just now I mean the whole range of activities by which men gain a livelihood and, perhaps, some money in the bank. In that wide field it is always bad weather for some people, even in the most prosperous times; and it is always good weather for some even in the most depressed times.

Which brings us back to the second portion of the manufacturer's comment, and to the personal question: What does this business-weather reporting mean to you?

All Ups and Downs

Not only the Federal Reserve Banks, the Department of Commerce and other government departments, but innumerable private agencies, such as the big commercial banks, investment bankers, trade journals, financial journals, daily newspapers, and so on, are constantly analyzing and plotting the stream of figures, reducing them to curves and percentages for easy reading, deducing upturns and downturns from them. Everybody who reads at all, I take it, becomes acquainted with this forecasting—especially around the turn of the year.

It is good that everybody engaged in making a living, or living from investments, should keep informed of the business weather. But, like many other good things, it can be overdone. And it has struck me of late that a lot of people are getting in the way of taking business reporting as they take weather reporting—of thinking that if the general curve goes down 7 per cent they must go down 7 per cent with it; or if it goes up 7 per cent they can ride with the tide.

But business and weather are two quite different things. Weather is one huge, same lump—all rain or all sun or all misty. The business situation in the United States at any given time is a sum of the activities of millions of individuals, no two exactly alike; no two affecting the total in exactly the same way. Two passenger-elevator operators working in the same building the same number of hours for the same pay will spend their money differently.

All sorts of curves may be plotted through this mass to show averages. But probably not one actual human soul will live on any one of the curves. Every actual human soul will be above or below the average by some fraction or other. No business forecasting can show what is bound to happen to any actual individual. It is background.

There is no average individual. There isn't even a normal state of business as a whole. We used to hear much of that mythical state, and still do in inexpert discussions. But the expert knows there is no such state. Before me is an expert's chart showing the course of business activity in the United States for the past quarter century. The lines look like profiles of jagged mountain ranges; never at an equilibrium, never on the level, never normal, but always jiggling up and down. The Federal Reserve Board's charts showing, for example, the output of basic commodities for a single month never show a straight line or a smooth curve. The lines are always jiggling up and down. The only constant thing about it is constant change.

Sure to be Different

This weather-business reporting is at most only fifty years old. Back of 1870, in any country, business statistics grow rapidly scanter and less reliable, indicating only the taller peaks and deeper depressions. Hence there was an impression that the course of business consisted of alternate boom and panic with a level stretch a normal state—in between. But there is no level state. The National Bureau of Economic Research has just published the first volume of comprehensive study of business fluctuation—the swing from good times to bad times—in seventeen different countries, going as far back as the available statistics allow. The introduction remarks: "The only normal condition is a state of change. From England in 1790 to China in 1825, from Sweden to Australia, the tables reveal incessant fluctuations."

Also, the swing from good times to bad times shows no chronological regularity. The United States had a panic in 1833, depression in 1853, panic in 1873, panic in 1893; hence a facile conclusion that panic every twenty years was one of the laws of nature. But "while the annals show that business is subject to continual fluctuations, they also show that in no country are the alternations of expansion and contraction highly regular. . . . Recurrence of depression, revival, prosperity and recession time after time in land after land may be the chief conclusion drawn from experience; but a second conclusion is that no two recurrences in all the array seem precisely alike. Business cycles differ in their duration as wholes and in the relative duration of their component phases; they differ in intensity; they differ in the features which attain prominence; they differ in the quickness and uniformity with which they sweep from one country to another."

Carefully examining the available evidence in the case of the United States from 1790 to 1925, and calling the swing from one depression through to another depression as a business cycle, the bureau finds one cycle about one year long, four cycles about two years long, ten cycles about three years long, five about four years long, six about five years long, four about six years long, one about seven years long and one about nine years long. Depression ten years ago or twenty years ago tells you nothing whatever about the present or the future.

In fine, what you can be quite sure of in regard to business is that it is going to be different. It is as far as possible from a vast Strasburg clock, wound up to go through the same motions again and again, bound to strike twelve at stated times. It is a flux—one of the fluxiest things going, consequently always chock-full of opportunity.

The line on the chart is always moving up or down, but none of the many individuals whom it summarizes is moving just as the line does. A lot of them may be moving in the opposite direction. The most comprehensive and violent economic movement of which there is any record consisted of the world-wide deflation of 1920. Prices fell headlong, but no two categories of prices fell alike. No two individuals were affected just alike.

Deflation began in Japan, where there had been a wild boom in raw silk. The price of that commodity rose to nearly five times the prewar price. And in the deflation it fell 86.5 per cent, which comes pretty near to going through the floor. In one of his papers Secretary Hoover tells of two silk manufacturers. One became alarmed by the rise in raw-silk prices and arranged at his bank for a large loan so that he could stock up before prices went through the sky. The other also became alarmed by the rise in prices and stopped buying altogether. One failed, the other profited. The big deflation was full of similar differences in individual experience.

The most distressful result of the big deflation was unemployment. In the United States something like 5,000,000 men found themselves out of work almost overnight. A detailed table for all major employments covering the first quarter of 1920 when the postwar boom was at its height and the first quarter of 1922 when recovery from the slump was only beginning, shows 3,085,000 fewer persons on the pay rolls at the later period. But 1,866,000 of them had been employed in manufactures of metals and 485,000 had been employed in transportation. That is, those two categories comprised nearly 80 per cent of the total. Big, highly organized metal-working concerns promptly trimmed sail by closing down. Railroads met the situation by laying off men wholesale. Outside of those two categories the table shows rather little decrease in employment. The building trades had more men on the pay roll in1922 than in 1920; more men and women were employed in public and professional service and in domestic and personal service. The employment curve went down; but individual experience differed all the way from zero to 100 plus, for many individuals got raises in pay during that period.

Higher Wages, Lower Prices

Even if an individual moved with the line he wouldn't necessarily be going where a statistical observer thought he was. On the chart 1920 looks like a big downturn for the country as a whole—a very steep toboggan slide with bumps. But essentially it was an upturn. We may blame it on the war, or on reaction from the fears and restraints of war; but the country had pretty much lost its head. Speculation was even more rampant in the Corn Belt than in Wall Street. The price of anything, from a silk shirt to a farm, no longer mattered. The wrong state is the drunk, not the next morning when you wake up with a headache. In the spring of 1920 the country was wrong.

Wages were double prewar, but prices were up to 226 as compared with 100 for prewar. When the slump was over, prices were down to 149, but wages had fallen only 3 per cent. Prices on the whole have not gone up since then. In the fall of 1926 the index figure stood at 150, but wages have advanced from 193 in 1922 to 238 in 1926. Labor has not only kept all its wartime gains in money wages, but has gone well above the wartime wage level, while prices have come down a third.

That great gain in mass purchasing power is peculiar to the United States. Similar figures for England show that in 1920 the price index stood at 283 as compared with 100 for prewar, and the wage-rate index stood at 256. Since then the price index has fallen to 166; but the wage rate has fallen to 175. As prices fell the rates of wages fell in pretty nearly the same ratio—to say nothing of very extensive unemployment over there. The English figures indicate no increase in mass purchasing power, but a decrease rather, when unemployment is taken into account.

There must be something back of this American gain that doesn't get into the charts and tables, because no arithmetical symbols or logarithmic curves can express it. Whatever that something may be it certainly is not labor unions, for labor is far more extensively organized in England than in the United States. Secretary Hoover, commenting on the above figures in his annual report for 1926, says the elimination, or reduction, of waste of all sorts has enabled us to pay higher wages while producing cheaper goods; in other words, to send the wage index up and the price index down at the same time.

Chronic hostility and friction between employer and employed is certainly one of the most prolific causes of industrial waste. Perhaps by this time both employer and employed in the United States are convinced that what either gains does not necessarily come out of the other; that higher wages need not come out of profits nor higher profits out of wages. Such a state of mind on both sides would obviously be a large national asset, but you could not put it in a table. In that regard, it was encouraging to read, the other day, that 89,000 conductors and trainmen on Eastern railroads had been granted an increase of 7.5 per cent in pay.

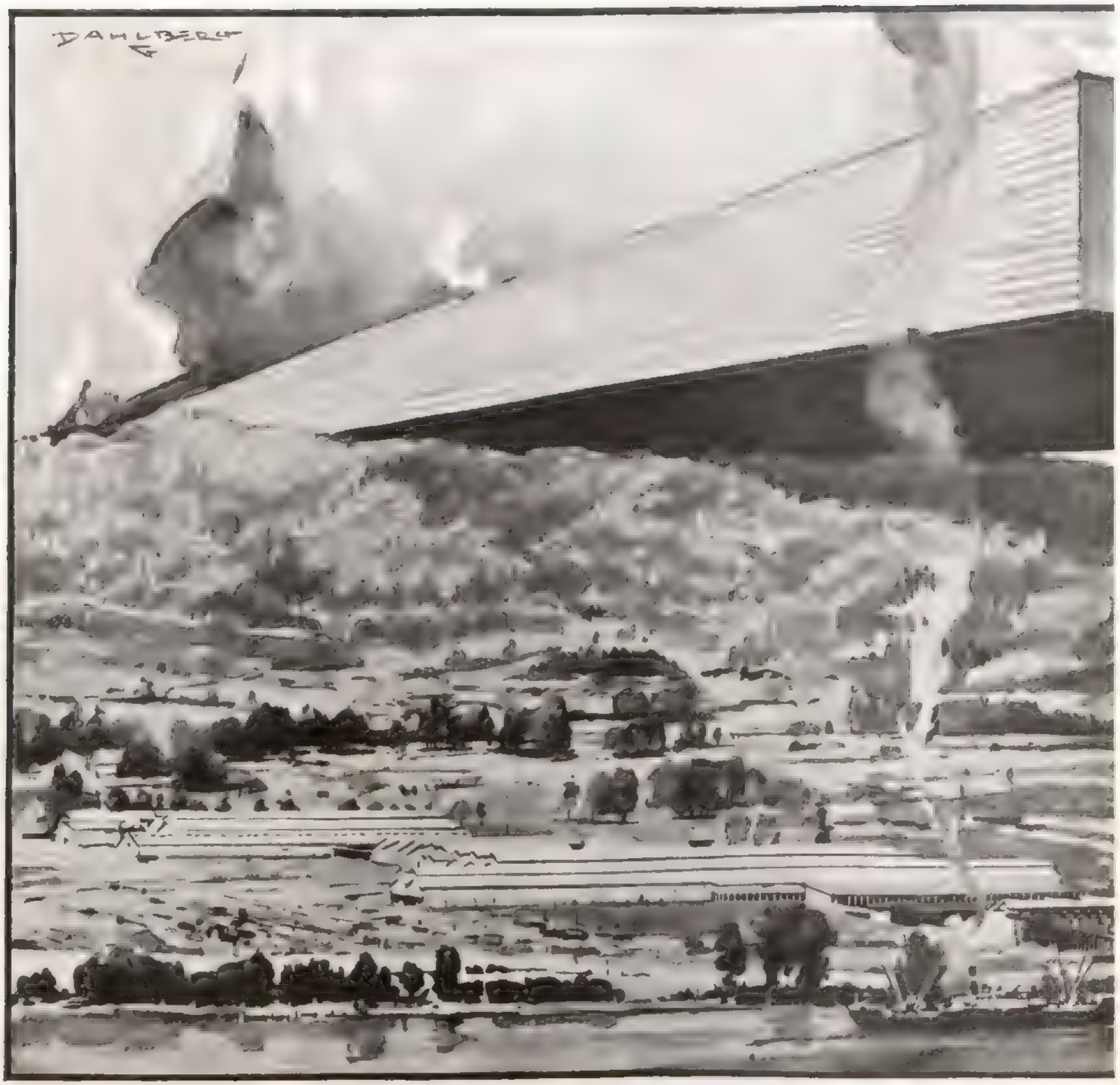
Horse Sense as an Asset

Probably you read in the newspapers within a year that railroad employes were moving for an increase of pay. Since that initial announcement, if my recollection serves, there was hardly anything about the subject in the papers until this news of the first award to Eastern conductors and trainmen. Awards to other divisions and classes of employes will follow in due course. Probably they will attract little attention, the public taking them as a matter of course. Time was, as even young readers can remember, when a demand for more pay by the powerful railroad unions was treated as a species of war news. Everybody was more or less excited and disturbed—particularly everybody whose livelihood directly depended on prompt, regular movement of goods by rail. If we have really learned, on both sides, to adjust wage claims with good nature and horse sense, that is surely a big national asset, although it cannot be expressed arithmetically. It means better coöperation.

But no cooperation comes out alike for any two individuals engaged in it. I used to live among coöperating fruit growers. One coöperator thrived while his neighbor dwindled. Which is the good way of the world. A frightful fault common to most radical doctrines is that they want to make everybody come out just alike. No matter how you play the game, you will get two hits and one run, which would take all the life out of it. And democratic doctrine that is not radical leans heavily on the collective idea.

But don't get obsessed by that idea. It is the individual that counts. Mankind, as philosophers have pointed out, is only an abstraction. Really there is no such thing: there are only millions of individual men and women. Really there is no public either. That is only an abstraction—very convenient for editors and politicians when they wish to create the impression that they are speaking for some mysterious, irresistible sovereign. In fact, there are only

(Continued on Page 122)



The thoroughly modern, electrically operated manufacturing plants shown in the above sketch are in Longview, Wn. They produce 1,800,000 feet of Douglas Fir lumber a day. The buildings cover 72 acres. Six ocean-going freighters can load at one time at the Long-Bell docks. The equipment of the plants includes every modern device for producing good lumber economically.

THIS company, now more than a half-century in the lumber business, began placing its name on its product years ago. It represents long experience, thoroughness and uniformity of manufacture, and a noteworthy standard of production. ❧ ❧ ❧ Today no building material trade-mark stands higher with the industry . . . no lumber product promises more permanence or durability . . . than the products marked with this name. ❧ ❧ ❧ *Men* are behind it—men in woods and mills and offices—men skilled in lumber production and distribution—all with one kindred aim: To make this trade-mark stand always for unsurpassed quality and uniformity in lumber. ❧ ❧ ❧ Confidence must surely guide a man in his buying of lumber . . . confidence in the dealer who sells it . . . *confidence in the company which makes it* . . . and this mark points the way to maximum construction value! Your retail lumber dealer knows.

KNOW the lumber you buy! Among the varied products bearing the Long-Bell trade-mark is Douglas Fir, produced at Longview, Wn. Long-Bell trade-marked Douglas Fir has many distinctions of manufacture designed to give the user *maximum construction value.* ❦ ❦ ❦ Long-Bell products include: Douglas Fir Lumber and Timbers, Douglas Fir Window Frames ❦ ❦ ❦ Western Hemlock Lumber ❦ ❦ ❦ Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers ❦ ❦ ❦ Southern Hardwood Lumber and Timbers, Oak Flooring ❦ ❦ ❦ California White Pine Lumber, Sash and Doors, Box Shooks ❦ ❦ ❦ Creosoted Lumber, Timbers, Posts, Poles, Ties, Guard-Rail Posts, and Piling.

THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY

R. A. Long Building *Lumbermen Since 1875* Kansas City, Missouri

The 937 per cent increase in sales in 12 years of Long-Bell trade-marked oak flooring is testimony of its quality. Its excellence of manufacture assures *minimum laying and finishing* cost. It makes a beautiful floor . . . is durable . . . is economical. It is trade-marked on the back of the piece to identify these qualities to the user.

(Continued from Page 119)

millions of individuals, no two alike, no two holding the same opinions all the way along the line, no two bound to react to a given condition in the same way. Collapse in prices ruins one manufacturer and brings profit to another. No chart can show what is bound to happen to you. If you merely give up at sight of it, you will not follow the chart but fall off the board. To balance carefully all the averages and chances before taking a step comes to never stepping.

Says Casey on his way to bat, "The team's average is 5.841 runs per game. There are nine men on the team. That would be—yes, it would be .649 run per man per game. There are four bases in a run. Four into .649 gives .16225. That means I ought to get about three yards beyond ——"

"Strike three! You're out!" says the umpire.

Perhaps nobody ever had a better analytical mind than Herbert Spencer—certainly one of the outstanding English minds of the past century. When a comparatively young man he considered emigrating to New Zealand, and quite characteristically made out a table setting down all the reasons for going, with a due mathematical value assigned to each reason, and likewise all the reasons for remaining in England. The points in favor of New Zealand footed up 301. The points in favor of remaining in England footed up 110. All the same, he remained in England, and became the most famous philosopher of his time. Very likely, immersed in practical problems in New Zealand, he might have become only a moderately successful civil engineer.

On a careful balancing of chances, pro and con, almost any young man would find the odds overwhelmingly against his succeeding in any line whatever. On the debit side he would have to set down the fact that he knew very little about practical affairs. This extremely limited and smattering stock of information—just about as limited and smattering for practical purposes if he is a college graduate as if he isn't—would count, say, 98 against him. He would put down that he had no money worth mentioning, and no pull, which would count for 89. He would also put down that there were already far too many persons in whatever field of gainful activity he proposed to attack—too many engineers, too many dentists, too many salesmen, too many bookkeepers, too many actors, too many statisticians. There have always been too many of everything; all occupations overcrowded. That would count for at least 100. He would put down his bad habits. Every young man and woman has some. Good habits, apparently, are acquired by painful effort, but bad habits we come by naturally—especially in college. I don't mean drinking or stud poker, but shirking. There would be a formidable debit total; and what on the other side?

What Makes the World Go

Of course only one young man out of a million and one ever thinks of such meticulous balancing of chances; and the exceptional one has native sense enough to disregard the arithmetical conclusion. The million just pitch cheerfully in, which is infinitely more to the purpose than careful weighing of all pros and cons. After all, it is not careful weighing of points, but pitching in that makes the world go.

A long while ago I was invited to call on the editor of a magazine that had lately introduced itself to the public with considerable flourish. Personal attention from a magazine editor was a novel and exciting experience then. I came away from the interview tremendously impressed. In the course of an hour's grave talk the editor showed me, with the aid of some figures, on what a firm and scientific foundation he was building. He wasn't aiming his magazine at just anybody who might have fifteen cents to spend for current literature. He had in mind definite readers or types of readers. The thoughtful young mother constituted the most numerous type. She, as I recall it, would account for about 400,000 of the future 1,000,000 subscribers; and she would require, say, 15 per cent of helpful hints about the children, 30 per cent of improving fiction—about other thoughtful young mothers, if possible—and 20 per cent of uplifting exposition of public questions. The thoughtful young father would require 10 per cent of terse but luminous discussion of current business affairs, which was the niche I was to shine in. Of course, if a thoughtful young father was married to a thoughtful young mother he would be a dead loss to the magazine, as one copy would answer for both. But many thoughtful young fathers might be saved to us through the misfortune of having married thoughtless young mothers. I have forgotten how that worked out statistically.

The Trouble With Curves

Before that I had thought more or less about editing; but I perceived how shamefully scatterbrained and impressionistic my thinking had been. Editing on a solid statistical foundation had never occurred to me, and I contritely attributed that oversight to my lack of scientific training. It seemed to me that a man who could analyze his prospects with such exactness was pretty sure to succeed. But in spite of its bedrock scientific foundation the magazine blew up about the time I was getting ready to write something for it.

Jot down a list of the men who have made the most conspicuous successes in their lines of business—Ford, Curtis, Woolworth, Wanamaker, and so on—then look up their beginnings. On paper none of them had a show. There was nothing in their favor that could be expressed in mathematical terms. For example, my chart says that 1876 was a year of depression. The black line that year sags as though an elephant had stepped on it. But that was the year in which young Cyrus H. K. Curtis chose to start a publishing business in Philadelphia, which everybody whom he consulted told him was the worst possible place. That is not the exception, but rather the rule throughout the list. The makings of success cannot be put into a curve.

A swimmer attempting the English Channel will need information as full and exact as possible about weather, tides, currents. Anybody can get that information, but not everybody can swim the Channel. The individual will to adventure and the personal skill and courage that carry the winner across cannot be put down on a chart. The spirit to pitch in, along with personal skill and courage, always counts 95 for the individual as against 5 for everything on the chart.

It would seem hardly necessary to state so self-evident a truth. Probably it isn't necessary. But I happen to have run across a good many chart talkers, and to have read a good many in print of late. Maybe that should be expected at the turn of the year, when stock taking and forecasting appear to be two of the obligations of the seasons, like mailing Christmas cards to people you haven't thought of for eleven months and twenty-nine days.

This new wealth of statistics is a great temptation to generalization, and a wise man said, "All generalizations are false, including this one." Anyway, generalization and abstraction are full of peril. David Harum remarked, "It is good for a dog to have some fleas; it keeps him from brooding on the fact that he is a dog." We know from human analogy that if a dog sat down to ponder the general subject of dogs, he would be a far less happy and less useful animal than he is when just naturally following his nose, scratching his fleas, barking at the iceman and chasing his tail.

It is clear enough that what some of the world's most famous generalizers in modern times have most needed was more fleas. For health, men need active contacts with their environment. Shut up in a room pondering abstractions, even the strongest minds will hardly escape indigestion. When a philosopher, after living some years in the closet air of generalizations and abstractions, pushes a message for the public through a crack in the door to the effect that the world is a complete failure, he may seem at first glance to be saying something important; but in fact he is only telling us that he is bilious. If you abstract flesh and blood from it, the world is a complete failure. While the philosopher is generalizing and abstracting, billions of flesh-and-blood people go about their daily jobs quite cheerfully, on the whole.

Anybody with two eyes and ears who moves about the real world at all, daily encountering real men, women and children, bankers and cab drivers, farmers and policemen, stenographers and painters, nurses and statesmen, elevator operators and editors, must notice how cheerfully, on the whole, they go about this dismal business of living. When you find a man or woman who is at work, whether it is a negro day laborer laying a pavement in a Southern city, a train conductor punching tickets, the president of the railroad at his desk, an author writing a story that may not sell, or even a bootlegger in daily peril of his liberty, it is the odd chance if that man or woman is in a depressed state of mind. Mostly they are quite cheerful. Only the philosopher, generalizing and abstracting, is full of gloom.

Without Flesh and Blood

All generalizing statistics are abstractions. There is no flesh and blood in them. They do not mean that any actual human being had just such and such experiences—for example, that any actual wage earner in the United States, in the fall of 1926, was getting 20 per cent more pay than he received in 1920, and expending 33 per cent less on living expenses. Very likely no actual workman had just that experience. The figures show only the average of wage earners in the mass—very valuable as signposts that point in the general direction of what the actual experience of millions of real persons was, but not a trench along which thirty-odd millions of real persons really marched. It isn't the mass or the average but the individual that matters, for he is the only thing that is real.

History amounts to this: That men have always been getting into frightful general messes and then, as individuals, working out of them by the application of personal initiative, skill, courage, thrift. The World War is only one illustration out of a thousand. Eight years ago this January, on any general view, Europe was about done. The monstrous debts, the rancorous hates, the unstable currencies, the industrial and social dislocations formed a curve that seemed to end nowhere this side of nadir. Half a dozen well-meaning statesmen, thinking in general terms, sat down at Versailles to concoct a remedy and ended by making the mess worse than it was before.

But many million concrete individual Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, and so on, planned and strove, each on his own little immediate concrete problem of making a living or making a profit, cooperating for immediate concrete purposes with other individuals who had like individual problems. European mankind was dished. But individual Europeans, each attacking the small tangible problem under his nose, refused to sink. Presumably the most optimistic historian will hesitate to say that Europe has owed anything in particular to statesmanship in the eight years since the Armistice, or to any general scheme. The Dawes Plan is by far the most helpful general scheme that I can think of, and that, essentially, is a bankers' plan for collecting and remitting money.

Banking Assets

When men drop the little selfish individual actions that they know all about from personal experience and turn to a general action, they are woefully apt to go wrong. The one general action to which they have constantly returned with enthusiasm is war. But on any long view the peaceful generalities of politics show more mistakes than successes. Mostly, a man can deal efficiently just with the small, familiar plot of action under his nose. The way he cultivates his own four-by-six not only has by far the most to do with shaping his own chart but it has most to do with shaping the general chart.

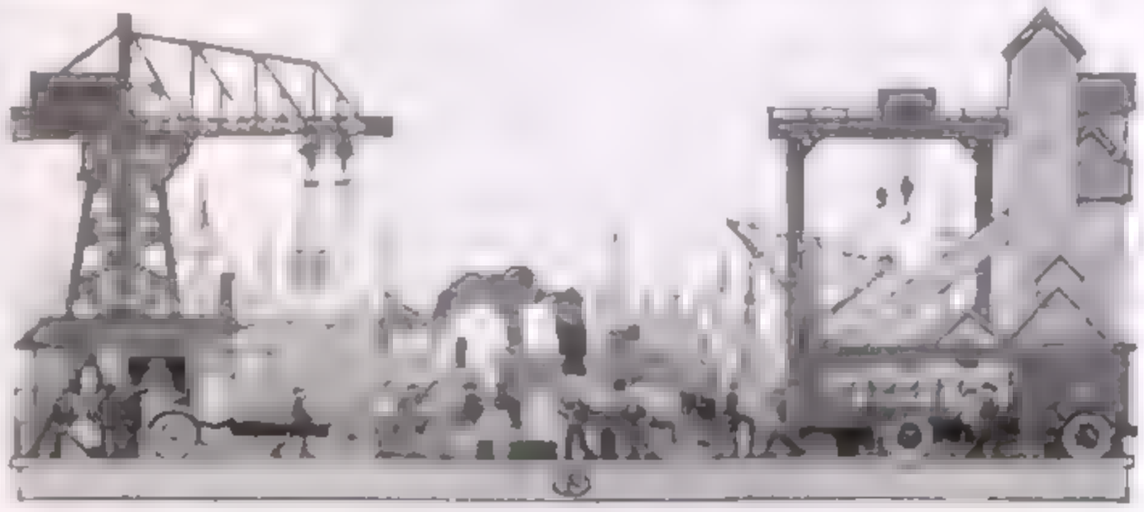
For example, a subject that attracts some attention at this turn of the year is the use of bank credit in building operations. In two years the country has invested $12,000,000,000 in new buildings—more than half the total investment in railroads. It was only in 1916 that the total value of new buildings exceeded $1,000,000,000. The record of the past two years is astonishing. A great part of this building is done on credit.

With certain types of building, such as office structures, hotels, apartment houses, a mortgage and a bond issue are fairly invariable features. These building loans get into bank loans.

It is one of the oldest axioms of banking, or at any rate as old as Adam Smith, that a commercial bank, whose deposits are payable on demand, must keep its assets liquid, confining itself to paper that can be turned into money within a limited period—paper, for example, based on goods that will be moving into consumption. For that reason national banks, and many state banks, are forbidden by law to invest more than a small portion of their assets in loans on real estate. As everybody knows who has owned any of it, real estate is something that you can always buy, but sometimes you can sell it and sometimes you can't.

Real estate is not a liquid asset. Banks that were overloaded with loans based on real estate would be in a decidedly unsatisfactory state. The Chase National Bank of New York recently published an interesting analysis of the situation in that respect among banks belonging to the Federal Reserve System, comprising three-quarters of the total banking resources of the country.

On June 30, 1926, these banks held about $2,600,000,000 of loans secured on real estate, an increase of fully $2,000,000,000 since 1919—that is, during the postwar period of notable building activity. That amounts to 9 per cent of their total loans and investments—not an alarming figure if the loans were distributed evenly among all the banks. But they are not distributed evenly. Eighty-three central-reserve



(Continued on Page 125)

Lest your cheery home fires turn and destroy

THE hearth fire and the lazily smoking chimney have been symbols of good cheer since men first built houses for their abode. Good cheer—until one forgets that the fire that cheers can also destroy.

National fire figures bear eloquent testimony to the fact that men do forget. Fire every year takes its greatest toll of homes. And unguarded hearth fires, soot-clogged or defective chimneys and flues, carelessly handled stoves and heating systems occasion the greatest loss.

Carelessness plays a tragic part in the yearly loss of life and property. Every North America Agent can help you guard against carelessness and its costly results by giving you expert advice on Fire Prevention.

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and the
Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life

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THIS is the master Ray-O-Vac 45 volt "B" battery No. 9303, for all multiple-tube sets, especially sets requiring more than 15 milliamperes. Note the absence of pitch on the top. Due to the new type of construction used this battery now gives 10% to 15% more life than the old style.

This *new type* radio battery improves reception and reduces upkeep expense . . .

Because it has *low internal resistance* combined with remarkable *staying power.*

* * *

EMINENT engineers say that for the best radio reception the "B" power supply should have as little internal resistance as possible. Otherwise signals are liable to be distorted in amplification, and natural, rounded tones cannot come out of the loud speaker.

The special formula used in making Ray-O-Vac batteries produces batteries that have only from 1/6 to 1/3 the internal resistance of ordinary sources of "B" power supply.

At the same time, this special formula makes batteries that deliver a strong, steady voltage over an unusually long time. It gives them *staying power.*

TOTALLY *new construction.* Although Ray-O-Vac batteries have long been known for their low internal resistance and staying power, now a new type of construction increases their service 10% to 15%.

The old style battery did not always give all its current in service. It *consumed itself.* With the first break in a cell, a short circuit was likely to be created that drained the current whether the battery was in use or not

Ray-O-Vac engineers have overcome this tendency of a battery to eat itself up to such an extent that now Ray-O-Vac batteries have a much longer life.

Each individual cell in a Ray-O-Vac battery is now housed in a waterproofed carton that checks the escape of the electrolyte and its consequent contact with other cells. Hence short circuits are less apt to occur, and the battery lives longer.

The best way to insure securing "B" batteries that give clear reception and long life is to ask for Ray-O-Vacs. They are sold by all stores dealing in radio equipment and supplies.

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN

Also makers of Ray-O-Vac "A" and "C" radio batteries, Ray-O-Vac flashlights and batteries and Ray-O-Vac ignition batteries.

(Continued from Page 122)

city banks—New York and Chicago—with 25 per cent of the total loans and investments, held only 5 per cent of the real-estate paper. Five hundred and fifty-three other reserve city banks, with 35 per cent of the total loans and investments, held 51 per cent of the real-estate paper, and 8899 country banks—meaning all outside of reserve cities—with 40 per cent of the total loans and investments, held 44 per cent of the real-estate paper.

But within those classes the paper is not evenly distributed. A great many banks, obviously including much the most important ones, have pursued a very conservative policy in regard to real-estate loans. Others have been less conservative, and no doubt still others, including comparatively small country institutions, have taken on more paper of that class than they should. It may be mentioned that in the period covered by the table Federal Farm Loan Banks and Joint Stock Land Banks, both under Government auspices, have issued $1,600,000,000 of farm-loan bonds, so a farmer with good land security to offer has had no need to call upon the local commercial bank for a farm loan.

In short, if there is any fault here, it is not a generalized one. It is solely the fault of certain individual bankers who failed to cultivate their own little plot with due judgment. Not one collective fault, but some strictly individual faults. There was nothing wrong with laws, or trends, or curves, or percentages; but when a specific banker was applied to for a specific loan he used poor judgment. If each individual did his immediate concrete job properly, how much trouble of a general nature would be avoided!

Installment buying is another subject for critical comment. In the past three or four years an enormous amount of merchandise, automobiles being the leading item, has been sold on installments and a great part of the paper thus created has been discounted by the banks. Nobody knows exactly how much of such paper the banks hold, but it certainly runs into the billions. Experience shows that when some very simple business rules are followed this is good paper. It is liquid, for if those rules have been followed the purchaser will meet the monthly payments and in due course the whole obligation will be liquidated. It is the business of the banks to know whether those rules were followed in the making of installment paper offered to them for discount. In certain cases, probably, a manufacturer or agent, eager to force out goods on any terms, will sell to a tramp, take too small a payment down and extend the deferred payments over too long a time, thereby making poor paper. And in certain cases, probably, a bank eager for business will shut its eyes and discount such paper. The trouble is all with that particular bank.

Whatever fault there is here is the fault of specific individuals who in specific cases used bad judgment. As a generalization there is no more fault with installment paper than with grocers' paper or farmers' paper. Whether a given piece of that paper is good or bad depends on no general law, but only on whether certain individuals in certain junctures used good judgment or poor judgment. The best that any man from top to bottom can do for the general situation is to perform intelligently the immediate concrete job under his nose. What you do, not what the curve does, makes all the difference.

Surely you can remember back three years. Did you know that 1923 was a year of depression? Neither did I till I saw it on chart. Between spring and autumn the line goes down like the slant of a warped roof. And authentic statistics are there to prove it. Bank clearings declined, stocks and bonds declined, various other things declined. Still other things advanced—wages, for instance, and the production of steel and the output of automobiles, and building.

When the statistician tries to sum it all up he puts in a down curve. It would be interesting to learn how many real people in the United States knew that they went down that year. Undoubtedly a majority of real people, including the great body of wage earners, thought they went up.

Not that anybody should ignore this new science of business-weather reporting. It is a fine and valuable achievement. But weather reports would be a calamity instead of a benefit if people got the notion that everybody had to stay indoors when the forecast said rain. The business reports themselves are only a shorthand indication of the mean of millions of individual conditions and activities. Their purpose, substantially, is to let an individual know in the most general sort of way, by some conventional and not very definite symbols, what is happening to millions of other individuals—whether they are employed or idle, getting higher wages or lower, selling their cotton at a profit or a loss, borrowing much or little at the bank, piling up stocks of calico on their shelves or running hand to mouth, and so forth. This is very useful information. But it doesn't by a long shot tell any real individual what must happen to him.

HARD LUCK IN THE ARMY

(Continued from Page 9)

"You can drop your hands now," he told him. "Take your gun and hold it out in front of you as if you were a guard. And no funny business; the rest of us are keeping our guns, and they're all loaded. Understand?"

"Yes," said Mike.

"All right then. Take your pack and come on."

The lieutenant yelled to his German gang,
And started on before,
While Mike and them Germans followed him
A hundred yards or more

To a little clearing on a hill,
Where, standing in a row,
Were three machine guns pointed down
At a road in the valley below.

Some men that was sitting behind the guns
Jumped up at the looey's call,
And he lined them up with the rest of the bunch—
There was thirty Germans in all.

He marched them back past the dugout,
And Mike, he pretty near cried,
To think of the sleep he might have had,
If they'd let him stay inside.

But Mike was helpless; he had to keep on
As cheerful as he could,
Till at last they reached the open fields
To the south of the Cuisy Wood.

"Now then," said Hess, "I want you to walk at the side of this detachment so you will be in plain sight of all Americans ahead."

"Wouldn't it be safer," asked Mike, "if we was to walk down this trench?"

"It certainly would not," said Hess. "We want your friends to see us coming a long way off, so they'll know that our intentions are peaceful. We don't want to sneak down a trench and pop out at them all of a sudden."

"By gosh," said Mike, "for a German you got considerable brains. Some of them birds in the battery are fairly nervous and quick on the draw."

"All right," said Hess. "Come on."

He spoke to his gang of Fritzes,
And they lifted their hands in the air,
And, all lined up in column of twos,
They started away from there.

The lieutenant fell in with the rest of the men,
A-holding his hands up high,
And he didn't seem to be scared a bit,
That calm and steady guy.

And abreast of the calm lieutenant
Walked Michigan Mike McGrow,
A-dragging along as fast as he could,
But dragging fairly slow.

They plowed through shell holes and wire and mud,
While the rain kept drizzling down,
And up in the sky, the shells went by,
With the same old howling sound.

They pushed across the little ridge,
And they right away could see,
A half mile off at the foot of the slope,
The guns of Battery B.

They kept on marching straight ahead,
And before so very long
They seen the men at the battery start
To act like something was wrong.

A dozen or so of the cannoneers
Ran out in front of the guns,
And ducked in a shell hole and waited
Till Mike come up with them Huns.

"Halt!" yelled a scared little voice from the shell hole.

"It's all right," called Mike. "Private McGrow is reporting with a small flock of Fritz prisoners."

"Oh," said the voice, "so it's you, McGrow!"

And crawling foolishly out of that hole
Came Second Lieutenant Bly,
An officer of Battery B,
And a silly little guy.

His clothes was muddy, and one of his hands
Had been recently bandaged up,
And it didn't look as though the war
Agreed with the little pup.

"Well, well," he said in his weak voice. "I never expected to see you bringing in a lot of prisoners. Where did they come from?"

"These are the guys that was machine-gunning the road ahead," answered Mike, "and I just sort of went up in the woods and captured them. I think we better search them; they still have their guns."

"Good Lord!" said Bly, and turned back toward the shell hole. "Here, you men," he called, "come out and search these prisoners."

So out they come; and while they frisked
Them Germans, man by man,
Mike seen approaching from the guns
First Sergeant Douglas Dann.

"All right, lieutenant," said Mike, "I'll just turn these Fritzes over to you. And, if you don't mind, I'll be on my way."

And Mike, he started sidling off,
As careless as he could,
Toward the trench that led to that elegant bunk
In the dugout in the wood.

"Wait a minute," called Lieutenant Bly. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, nowheres in particular."

"Come back here then."

"Very well, sir," said Mike, and came back.

"You say you captured these Germans yourself?" asked Bly.

"Yes, sir."

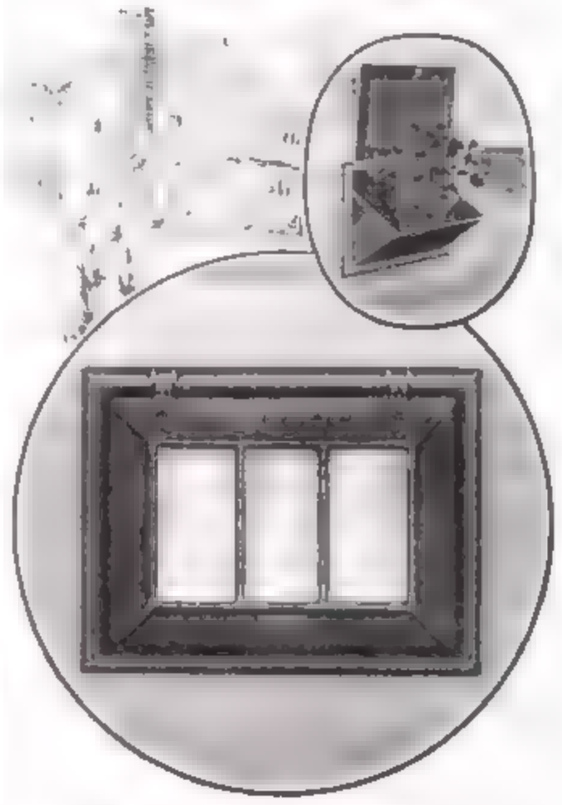
"All alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"It seems incredible."

"It wasn't hard," said Mike modestly. "It wasn't really nothing at all."

WHY
YOU SEE THIS
in Most New Homes



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Murphy BRUSHING Lacquer

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NEWARK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO MONTREAL

"But how did you come to do it?" asked Bly. "How did you happen to go up in the woods after them?"

Mike paused to think, for Sergeant Dann
Had now arrived on the scene;
And Mike took a sidewise look at his face—
It was hard and cold and mean.

And, somehow or other, it seemed to Mike
That it wouldn't listen so good
If he was to tell exactly why
He happened to be in that wood.

"Well, sir," said Mike, turning back to the lieutenant, "I heard that the road ahead of this little hill was being shot up by German machine guns. Of course I didn't have no orders to go after them, but ——"

"But you voluntarily went up all by yourself to clean them out?" asked Bly.

"Yes, sir," said Mike. "I guess that was it."

"You had no business leaving the battery without orders," put in Sergeant Dann.

"Never mind about that, sergeant," said Bly. "Go on, McGrow. How did you locate these Germans?"

"Well, sir," said Mike, sort of vague, "I went up to the top of this first hill and looked over. And a little ways beyond I seen a patch of woods running up to a second little hill."

"And this second hill commanded the part of the road that was under fire?" asked Bly.

"Yes, sir."

"And you reasoned that the German machine guns were there?"

"Yes, sir. And I took my pistol and sneaked up behind them."

"Wonderful!" said Bly, getting more excited. "And I suppose you covered them with your pistol and called on them to surrender?"

"That was it exactly," said Mike.

Then Bly regarded them thirty Huns,
A-standing so quietly there;
They had all been searched and allowed to drop
Their hands down out of the air;

So they now was harmless, but piled on the ground
Was a murderous-looking array—
Lügers and Mausers and bombs enough
To make your hair turn gray.

Lieutenant Bly was much impressed,
And Mike, he like to died,
When he seen what a traveling arsenal
He'd just been walking beside.

"Well, McGrow," said Sergeant Dann, "your story don't sound reasonable to me, but you sure have brought home the bacon."

"He surely has," said Bly in an awed voice. "Tell me, McGrow, did they offer any resistance, or were they too surprised?"

"I guess they was too surprised," said Mike.

"So you were master of the situation all through?"

"Oh, absolutely."

"Are there any more Germans up there?"

"No, sir. I cleaned up the whole woods."

Bly looked at Mike's revolver. "And this was the only weapon you had?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Mike.

"Why, it isn't even loaded!"

"No, sir," admitted Mike. "I guess I must have lost all my cartridges somewheres."

"Marvelous!" said Bly. "Magnificent! One brave American with an empty revolver cleans up a whole woods—overawes and captures a whole company of Germans armed to the teeth!"

"Yes, sir," said Mike.

And he looked at that German Lieutenant Hess,
And wondered if he'd heard;
But Hess seemed to pay no attention at all—
He never said a word.

"All right, you men!" called Bly, in his high little voice. "Take these Germans and the captured guns down to the captain's P. C. Here, McGrow, where are you going?"

"I thought you was through with me, sir," said Mike.

"No, indeed," said Bly. "I want you to come down and make a report to the captain."

So they all went back to the post of command
Of the captain of Battery B,
Which was nothing at all but a hole in the ground
Behind Gun Number Three.

The captain come popping up out of his hole
Like a ground hog leaving its den,
And he looked at them German weapons,
And he looked at them German men.

And first he took the captured guns,
And put them all away,
So the lower-ranking souvenir hounds
Got nothing at all that day.

Then he listened to Bly's heroic tale
Of the dauntless cannoneer,
Who had captured thirty ferocious Huns,
And brought them to the rear.

And while Bly talked the news went round,
And traveled so fast and free,
That before Bly finished, old Mike had become
The hero of Battery B.

The captain stepped over and shook Mike's hand,
And made so much of a fuss
That Sergeant Dann just turned his back,
And walked away in disgust.

And the captain took up his telephone,
And talked for quite a while;
Then he turned and spoke to Michigan Mike,
And said with a fatherly smile:

"McGrow, my boy, I'm proud of you. I have just been talking to division headquarters. They say a whole battalion of infantry is moving on Cuisy Wood. They had expected to fight their way in; and I tell you it did me good to tell them that the whole woods had already been cleaned out by a lone cannoneer of my battery. Now, the infantry can just march in. Pretty soft for them, eh?"

"Yes, sir," said Mike.

And he groaned, for he knew that the infantry
Would find his dugout sure,
And his chances for getting some sleep up there
Would be very, very poor.

But there might be other dugouts around,
Not far from Battery B,
So he thought he would sneak away again
And see what he could see.

"Sir," he said, "now that I've turned over these prisoners, I guess I'll be going along. I must get back to my work."

"Your work can wait," remarked the captain. "You've done so much this morning that I'm going to give you a little holiday."

"Thank you, sir," said Mike, very much surprised.

"Yes," continued the captain, "I'm going to let you off so that you can take these prisoners back."

"Yes, sir," said Mike. "Back where?"

"It has been ordered," explained the captain, "by division headquarters that these prisoners be taken to Esnes, and turned over for examination to Major Brown of the Intelligence Department."

"But Esnes is way back on the other side of Hill 304," said Mike.

"It's not more than five miles," said the captain.

"If the captain doesn't mind," said Mike, "I sort of feel that it's my duty to remain here with the battery."

"That feeling does you credit," said the captain, "but in this case I must insist that you go back. The intelligence officer will probably want to hear about this affair from your own lips."

"How'll I find this Major Brown?" asked Mike.

"Anyone who gathered up thirty Germans out of a large forest," remarked the captain, "should have no trouble in locating a major in a small town like Esnes. And I'll send someone else along." He turned to the lieutenant. "Mr. Bly," he asked, "have you had medical attention yet for your wound?"

"No, sir," said Bly. "But it's just a small shell fragment in my hand, and I have it well wrapped up with my first-aid bandage."

"Very well," announced the captain. "You and McGrow will take these prisoners back. As soon as they have been turned over to Major Brown you will report to the nearest dressing station. And Private McGrow will report back here. That is all."

So Bly and Mike got cartridges,
And loaded up their guns,
And they drew some iron rations
For themselves and the thirty Huns.

They made the Fritzes tote the grub,
And they made them tote Mike's pack,
And they lined them up in the muddy road,
And started them marching back.

Them Fritzes was docile and went along
Like a flock of peaceful sheep;
And even the Hoboken restaurant man
Didn't utter a single peep.

Behind the procession walked Mike and Bly,
And Bly, in his foolish way,
Kept prattling and babbling about the deed
That Mike had done that day.

But Mike, he didn't listen at all,
For Mike felt pretty sad,
As he thought of that dugout in the wood
And the snooze he might have had.

And the rain come down and the shells went by
With the same old mournful sound,
And once in a while a healthy crash
As one of them hit the ground.

They marched through the scattered building stones,
Where Malancourt used to be;
And they found the place was jammed with guns
And trucks and infantry.

They marched along through the old Forges Swamp,
Where, with many a grunt and groan,
The Fourth Division Engineers
Were building a road of stone.

They marched up Hill Three Hundred and Four,
With tired, weary feet,
And they stopped and ate some hard tack there,
And some cans of monkey meat.

They marched on down the other side
Of that shell-torn hill, and then
They came at last to the ruined town
That went by the name of Esnes.

This place was worse than Malancourt—
It swarmed with infantry
And tanks and trucks and wagons and carts
And field artillery.

They come to a halt at the edge of town,
And little Lieutenant Bly
Stepped out and hailed a corporal
Who was briskly walking by.

"Can you tell us," he asked, "where to find an intelligence officer called Major Brown?"

"Never heard of him, sir," said the corporal, and walked on.

(Continued on Page 128

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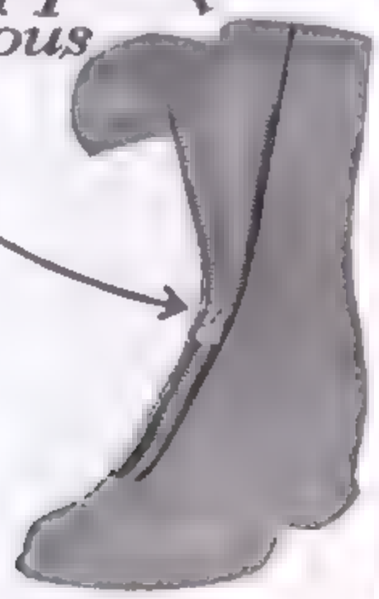

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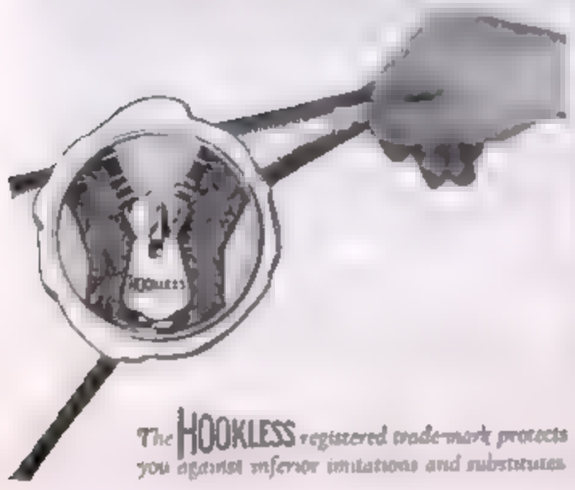

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(Continued from Page 126)

Then Bly, he asked some other guys,
And he asked all over town,
But he couldn't find a single man
Who had heard of Major Brown,

Till after half an hour or more
Of wandering here and there,
He happened to ask a young M. P.
Who stood in the public square.

"Yes, sir," replied the M. P. "Major Brown was here not ten minutes ago."

"Where is he now?"

"He's gone back to Montzeville."

"Well," said Bly, "I suppose that's where we'll have to go too."

"The major examines German prisoners," said the M. P., "so he's usually with the military police. You won't have any trouble finding him."

"It's a long ways to Montzeville, ain't it?" asked Mike.

"I don't know exactly," said the M. P. "Not more than five miles, I guess."

"Too far," said Mike.

For Mike had been looking over this town
As they wandered here and there,
And he'd seen a number of places to sleep
That he thought would be pretty fair.

"I tell you what I think, lieutenant," he said. "I think I better leave you here, and let you take them prisoners along to Montzeville by yourself. They won't give you any trouble."

"You want to leave me?" asked Bly. "What for?"

"I think I ought to be getting back to the battery," said Mike. "Here it is the middle of the afternoon, and I think I been gone long enough. My real duty is on the firing line."

"I can sympathize with your feelings, McGrow," said the lieutenant, "but I must insist that you come on. I want these higher officers back here to talk to you, so you'll be sure to get credit for your wonderful capture."

"No," said Mike. "I think I ought to go back to the battery."

"You will come with me," said Bly. "This is a direct order; if you don't obey I will prefer court-martial charges against you."

"All right," said Mike weakly. "Just as you say."

So they marched them Germans on once more
Through the ever-drizzling rain,
And the whole proceedings give Michigan Mike
A very decided pain.

They walked along the side of the road,
While great big trucks went by,
A-splashing mud all over their pants,
And shooting it in their eye.

They was now so far behind the lines
That they heard no shells no more,
But the rain was still as cold and wet
As it ever had been before.

They followed that road round many a bend,
And over many a hill,
Till at last they dragged their weary tails
Into ruined Montzeville.

And Mike observed that several roofs
Still stood in this little town.
So there might be places fairly dry
Where a man could go and lay down.

But first they had to get rid of them Huns,
And they marched them to and fro,
Till they found two M. P. sergeants
Who could show them where to go.

The M. P.'s took them around to a house
At the other end of the town,
And there in the door stood a tough old bird
Whose name was Major Brown.

"Sir," said Lieutenant Bly with a snappy salute, "I beg to report with thirty German prisoners, captured this morning in the Cuisy Wood by one of our brave artillerymen."

"Good!" said Major Brown in a loud voice. "Let me see—I think there was a message sent back about these prisoners. Wasn't there something funny about the way they were taken?"

"Sir," said Bly, "there was something very glorious about the way they were taken."

And Bly recited his grand old tale
Of the dauntless cannoneer
Who had captured thirty ferocious Huns
And brought them to the rear.

"Splendid!" said the major when Bly had finished. "I'm glad to meet the hero of the occasion. And I'm glad you brought the prisoners here. I may be able to get some valuable information out of them."

"And in the meantime," cut in Mike, who had got his pack from the German who had been carrying it, "if you don't mind, sir, I think I'll be moving along."

"Where are you going?" asked the major.

"It is my duty, sir," said Mike, "to go back to my battery at Malancourt."

"You are familiar with the road from here to Malancourt?" asked the major.

"I know every inch of it by heart," said Mike.

"Fine!" said the major. "I have to go to Malancourt myself tonight, and I think I'll take you with me as guide."

"How was you figuring on going, sir?" asked Mike.

"What do you mean?"

"Was you going to walk or ride?"

"Walk," said the major. "The roads are so jammed with traffic that a car is almost useless."

"I'm afraid, sir," said Mike, "that I really ain't much good as a guide. I got a terrible memory for roads. I get lost all the time."

"I'll give you a try anyway," said the major cheerfully. "You stay right here till I finish with these Germans."

So Mike and Bly and the two M. P.'s,
They stood around the place
While the major went out to them Huns and began
A-shooting off his face.

And that guy was a German scholar for fair,
With so much knowledge and skill
He could handle his German as easy and smooth
As a hog can handle swill.

He talked to each and every Fritz
In a pleasant, familiar way,
And he asked them questions and wrote in a book
Just what they had to say.

And the very last man he worked upon
Before he finished up
Was that great big German Lieutenant Hess,
The Hoboken restaurant pup.

And after the major had talked to Hess
In German for quite a while,
Old Hess spoke up in English,
And said with a pleasant smile:

"Yes, sir, that's exactly how it happened. I hate to spoil this man McGrow's story. If he could get any glory out of it, I'd be glad to see him have it. But as long as the rest of my men have told you all about it, there is no reason for me to hold back."

Then the major laughed both loud and long,
And he shook his hard old head,
And over he come to Michigan Mike,
And this is what he said:

"Private McGrow, the only information of any interest that I have been able to get out of these prisoners is the story of how they were captured They say that you sneaked up into the Cuisy Wood to steal a little sleep when you should have been attending to your duties at your battery. They claim that they captured you, and, as they wanted to surrender, they made you go along to protect them when they came in contact with our troops. How about it?"

"Do they actually have the nerve to say that?" asked Mike.

"They do," said the major, looking very grim.

"Well," said Mike, "if that's what they say it must be true. They were there; they ought to know."

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed the major very loud. "This is certainly good." He turned to Bly: "You have a fine bunch of heroes in your artillery, lieutenant. Are you all as brave as this dauntless cannoneer?"

"This is terrible!" said Bly in his high-pitched voice. "McGrow, I am amazed at the way you have deceived me. Major, I demand that this man be severely punished. He told me this fake story, and I believed it. But I see now what he wanted—he wanted a chance to come back with these prisoners. He wanted to get out of the danger zone. He's a quitter. He's yellow. And I'm going to see that he's tried for it. He ought to have a general court-martial right away."

"Come, lieutenant," said the major; "calm yourself. There's no sense in holding him for trial at this time. If he's trying to run away from the front the best punishment we can give him is a quick, fast march back to the front."

"He really ought to be punished more severely," said Bly, "but it's just as you say, sir."

"All right," said the major. "You leave him to me. I'm afraid he's not the type I want as guide, so I'll have the military police march him back."

"Very well, sir," said Bly. "And now I must hunt a dressing station for my wound."

And he left, with his dinky wound, to look
For a hospital somewheres in town,
While the M. P. sergeants come stepping up
At the call of Major Brown.

"One of you men," said the major, "will take charge of these prisoners, and the other will see that this man is taken back at once to his outfit in Malancourt."

"Yes, sir," said both sergeants together.

And one of them marched the Germans off
In the rain that drizzled still,
While the other took Mike the opposite way
Through the streets of Montzeville.

So at last poor Mike had got rid of them Huns,
But that failed to cheer his mind,
For he had to go marching wearily on,
With this M. P. sergeant behind.

The sergeant took Mike to the M. P. camp
And give him some slum to eat,
And marched him down to a barbed-wire gate
At the end of the town's main street.

"What's this?" asked Mike.

"This is where we put all stragglers like you," said the sergeant pleasantly. "Nice little stockade, ain't it? There's a ten-foot barbed-wire fence all round and two guards watching it all the time."

"But you ain't supposed to put me in here," said Mike. "The major said I was to be sent back to my outfit right off."

"Hell," said the sergeant, "it's five o'clock in the afternoon; we can't bother with you till tomorrow. So in you go. And you sleep on that pile of dry straw under that shed roof, and at seven sharp in the morning you come out and we march you up to Malancourt."

"Holy Moses," said Mike, peering into the stockade, "that's a swell place to sleep! And it's fourteen hours till seven tomorrow!"

And he made a rush for that beautiful straw,
And he fixed his blankets right,
And he smiled a smile of heavenly peace
And settled himself for the night.

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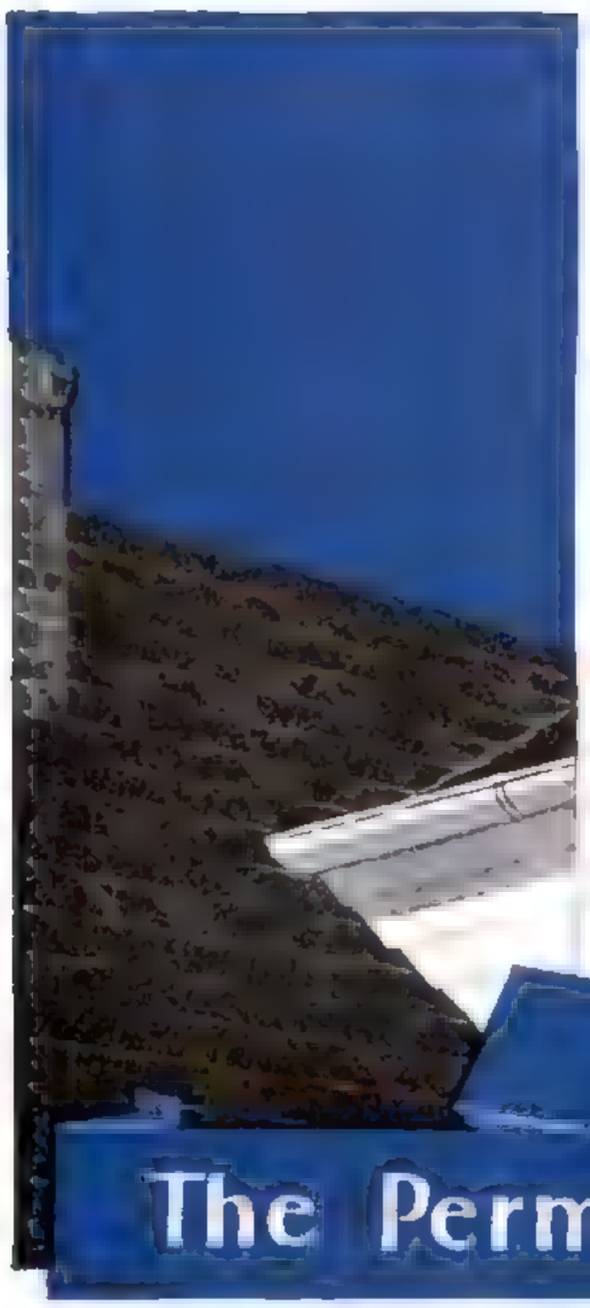

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New Jersey Zinc

CLASSICS OF A RING RECOLLECTION

(Continued from Page 39)

the face and head. Time and again he swung his mighty right and missed. His ear bled quite a bit as the round continued, and once he winced noticeably when I sent a left to the injured member.

I took the round by a wide margin on points. The third went much the same way but for the fact that mid-round I got home another right to the face. It set the champion on his heels, but he countered with his own right and I think I took as much as I gave.

It was clear to me that the champion was strong. I rather gave up hope of knocking him out inside the limit. If the chance came, of course, I intended doing it, but I did not believe it would come. He was too strong, too canny, too willing to urge me into an exchange of blows. So I set about outboxing him.

The fourth round came my way by city blocks. It was a comparatively easy thing, I found, to fool this man who wore a priceless belt. Stip, who knew pretty well what was happening in a referee's mind, told me that I had taken all the rounds, including the first, because of the knockdown.

"He knows it too," Stip counseled. "He'll make an awful tough stand fer that belt pretty soon."

And the champion did just that. The fifth round found him coming out to do or die. There was no more dancing away from that lad as in the previous rounds. He threw everything to the winds except a wild and hammering attack. I was as busy, as the saying is, as a one-armed paper hanger with the hives, and my occupation was all defensive.

Throughout the round I managed to stab the wounded ear three times and to close the champion's right eye; but the round went to him nevertheless, so you can easily see that I was not on any dainty excursion myself. He took the next three rounds, in fact—took them, in a sense, because I was content to let him. I felt that he had been told by his advisers that either he knocked me out or he congratulated a new champion that night. He sensed that I was playing him for a decision and he knew that I would get it unless he dropped me for the long count.

Two Against One

How we battled! He, whaling away, a mighty energy coming ever at his beckon and a heart of steel carrying him always toward me; I, dancing away, waiting, scheming and darting lefts to his eyes and nose.

His face was puffed, his eye closed, his ear crimson and steadily swelling into a lifelong mark of his craft; but he came on, his lips set in a hard grin, his eyes blazing a determination to batter me down.

No finer courage than his ever stormed the battlements of defeat. My left hand stabbed him a thousand times and each time it stopped him for a split second only, then left its mark in red welts across his face as he charged after me again.

What kept me cool during those hectic rounds I never shall know. The champ seemed tireless and in every clinch he was a bundle of muscle, a storm of fury. During those rounds he taught me three new ways to stick a thumb in one's eye!

But back in the recesses of my mind was a growing conviction that he knew he was fighting two things that night. One was a challenger who had surprised him with unexpected opposition and the other was a blazing fear that he might lose after all. The latter drove him at a pace that no mortal could long stand.

Stip saw the first signs of the passing of that great fighter. During the rest period following the ninth round he said to me, "He's a little wilder, kid. He's choppin' with the left 'stead of punchin' with it. The pace is tellin' on him."

"I'll try a one-two punch this round," I promised.

"You got him, kid," Stip insisted. "He's fightin' himself out. Take plenty time an' carry him along till the big shot comes."

Stip was right. How little the crowd realized the happiness that sang in my pummeled head as I rose to meet the battering charges of the tenth round. It seemed the opinion of the fans that I could last only a little longer against the champ. Those rushes, men muttered, must get me sooner or later. But actually 90 per cent of his blows had fallen on my back, neck and shoulders.

Sympathy was extended me for a game stand, I honestly believe, and all the time this champion had played my game and thrown a million tons of energy to the winds in vain attempts to drop me with a punch. I was as fresh as could be expected; plenty strong enough to do what was to be done when the time came.

I noticed the chopping of the champion's left now. The punches were short and jerky and the base of his neck was heaving with the effort of them. I retreated still, puffed vociferously and schemed and hoped earnestly.

A Target on His Chin

On he came, and just before the close of the round I stepped in close unexpectedly, deliberately took one of those light left chops on the cheek, then sent over a one-two punch that went true to the mark. What a sensation I had! What a hopeless thing it is to attempt to tell you in mere words what I felt with that solid impact! I knew that I had won—was absolutely certain of it.

I saw the champion's legs flutter; that is the only available word of description. They fluttered, a tremor running their full length and seeming to play about the knees fleetingly as lightning might about a church steeple. His whole body sagged.

I heard a million screams of advice, a million bellows of amazement. The crowd loves to see an under dog surge to the front, and they really had thought me an under dog. My left ripped upward into the champion's stomach and a funny little smile spread on his face. I caught him as he staggered back from me, rushed him to the ropes and fairly peppered him with rights and lefts.

Everything I ever did in a ring I did to that champion in the next twenty seconds. He sagged into the ropes, his arms flung crazily about his head and that funny little smile on his lips. It was a sort of amused smile, with something of surprise tempering it. I measured him carefully, timed another right to his chin. He went down through my arms and sprawled on his face. At the count of seven the bell rang and his seconds dashed to his rescue.

Stip talked to me during that rest period—talked as only Stip could, his voice calm, though his eyes blazed with a wild delight and excitement. I could feel his gnarled fingers on my shoulder and his beloved ring scraping a word of encouragement through mute pressure. Stip's ring would now be so big that he, I thought, might have to start over. It is queer what thoughts will come in such moments.

The crowd never did find their seats again in that fight. They remained aloft, so to speak, throughout the rest period. Three men struggled valiantly with the champion. For the first time I noticed that he had a rather unusual mole on his left jaw near the ear. I was struggling to keep cool, and that, perhaps, directed my attention.

Water on his head, violent massage of his neck and chin, smelling salts—every artifice of experience fought to revive the champ's dulled consciousness. The minute of rest seemed an hour to me. But at last the bell came.

I did not give him time to get to his feet and get set. It was do or die and do it now. Before the sound of the gong had died away, I was across the ring and peppering him with punches. I caught him with two, turned him half sidewise, then stepped back and measured his chin again with a right. I shot for that mole I had discovered. The thing, somehow, fascinated me.

He went down, his body catching in the lower rope and swaying there a moment. His eyes were not seeing eyes, I knew. They were lusterless, inanimate, the lights over the ring glistening on the dilated pupils.

The count reached eight and the champion rolled to his knees, straightened and was up at nine. I started for him and barely avoided the most magnificent punch I have ever seen used in a ring. Out on his feet, blinded, leg weary, dizzy and nauseated, that lad threw a right-hand blow at me that might easily have won the fight had it reached a vital spot.

I ducked under it, set myself for the finishing punch, only to see the force of his own blow carry the champion down again. His last glorious effort had failed. He sprawled on his hands and knees, grinned crazily and shook his head.

I looked at the referee as he stood counting. "Stop it!" I pleaded. "He can't make the grade!"

At the words some realization of a fading dominion must have reached the champion's sensibility. He muttered a warning not to stop the bout. Then he staggered up, his legs bowed beneath him and his strength so gone that he could scarce raise his hands.

But the grin was on his lips and he turned to the referee. "Wipe 'em off!" he said thickly, holding forth his gloves. "Wipe 'em off!"

Because the surface of his gloves might have retained sharp particles of rosin from the floor, he was using that possibility to aid him in stalling for time—to give his brain a chance to clear.

The Fighter's Answer

The referee grinned a little, too, though he was nervous as a witch. He ran his hands over the gloves and then stepped back. The champion leered in my general direction, raised his hands as though to fight.

I stepped in close, pressed his left hand aside. "Do you want it?" I asked. "Have I gotta give it to you?"

He swung at me again blindly. That was my answer. He would go down fighting. I drove home a clean right to the chin. The fight was over.

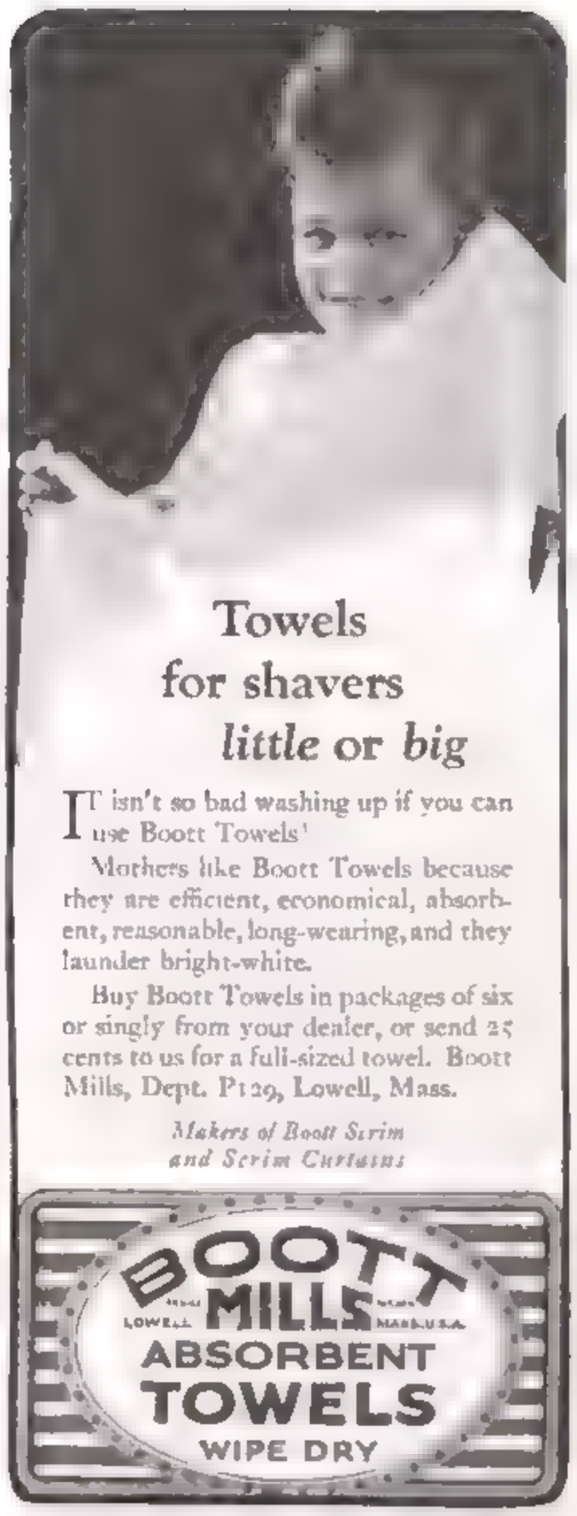
It seemed to me that before I could get to my corner the entire crowd had managed to surge into the ring. I was seized upon by strange hands and raised to strange shoulders. I could not even reach the fallen champion to help him up and to his corner. The din was terrific. Shouts of joy from the short-end betters mingled with grunts of disgust and surprise from the smart money.

I caught a fleeting glimpse of our little restaurateur of the cutaway coat, and his joyful excitement was so intense that he could speak neither the language of his native land nor that which he had spent months in mutilating midst the aroma of bacon and eggs.

The whole wide world seemed hemming me in, and it was crazy; mad with a madness that was incoherent, inexplicable. I fought to get down, to reach Stip, who stood, his face transfigured, in my corner. It took us fully twenty minutes to get out of the ring and to our dressing room.

But when the going was hardest and the slaps and shouts of the crowd most annoying, into my mind would come the thought, "Champion—champion of the world!" And it righted all wrongs.

Once in the dressing room, Stip, with the aid of four police officers, managed to close



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the door. But we were not alone. There remained some thirty or forty sport writers, each asking me to say something. I presume I said it. In fact, I must have spoken there hours and hours and hours, according to all the things that appeared in next day's newspapers.

A sergeant of police finally cleared the room for us and Stip went at me with liniments. We were silent. What was the need for talk? Why say anything? I could not and Stip would not. This was just another rubdown—until the helpful sergeant came to me and offered twenty dollars for the soggy glove I had worn on my right hand!

I gave him the glove with my compliments, and three years later, in the same town, the sergeant brought me the cracked and crinkled affair and had me sign my name on it. Scrawled over the leather with indelible ink was a brief history of the fight and an account of how the sergeant had secured the weapon of victory.

It was a crazy but happy world. I could not realize that I was actually champion. It seems to me now that I had thought I must change after winning the belt, and I felt no change. Not even Stip was changed. When I caught a glimpse of his face it was wrinkled into a complacent sort of smile, and there was a wondrous light in his eyes, but he did not seem changed. Perhaps there was a slightly more deft touch in his rubbing fingers. As they contacted with my flesh it seemed to me that they had acquired an electric touch. But again, I thought, that was probably but the singing of my own blood.

A Strong Man's Delicacy

Half an hour afterward Stip and I were dressed and ready for the street. I felt exactly the same as I always had after a fight. My eye was swollen a little and my lips were puffed; my right arm was lamed a little, too, when the champion had managed to twist it behind my back in a clinch. But that was all. I had been worse off after other bouts.

We walked around to the fallen champion's dressing room and found him there, disconsolate, surrounded by but three of his handlers. He rose and shook my hand.

"Good luck to you, kid," he muttered half-heartedly. "You oughta be a good champ. But I'll be damned if I see how you did it. I never thought I could lose."

In the excitement of the moment I paid little heed to his words. I told him that he had made a great fight; that he was a great fellow and that he could have another chance when he was ready. Then Stip and I left, found a small exit, and walked slowly and totally unheeded down a side street.

Even then we did not talk. There seemed an understanding between us—perhaps so much to be said that each mutely agreed to a moratorium of words until thoughts might become ordered in our minds.

"I'm starved," I remember saying as we strolled down the street. "Let's find a dump where we can graze among the groceries."

"How 'bout a Hamburger sandwich with a onion?" Stip asked. That was considerable of a delicacy for us in those days. Usually they served them best in lunch carts, where the meat was pressed down properly in its raw form, then sizzled to a degree that only a lunch-cart cook seems to know.

Finally we found a little restaurant with white letters on the window and no customers inside. We stepped in and a warty gentleman with a hook nose and asthma greeted us with a smile and a throaty wheeze. He led us to a porcelain table and shuddered as we placed our order. We shuddered when we got it.

"You was maybe at the fights, huh?" he queried.

"Yeah," Stip grunted. "Burn that meat as quick as yuh can."

"The boy ween the beeg fight, what? Nice for heem, huh? He champ'een now. You see that?"

"I seen it," Stip answered noncommittally.

"He make monee now, that boy!" the warty gentleman assured us. "Pretty luckee, what? You bet! You like heem well done, huh? Cooked t'rou'? . . . You bet! He make plentee monee."

Stip disdained to answer and we sat at the porcelain table and heard our repast sizzling behind a stained partition. Back there the workers were talking of the fight too. One of them remarked that I had won by a lucky punch and would be a rotten champion. Another proclaimed me the greatest ever.

Traveling Incognito

Pretty soon Warts—I use Stip's name for him—returned and slid a smoking concoction of battered bovine under our faces. The onion may have neutralized the odor of the meat. Stip looked at the offering, then at the warty one. The latter smiled and walked forward to greet another nocturnal masticator.

"That gink," Stip snapped, "looks like a gravel quarry."

I was hungry enough to eat even what we got. In fact, it tasted rather good. The newcomer sat down at a near-by table and related to Warts the details of the fight. He looked at me fifty times and never knew me. At first I was glad, then I was angry. Look who I was—and unrecognized!

"Throw back your ears, champ!" Stip snapped, at the same time indicating my sandwich. Champ! It was like Stip to be casual that way. It seemed to me to counteract the idiocy of Warts and his cohorts.

On our way out we stopped and paid Warts for his alleged Hamburger. Stip, chafing under about the same offense that I had felt, paused long enough to say, "This guy with me is Lefty Higgings, the well-knowed juggler. We will send you a Annie Oakley fer his act next week."

Warts thanked us profusely and bowed ingratiatingly. Out in the street, Stip slipped his hand under my arm. We walked along in silence. The street was still and dark and none was about us to give heed to our presence. What a change! After all the glories of that training time and hero worship, and now the final triumph that had carried us to the top of the ladder, we got this! We were ignored!

"There's a million guys," Stip finally said slowly, "that would pay plenty fer you to show your dial in their joint right now!"

"Let's go back to the room and pound our ear," I suggested. "There ain't anything better I can think of to do."

And so we went—walked through streets that grew brighter with lights and more crowded. Around our hotel we found easily two thousand people who were standing in blind patience to get a look at us. Stip laughed cynically.

We walked deliberately into the fringe of the crowd and pushed our way close to the entrance. It was a struggle to get through, and several men threatened us with hard looks and a word of warning against trampling upon their feet or jostling them.

We were almost into the hotel lobby before someone recognized us. Then a shout went up and there were cheers. We slipped quickly inside and were promptly besieged by news writers and photographers. There were many requests to pose for pictures and for words that might be printed. For the first time I really had the ballyhoo boys chasing me earnestly, and the feeling was great.

"If you ask me," Stip growled sullenly, "the thing to do is tell these birds to go to hell." The "birds" heard it and looked at me

"This is my trainer," I pointed out. "I gotta do what he says, always."

So we left them, sick unto death of crowds, and after shaking hands with the elevator boy and the maid who cared for our floor, we got to our rooms. There was the little restaurateur of the cutaway! He was waiting to tell us of his winnings.

All his talking was illuminated by eyes that glittered happily. He showed us rolls of money that he had won on the fight, asked us to let him buy us anything from a hat to a trained seal.

"You kin send out to that dump of yours," Stip mumbled feelingly, "and git us two Hamburger sandwiches wit' a onion. Also bring us some chili sauce an' salt an' pepper."

"An' ale—ale! Wan bottul ale!" the little man cried; and he made good.

So ended the day for which we had waited and worked so hard. I spent my first night as champion of the world and the world of which I was champion seemed very far away. I had the coughing little foreigner and Stip with me. I had a good sandwich and a bottle of good ale. Just at the moment the championship did not compare so favorably with any of these.

Telegrams came so fast that we gave them no heed. Most of them were congratulatory, many of them challenges and not a few were offers for me to appear on the stage or to fight another challenger. We passed them all up, let them lie on table or bed and listened with amused delight to the restaurant keeper's version of the fight.

The really funny things of life never seem to find their way to the stage. That little man enacted for us the most amusing fight description I ever saw. He punctuated his tangled words with a flash of the money that filled his pockets. He coughed as persistently as a missing flivver engine and danced, by way of emphasis, as violently as a dervish.

Two Champions

And as we sat there in solitude, happy, yet not understanding exactly what it was all about, thousands of telegrams were being shot over the world about us and the fight we had won. That thought struck me and I smiled inwardly once more. After all, what a fool world it really was.

It was three o'clock when we chased the food foundry out of our room and put a stop order on delivery of telegrams. We undressed in silence, Stip and I. For the first time in several days I enjoyed the lash of a hot and cold shower, and it rested and soothed me.

Finally I stretched out on the bed while Stip showered, and after that he came to me and examined a slight cut on the inside of my lip. As he did so his diamond caught a million dancing beams from the light overhead. He grunted in satisfaction at the condition of the cut.

"Want another easin' rub, kid?" he queried.

"Nope. Feel great," I assured him.

He sat on the edge of my bed, grinning to himself for a few moments. Between the fingers of his right hand rolled the diamond on his left. Presently, he shook his head and shrugged.

"That's some diamond now, Stip," I said casually. "I figure your end of this purse at about three thousand pleasing plasters in American money too," I added suggestively.

"Three grand?" Stip asked, delighted. "That's dough, kid! Real dough! I'll leave it to you what my end should be. I never expected that much!"

"Going to swap the ring again?" I asked.

"Naw! This here ring is just right," he said, raising the terrific diamond for a loving inspection. "I'll keep this one fer a while. They begin to git flaws when they grow bigger'n this. I guess I'll send some of it to the old woman."

"Your mother, Stip?"

"Sure! She might need it. I'll do that. Keep this ring I will. It's a -well, it's a champ. Two champs, I got!" Then he laughed softly and went over to his own bed and soon the light was snapped out, and I know now why I lay there until the gloom outside our window faded into a pink flush of dawn and then into day. My mind was too full to sleep.

"Champion! Champion! Champion!" The word ran through my thoughts with the purling persistence of a mountain stream. It was a long time before I realized that Stip was as sleepless as I. Usually he snored; he was silent now.

"Uneasy Lies the Head"

Two kids, we were; two kids with a fortune in our hands and neither of us fully aware of the fact. All seemed peace and triumph to us that night. We were champions—champions of the world—all the world!

We did not even suspect then the difference between being a champion and being a challenger. Ahead lay a road that was fraught with dangers never given a challenger. The bed upon which we had won the right to lie was of anything but roses. But we did not know that then. To learn, we had to wait until we encountered schemes devised by smarter brains than our own to shear us of our fortune. We had to drink from the cup of experience the knowledge that money is a god to some and that, to those who deify it, wiles come as easily as dew to the summer rose.

Every fight was to be a championship fight now. There could be no more sparing of hands. Every time we fought it would be against a man who had shown himself a winner. And on every hand were managers, promoters and fighters intent upon clipping the wings we just that night had grown.

My last thought before sleeping was of the man I had defeated. "I never expected to lose," he had said.

Of course not! Who did? Yet every man lost sooner or later. In every fight there must be a loser. This fight game was distinctly and exclusively a survival of the well-known fittest. I could see that my job was to keep fittest.

I decided to make of my crown a medium of saving. I meant to build it into every dollar I could, for suddenly I felt old and a sort of fugitive; a marked man against whom were trained the guns of the fight profession.

Suddenly Stip snored gently and it made me a little jealous. I looked out of the window and the building across the street stood clear and implacable in the light of early day. I sensed that all life was implacable.

Then I managed to forget the perils of the road that lay ahead and rolled over on my side and fell into a fitful sleep.

Was it a fighter, a newly crowned champion, perhaps, who said, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"?

It well might have been!

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Coe. The next will appear in an early issue

Will you say it just for the day or through the years to come?

Now comes the time of year when the telltale stethoscope finds hearts more aflutter, when pulses beat with ardency renewed.

And no wonder! For just in the offing is St. Valentine's, the day set apart by the Saint of Hearts for all true lovers . . . filial, fraternal and romantic . . . to play the rôles of Romeo and Juliet, or of Darby and Joan.

In such a crisis, adolescent youth seeks an outlet for his welling emotion in a bit of lacy paper, a red heart or two, a sugary quatrain or sonnet.

But we elderly folk, of twenty and beyond, must find a more lasting and worthy expression of our sentiment.

Fortunately, that's not hard to do. For just 'round the corner is a jeweler, and he deals in valentines of four dimensions . . . Beauty, Utility, Permanence and Value.

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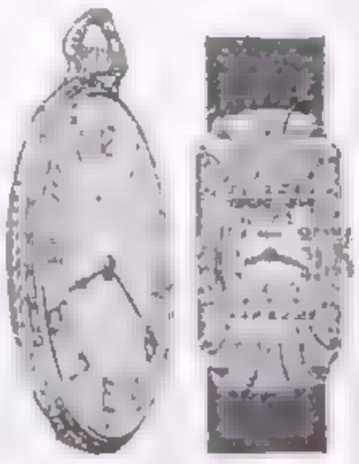

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BACK OF BEYOND

(Continued from Page 34)

unmanned him. He rolled over, drawing his blanket about his shoulders, and fell into a lethargy.

Next, from the same materials, the men made a table and some chairs and a bench. One fleshed the impalla skin and began to work it soft over a round billet. They dug a proper fire hole and brought in fire wood and a quantity of gourds, which some of them began to shape in supplement to the few eating utensils of the regular equipment. By noon the camp had become an old-established settlement, with everything complete for comfort and convenience.

Mavrouki occupied himself with the boiling down of a strong broth, adding fresh meat from time to time as the virtue was boiled out of the old.

Breck shivered and burned in stoical silence. His eyes were dull and sunken in his head, his face drawn. He looked to be a very sick man. Maclyn hovered about him on tiptoe, agonizing, anxious, but unable to do anything.

"It's all right," Breck whispered to him. "Go away and amuse yourself. There's nothing you can do. It looks bad, but it's not serious. Just a go of plain jungle fever. It never killed anybody yet, though plenty have thought they were going to die of it. It'll break."

"But people do die of fever," objected Maclyn.

"Only when it turns to black-water, and this won't. I'm lying up and taking care of it. I'm telling you the truth. Why, lad, in my time I've had near half a hundred goes of it!"

Partially reassured, Maclyn managed to obey Breck's directions to leave him alone. There seemed nothing to be done, except to supply the sufferer with fresh cold water. Maclyn saw to this himself, and took a certain comfort in the rendering of even this small service. That night he got up a half dozen times, tiptoeing softly to the spring to change the gourd of water.

The day following, Breck was much the same, and the day after that. From time to time he sipped a mouthful or so of Mavrouki's broth, but with no relish. Maclyn bethought him and dispatched Morenda and the other men to bring in the supplies that had been left before the final dash. At Mavrouki's suggestion, he shot another buck. The rest of the time he tried to be reposeful and not to roam about unnecessarily, but with no great success. Only toward sunset of each of these days did he wander out, drawn by a vague fascination, to sit on the sidehill.

There he gazed across the wide plains of the crater's floor, and a certain peace stilled him until the long pointed shadow of the needle had reached to the opposite wall and there paused. Then he arose and returned to camp.

But on the third morning the fever broke. Almost as though by magic, the fever broke. Breck's eye cleared and he took interest in his surroundings. But he was very weak. The simplest exertion, such as the transfer, with Maclyn and Mavrouki helping, to the easy-chair that had been prepared for him, left him panting and exhausted.

"That's all right," he gasped, when he had recovered his breath; "it's always that way. I'll be all right shortly." He looked about him approvingly. "We're snug enough here. I see you've got the supplies in. That's good."

He began to eat a little, but cautiously. Repeatedly he told Maclyn that he would be strong again shortly—tomorrow—next day anyway. He had been through all this many times before.

But he did not regain his strength as rapidly as he had anticipated. The sudden break in the anxiety had been more than he had acknowledged to himself. The long hard journey in had taken something out of him, drained him below his reserves. Now that it was finished, a curious blank had come over him, as of a job accomplished. His mind was swept of all future plans. He dozed most of the day, occasionally half regaining consciousness as though he were being rocked in space. Most of the time he was only just aware of dim earth fragrance, and a comfortably drugged feeling possessed him as of one forbidden to think.

It was merely rest well earned. Something slowly cumulative was passing through him, as a battery recharges. But always beneath the lethargy, struggling for recognition, was the insistence of his professional duty toward his client—the Scotsman's conscience. And never before in all his African career had bodily disability stopped him thus; he had always prided himself that bodily disability could not stop him.

"I'll go on presently," he told himself—"not yet."

But the sense of duty always returned, each time stronger. It reminded him of many episodes in his past—how he had followed the big single-tusked elephant in Uganda with the fever shaking him; how he had taken vein injections of quinine and risen from his bed to cross the Serengetti; and many others. Finally he broke through the black pall of lassitude and announced himself fit—only to collapse before he had even left the shadow of the great tree!

Then at last he faced the situation squarely. "I've no strength," he told Maclyn, "and it's going to be a long job, I'm afraid, getting back. But there's no reason you should tie yourself down. Take Mavrouki and go see what you can see."

Maclyn demurred a bit over leaving his companion so much alone, but his objections were half-hearted. He was getting restless, and Breck was no longer ill.

"I could do this end of the valley," he suggested. "We want to do it, anyway, before leaving it."

"That's the lad," said Breck.

So each morning early Maclyn set out with Mavrouki and one of the Watassi, returning only toward sunset. He was always bubbling over with chat and news when he got in.

Breck, in his easy-chair, wrapped in his blanket, listened to him with an amused smile.

"You must feel guilty, lad, at getting back so late," he said finally.

Maclyn stopped short in astonishment. "Guilty!" he repeated. "What in the world makes you say that?"

"Why, the way you talk, lad, sixteen to the dozen. I mind doing exactly the same thing when I was a wee bairn in Scotland and had got in late to supper, or whatever. I was always full of news."

Maclyn reflected; then laughed. "Keno!" he admitted. "But I hadn't realized it. But it does seem too bad – me out having the time of my life and you here all these hours. It must be as dull as ditch water."

"It's not," said Breck. He laid his hand on the thick notebook in his lap. "It's a God-given blessing to me. It's the first chance in years I've had to get my various materials in shape."

Indeed, each day he made a serious attempt to draw his maps and his diagrams from the mass of notes. He would barely get started before he would fall into a doze. At evening he laughed grimly at himself for making an all-day *cazi* of such a small job. But he could not seem to get at it properly. He could not remember anything; he was sick in the head; he felt miles away. But he was sincere in his statement that the days were not dull. They slipped by somnolently, quietly.

Only with Maclyn's return toward evening all his faculties awakened to their normal vigor. He listened eagerly, commented shrewdly on what Maclyn had to report, made constructive suggestions as to what the young man should look for the next day. Fauna, flora, geological formations, all sorts of natural phenomena fell under this species of double scrutiny. It was as though Maclyn had become a sense extension of Breck's knowledge. Incidentally, the experience was a liberal education to Maclyn he could have obtained in no other way.

They began a map on a large scale, pasting many pages of Breck's notebook together with glue boiled from a zebra's hoof, stretching it on a frame. It was beautifully done, and accurate. On days when he was not afield, Maclyn spent absorbed hours in draftsmanship. But it was also a ridiculous map. Beside the ordinary map conventions, indicating the elevations, woods, watercourses and other natural features, Maclyn drew in a perfectly absurd population of beasts and birds.

"The old chart makers had the right idea," he defended this. "They put in whales spouting and ships sailing and walruses looking like my Uncle Peter, and all sorts of things. Why not? A map is supposed to show what's there, isn't it? Well, aren't these things there, as well as islands and rocks? And it's more interesting to put in the population engaged in its natural occupation."

Breck agreed that it was more interesting.

"Now you take this map of yours," went on Maclyn, picking up the sketch map of their route in, which Breck had just finished. "It's all right as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough."

"But there wasn't a living thing along that route," protested Breck.

"It ought to have battalions of red devils with red-hot pitchforks and flaming torches, and men with their tongues hanging out, and more devils holding out glasses of iced drinks just in front of them. Then you'd give an idea. Want me to put them in for you?"

"Perhaps you have enough to do on the other," suggested Breck.

There were days when Maclyn discovered no new topographical features to add to the masterpiece. These were especially fruitful otherwise. Maclyn ran strongly to birds—birds of all sizes and descriptions. Each had an irresistibly comical twist or slant of attitude or shape, but they were astonishingly accurate specific representations for all that, and showed close observation. They perched or flew everywhere. Rows of them sat on the margin lines. They even crowded the diverging lines of the compass rose.

One day one of the boys happened to show Maclyn a berry from which an excellent red coloring juice could be squeezed. He was delighted. With a brush he constructed from a stick and hairs from an impalla's tail, he proceeded zestfully to color the map.

"Very much brisker," he commented.

A curious feature of his ramblings was that during their course he encountered no predatory animals—no lions, no hyenas, no leopards; nor did even the keen-eyed natives discover any traces of these beasts. He and Breck speculated at length but inconclusively as to their absence; why the other animals were there at all; why, since they were there, they had not been accompanied by the usual camp followers. They gave it up. But it whetted their eagerness for future explorations, especially around the outside of this Mountain of God, to determine whence they could have come.

"That helps to account for their extraordinary tameness," surmised Maclyn. "Why, sometimes I almost have to kick them out of my way! Today I walked straight at a reedbuck until I was within ten feet of him. He just stared. I turned and walked around him, still not more than ten feet from him, and he never moved. I left him in the same place. Why, it's a regular Garden of Eden!"

Struck by this idea, he drew in very elaborately the giant tree under which they were encamped, labeling it "G and E." "Good and Evil Tree," he explained. Under it sat a recognizable Breck in the attitude of Buddha. "Where all wisdom resides," said Maclyn.

"There's no serpent," suggested Breck.

"And no Eve," supplemented Maclyn "This is an improved Garden of Eden."

The whole eastern end of the map was as yet blank, except that the rim and the cone had been roughly and lightly suggested. Across the crater's floor Maclyn had shaded the long shadow of the needle as it was at sunset. And atop the rim was every sort of animal, all facing toward the pointed finger, their ears cocked, watching with a sort of bung-eyed expectancy.

"Perhaps for the entrance there of Eve," suggested Breck, entering the spirit of the game with unwonted relish.

"And the serpent," amended Maclyn. "They always come on together, trying to double-cross each other. At least that's the experience of my misspent life."

"I don't see any elephants," suggested Breck further.

"That's so; I did leave out your little pets, didn't I?" acknowledged Maclyn. He sketched one in, but very lightly, near the cone. The beast was plucking something from an impossible-looking tree to which was attached by a cord a small animal.

"This is no Nature-faker map," Maclyn explained. "We won't put in ink elephants until we know positively they are there."

"I don't quite understand your symbolism," complained Breck. "What's he supposed to be picking off the tree?"

"Peanuts," said Maclyn promptly. "All elephants eat peanuts. That's a peanut tree."

"Peanuts don't grow on trees. You dig them out of the ground, like potatoes."

"Is that so?" Maclyn was dashed. "Golly, I had a rotten education! As far as I know from experience, they grow in paper bags. Never mind, it's a symbolical tree."

"And what's this beast tied to the symbolical tree?"

"That's my goat. Elephants have him, you know. I'm plumb scared of elephants. Personally, I haven't lost any elephants."

There came a day when the map was finished as to the distance possible to cover from this base. Then ensued a friendly dispute. Breck insisted that he was recovered enough to go ahead; Maclyn insisted that he was not. The latter won the argument because a very brief trial proved the fact to be on his side. Another dispute now took place. Breck proposed that in this case the younger man should go ahead by himself; Maclyn denied stoutly that he was in any way bored or restless or unwilling to wait for Breck's complete recovery. Breck won a compromise of this second dispute. It was agreed that Maclyn should take Mavrouki and two of the men and make a preliminary rough reconnaissance for a few days only.

"I'll leave your elephants for you," he promised. "You know what I'm going to do? It hasn't the least sense, but I'm going to do it. The logical thing would be to follow around the rim, I know; but I'm going to strike out across the floor."

"For the forests under the cone," suggested Breck.

"No; straight across. I'll take a look at the lake—the swamp will have to wait—and I'll see what sort of things the smokes amount to. And"—he hesitated, a little embarrassed—"I'm going to see why that needle points."

"You'll probably find no water over there—nor much of anything else."

"Then I'll swing around to the right next day and hit the forests. Plenty of water there. I'll be back in four days."

XXVII

THEY started early and tramped a little more than two hours. This brought them to the lake. It was a very pretty lake

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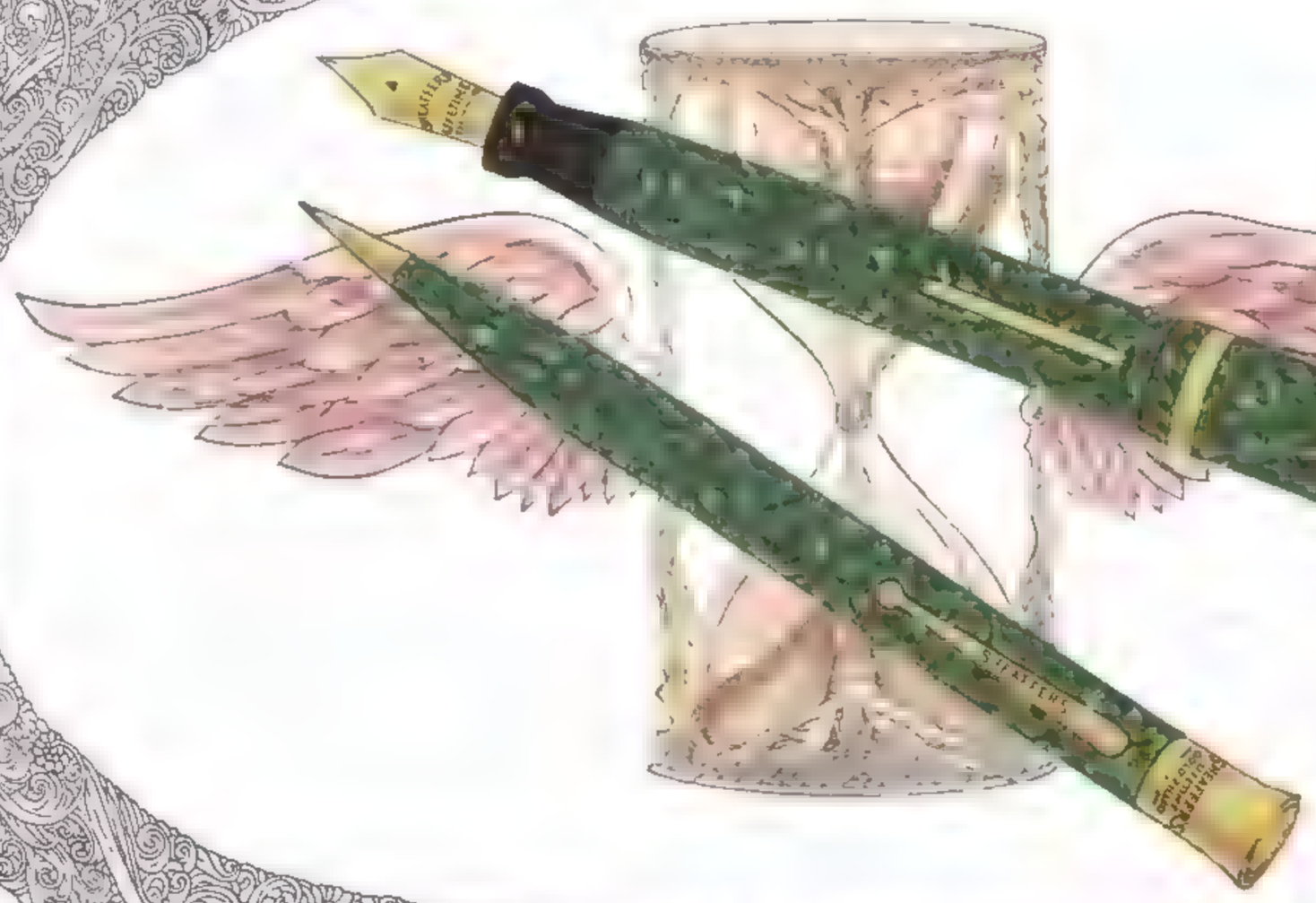

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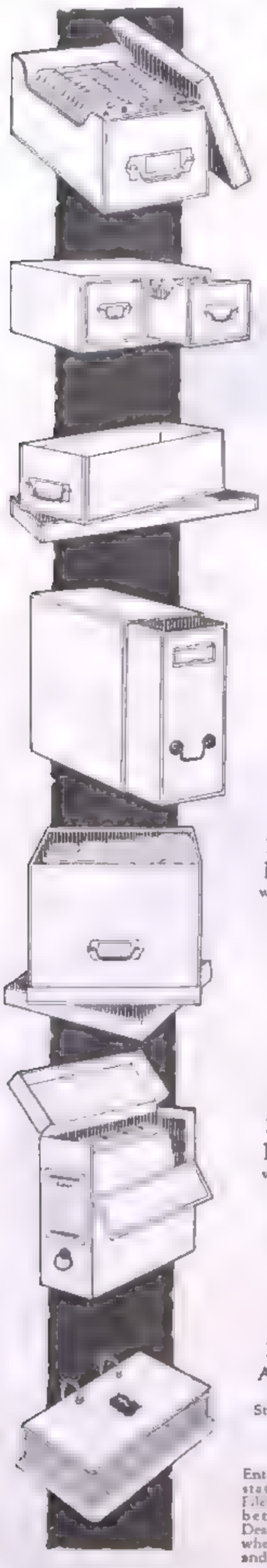

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(Continued from Page 134)

to look upon, tossing blue and glittering under the sun, but its waters proved to be salt. A wide littoral of dried mud running all about its border was white and crusted with that mineral. Farther back, a fringe of reeds and papyrus attested seasons of high water when the flats must be covered.

Thousands upon thousands of wild fowl of all descriptions covered its surface or sunned themselves on the dried flats. There were ducks and geese of all sizes, and in addition a great variety of wading and diving birds. Some of the smallest sandpipers appeared to Maclyn not much bigger than humming birds, and some of the largest cranes seemed to stand as tall as himself. They all quacked and whistled and croaked and splattered and patterned the sky like a Japanese screen. Most striking was a snow bank of great white pelicans and a rosy cloud of flamingos. None of them all seemed to have any serious business in life. They played or rested.

Maclyn was not wise enough in the ways of Nature to realize that their presence in such numbers argued some body of fresh water not far distant in which they could make a living; that as they used this open salt lake for a loafing place, the fresh water was probably overgrown; in short, that the marsh must indubitably be sweet. Breck could have made that deduction; but Maclyn merely delighted in the abundance and tameness of this feathered multitude; noted with curiosity and an eye to populating his map the birds most exotic to his experience—the flamingos, the ibises, storks, spatulate-billed waders of pure white with green bills and legs, and many others, and then passed on and left them.

The level close green of the plains thinned and ceased. They entered a barren brown region where nothing grew. Shortly it seemed that this desert filled the whole plain; that the fertile region, which had appeared to be so all-pervading while they were marching across it, had shrunken to a narrow green encircling band. There were deep fissures in the earth and the ground felt hot under their feet. At first Maclyn thought this due to the heat of the sun, which was now high in the heavens; but before long he could not escape the conclusion that it owed at least part of its origin to internal causes.

Here and there jets of smoke or steam rose. Some of these came from fissures, some from miniature cones. Some eddied forth lazily, like the smoke of a camp fire; some shot out as from a nozzle, with a menacing hiss and roar. A few spewed to a considerable height. The men looked about them fearfully and crowded close on Maclyn's heels. He himself was none too comfortable. It was an uneasy place. He had to keep telling himself that this state of affairs had obtained for some time.

There was no reason to believe anything was going to blow up under him. Nevertheless, in spite of the heat, he found himself quickening his gait; and he experienced a distinct feeling of relief when, an hour later, the dip of the land began to rise and they came again to green plains and living creatures. Shortly the brown bleak area had dropped behind them. The devastation, which, while they were involved in it, had seemed to occupy most of the crater, had shriveled to a mere brown patch.

They neared the opposite wall of the rim. All this time Maclyn had held an accurate course toward the exact spot where, each evening, he had watched the gigantic shadow of the needle come to rest. Why he did this he could not have told. The cliffs at that point looked exactly the same as the cliffs at every other point of the circle, save where the forests under the cone and near the base of the needle broke the symmetry—sheer, bleak, without feature. But the impressive daily repeated march of that titanic indicator, always to exactly the same spot, had ended by enslaving his imagination. He had absolutely no expectation, but he must go see. Then, released from this strange psychic compulsion, he would be able to turn freed toward the real interest under the cone forests. He knew this was foolish, but do it he must.

But as imperceptibly they thrust farther and farther into the green plain, and the great wall loomed more imminent, it became evident that the cliff was not quite uniform. At the exact place indicated by the shadow, a dark spot appeared. Maclyn's interest reawakened.

As he drew nearer he could see that this dark spot was nothing more than a clump of trees growing about a third of the way up the cliff. Evidently here the smooth formation had broken sufficiently to form a ledge on which topsoil had accumulated. But as he came still nearer he saw that the trees not only grew on the horizontal ledge but also dropped down tiny ravines to right and left of it. The effect was as a frame, and within the frame was a darkness blacker than the dark surface of the cliffs. Maclyn studied it through his glasses.

"It looks like a hole," he said to Mavrouki; "a cave, you know," he added in English.

"Yes, *buana*," agreed Mavrouki. That was all he said, but his whole being radiated a self-satisfaction which Maclyn was too occupied to notice.

He quickened his step, a new eagerness possessing him. But as they drew nearer, the immense blocks of stone that the talus had heaped rose across their line of sight. The cave and the framing trees were obscured by them.

They reached the foot of the talus at last and began laboriously to ascend. It was a hard climb. The talus formation here was quite different from that down which they had descended. Either the volcanic activity at this point was much more recent, or else the forces of erosion had not had full effect. Jagged blocks of lava, knife-edged ridges, contorted masses of boiling rock suddenly congealed, pot holes, crevasses, interposed their varied objections. The solid rock had cooled to curious forms, strange gargoyles, mythological monsters, fantastic caricatures, writhing, twisting, tortured, held in a strange silent immobility that weighed on the spirit like a magic. Maclyn's buoyancy was subdued under an expectant awe; the two Watassi, whose spirits the green grass and beloved *nyama* had restored, again fell uneasily silent, and crowded close on the white man's heels. Only old Mavrouki walked with confidence, as though treading known paths.

Their way up the talus was blocked by a sheer wall perhaps twenty feet high. They turned to the right along its base, and so came finally to a narrow steep chimney that seemed to lead to its top. Up this Maclyn scrambled. It, too, ended in a narrow perpendicular wall. By stretching upward to his full height, Maclyn found he could just get his fingers over the edge. Handing his rifle to Mavrouki, he got as firm a handhold as he could, sprang upward, chinned himself, worked his left elbow around, and by a violent effort twisted himself up to a wide flat ledge.

He looked about him. The ledge was like a platform giving out above the plains, which stretched in a wide panorama below. It was blocked on the cliff side by a square of lava, around either end of which, however, it was evident one could walk upright and at ease to whatever lay behind it.

Maclyn reached down the butt of his rifle to Mavrouki, who, with its aid, immediately scrambled up beside him. Then the two other men were similarly helped. When all had thus reached the platform, Maclyn at once led the way around the lava block. Across a broad platform-like shelf, or ledge, yawned the cave.

It was a most extraordinary place, made all of black shining volcanic rock, smooth as though polished. Its mouth was low and arched, its width on the grand scale. Its extent was marked by gloom.

But the most striking feature was its ornamentation. The whole front and sides were graven thick with what at first glance looked to be gigantic carvings. At second sight these were seen to be the results of the cooling of the melted rocks. It was as though giant air bubbles had given way in the molten substance to form a sort of relief work.

And yet it was all but impossible for the imagination to relinquish the impression that these gigantic patterns had been designed by a human brain. Although they must, in that case, have been executed by a race of kings whose form sense and symbolism was rhythmic in some new ratio of daring, whose confident handling of its material had a sweep and power unknown to a more timid artistic sense. Almost, one caught the meaning; but always at the last it eluded.

On either side this super-ornamental arch were two smaller, shallow caves, or recesses, almost exactly balanced one against the other, in the symmetry that natural forces sometimes attain. They were like huge niches, but empty of the representations they should have contained. With them the ornamentation ceased abruptly, to give way to the dark smooth cliff formation and the flanking stringers of trees Maclyn had seen from below.

But neither on the platform itself nor on the arch of the cave was spear of growing thing or trace of soil. It was as though the last fiery gasp of the volcano had here seared too deeply for life or vegetation ever again to gain a foothold.

Above, however, just over the entrance, were again the trees. They fringed it on the three sides with a border of green, as though framing this silent, majestic, temple-like altar.

Recovering somewhat from his astonishment, Maclyn stepped forward to enter the opening. He found that, instantly he had passed within the mouth, the cave widened and arched higher. In the dim light, it gave the impression of a vaulted nave, focusing to the sweep of a shell-shaped concavity that, in the dim light, looked distant as the altar in a cathedral. The walls of the cave were strangely patterned where the flow and twist and hardening had left deep carvings and high reliefs. But most strange of all was the repetition of the smaller caves, or niches, opposing one another on opposite sides in almost fantastic regularity. Their inner surfaces were of the fabric of draining suddenly hardened rock—almost a fluted texture.

Maclyn stood for some time motionless. His mind was curiously numbed. For a little he was incapable of grasping the impression. Nothing in him functioned. Something seemed to hold him in suspension, awaiting his adjustment in relationship to itself. All he could do was to stand and stare; and yet powerfully his imagination was stirred, so that there grew upon him an impression as of an unseen presence. He felt drawn upon, like some small animal being hypnotized by a snake, impelled in spite of himself to move forward step by step to an unknown fate.

With a slight laugh, he shook off this feeling and began to look about him. He was alone; none of the black men had ventured with him beyond the entrance.

"Why, this is the most wonderful thing I ever saw!" he told himself. "I don't suppose there is anything like it in all the world!"

It seemed incredible to him that man had had nothing to do with the construction of the place. The more he examined, the more perfect the temple effect became. The stone floor was almost flat; the ornamental vault was arched with hardly a trace of irregularity; the opposing niches lacked only the effigies for which they seemed to have been prepared. Yet even a casual examination seemed to make evident that there were no marks of hammer or chisel.

He drew a long breath, shook himself and returned to the open air.

The Watassi huddled together, ashen and trembling. They rolled their eyes at Maclyn in an agonized appeal. Old Mavrouki stood apart. He was examining something that he held in the hollow of his hand. (Continued on Page 139)

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(Continued from Page 135)

Maclyn was now all eager excitement. He got out his notebook and pencils from the wallet carried by one of the Watassi and returned to the interior of the cave, where he began absorbedly to make sketches of the details of its interior. For some time he was thus occupied. Then he returned to the platform with the purpose of drawing the exterior. The two Watassi still huddled together as far from the cave as the platform would permit. Mavrouki was not in sight.

Raising his eyes, Maclyn saw that the old gunbearer had managed to find a way, probably through the flanking ravines, to a position directly over the arch of the cave's opening. He stood upright on a projection, the sunlight full upon him, the dark forest at his back. He had thrown aside all his clothes and was standing straight and slender, a beautiful bronze figure, his hands uplifted above his head.

Maclyn, with an exclamation of delight, flipped over a leaf of his notebook and seized his pencil.

Mavrouki was chanting or shouting short phrases at the top of his voice. At the conclusion of each phrase he bent slowly forward from the hips, his arms still extended, then slowly came upright again, in a sort of regular and balanced rhythm. The two Watassi raised their heads and listened; then arose, faced outward; and as Mavrouki came to the end of each short phrase, they intoned quickly two sharp staccato words in falsetto. In spite of his feverish preoccupation to get the impression of the thing down on paper, Maclyn was conscious of an eerie shiver prickling his skin. The gloomy interior of the cave seemed to thicken again with the aura of an unseen presence, a strange chill portent breathed about him.

Mavrouki ended his chant and stood for a long time, his arms upraised. Then quite calmly he turned and began to reclothe himself. He disappeared from sight, and a few moments later reappeared on the level of the platform, where he squatted placidly on his heels and proceeded to take snuff.

Maclyn, finishing his sketch, went over to the old man. Mavrouki turned up to him his wise wrinkled look.

"We are now quite safe, *bwana*," he observed.

"What were you doing there, Mavrouki?" asked Maclyn.

"I spoke to the people of this god."

"What was it you said?"

Mavrouki contracted his brows, trying to simplify his Swahili to Maclyn's comprehension.

"I told them their god had sent you, *bwana*, more beautiful than any of his women. That will make you safe, for thus they will think their god has sent you here."

Maclyn's laughter rang out. "Flatterer!" he chuckled in English. "It's thoughtful of you, old socks." He was struck by a sudden idea. "The people of this god?" he repeated Mavrouki's words. "Why do you say that? There are no pepole here."

"The god has people who serve him," said Mavrouki calmly.

Maclyn took from the back of his sketch book the crude chart and drawings of the temple Mavrouki had drawn at the camp fire back of the Norfolk Hotel so long ago, which he had begged from Breck. "This?" he asked.

Mavrouki looked at them and shook his head.

"No, *bwana*," said he; "that is of the long ago."

"It is another place?"

"Yes, *bwana*."

"Where?"

Mavrouki extended his arm in the direction of the cone.

"By Jove!" cried Maclyn, his interest in the reality of these tales reviving. "Can we go there? Can you show me?"

"Yes, *bwana*," said Mavrouki with confidence.

Suddenly to Maclyn the thing seemed assured. He saw himself, on the morrow, wandering amid prehistoric temples. No doubt existed in his mind. Away from Breck's scoffing common sense, and under the spell of the recent events and discoveries, his judgment was obscured. Just on what logical grounds the discovery of this remarkable but obviously natural cave argued the plausibility of a legend having to do with prehistoric cultures, his calmer moments could not have told. Just now it seemed to be indubitable proof.

"What is this place?" he asked.

"It is the *boma* their god has made for himself."

Maclyn found himself glancing about fearfully toward the dimness of the cave.

"He lives here then?" he asked.

"No, *bwana*. He lives on his mountain. Here is where he listens to his people."

"Temple. Sure. Looks like it," muttered Maclyn. He ought to have been ashamed of himself. Imperceptibly, swayed by atmosphere and the wonder of the unusual and his own too vivid imagination, he was slipping back into the haze of a pure emotionalism which he had outgrown a thousand years ago. He was becoming one with these savage men squatting there on the great rock under the awe of an unknown god.

Abruptly it seemed that the great presence was upon them. The world darkened and became chill, as beneath outspread wings. Startled nearly out of his senses, Maclyn leaped to his feet. It was only the shadow of the needle, which, creeping unmarked across the plains, had suddenly risen to the level of the cave.

The shock restored Maclyn's waning common sense. He laughed, as much at himself as anything else, and turned toward the cave in a burlesque of Mavrouki, drawing himself to his full height and stretching his arms high above his head.

"Oh, mighty volcanic excrescence, live forever!" he cried. "And don't let the fleas bite."

But Mavrouki looked upon this performance with approval. "That is good, *bwana*," he said. "This is a strong god. It is well to speak to him."

Maclyn let it go at that, for evidently Mavrouki was very much in earnest.

"Now, *bwana*," said the latter briskly, in abrupt transition to commonplace tones, "soon it will be dark. We must camp. There is water over there by the trees."

They left the end of the ledge. There discovered itself an easier gradient for the descent than the chimney would have afforded. The Watassi crowded after them in relief. Shortly they entered the downthrust strip of forest. The tinkling of water became audible. In a moment they thrust through a screen of brush to stand on the wide banks of a clear small brooklet that twisted merrily from tiny pool to tiny pool.

Mavrouki stopped short. On a flat rock on the farther bank was the still-dripping outline of a human foot. He glanced toward Maclyn. The young man had not noticed. Deliberately the old man effaced the footprint.

XXVIII

THEY camped in a flat not far from the little stream. Maclyn tried to get some information out of Mavrouki, but with little success. Only one thing he gathered: No tribe lived in the crater, but occasionally for some purpose a few of them returned into its confines. Mavrouki tried to tell him what that purpose was, in detail; but the explanation was too involved for Maclyn's limited knowledge of the language.

"They come to talk to the god," Mavrouki summed it up.

This interested Maclyn immensely. Perhaps he might get a glimpse of these people.

Next morning they continued their journey in the direction of the cone. The ledge on which they were encamped continued for some distance at the same elevation before it spread gradually into the slope of a long hogback of talus that led down to the plain. From this hogback they could look back a half mile or so, across the open dip, to the platform in front of the cave. At this distance the rock screen, around the end of which they had made their way in the ascent, looked flat and squared, set in front of the cave's opening like a gigantic altar.

They descended to the level of the plains. Here Mavrouki took the lead, lively as a squirrel, striking confidently across an arc toward the trees beneath the cone. He seemed to know where he was going; and, indeed, as Maclyn saw, he was merely manifesting his confidence in the map, or chart, he had drawn.

Thus they marched a mile and a half or two miles, which brought them to the scattered outposts of the forests. Long finger-like groves of scattered trees felt out, here and there, into the plains. A large and dashing stream of water flowed across the floor toward the distant swamp.

Mavrouki now hesitated, casting about here and there, puzzled. "It should be here, *bwana*," he said. "My *n'dowa* told me it is here." He lifted his hand to indicate a curious white patch against the somber walls of the cliffs just above the location of the cave. "See, there is the white stone of which my *n'dowa* told," said he; but as his *n'dowa* had told it in Swahili at a time when Maclyn, new-arrived, knew only two words of that language, this statement meant nothing. "But the five great trees—I find them not."

He meditated for a moment, then plunged into the young forest. Here, on the comparatively dry final upsweep of the plains, it was bushy and thick. Indeed, progress through it would have been difficult if not impossible had it not been for the fact that broad, well-cleared and well-beaten trails had been opened through it. These afforded a route by which they easily penetrated the outer jungle and emerged into the loftier woodlands beyond.

"Did the people of whom you spoke make these paths?" queried Maclyn. "Why?"

Mavrouki glanced at him to see if he was in earnest. "*Tembo*—elephants," he replied briefly.

"Golly!" muttered Maclyn. "I hope this isn't their day for a joy ride. There might be a traffic congestion."

They were now in a still and lofty forest. The tops of the trees arched at an incredible height above them. Long looping vine stems depended from the massive branches or flung like connecting cables across great space. Below this airy upper world the wide soft tops of tree ferns seemed to spread a green carpet as a floor; but the tree ferns were in turn a forest in themselves, thirty-forty feet in height, beneath which the four dwarfed and tiny men walked like insects. There was no motion. No bird fluttered, no monkey climbed or swung, no leaf moved. Even insects lacked. There was no eddy of midges, no sway of dust mote which, even though unremarked by the attention, nevertheless would have supplied an infusion of life and activity in the lucent green atmosphere. Yet the stillness was not like that other empty stillness of desolation that had sucked dry their spirits in the thirst. This was brimming with life; but life immobile and hushed, finger on lips, awaiting the end of worship. In the serenity of the still green upper atmosphere glowed here and there tiny spots of vivid color where the orchids hung like the flames of votive candles.

Perhaps this impression of withholding silence the more emphasized the ingulfing omnipresence of the one privileged voice, that of the waters. The stream tumbled by, white and vociferous. From a short distance ahead of them came a resounding and steady roar of a waterfall.

Toward this Mavrouki made his way, eagerly, hastily, in entire concentration. Maclyn followed as fast as he could; but in spite of his best efforts, he could only just keep the old man in sight. Thus it was from a little distance that he saw him stop at last, parting with either hand the down-drooping fronds of two low-growing tree ferns. Maclyn stumbled to his side.

(Continued on Page 141)

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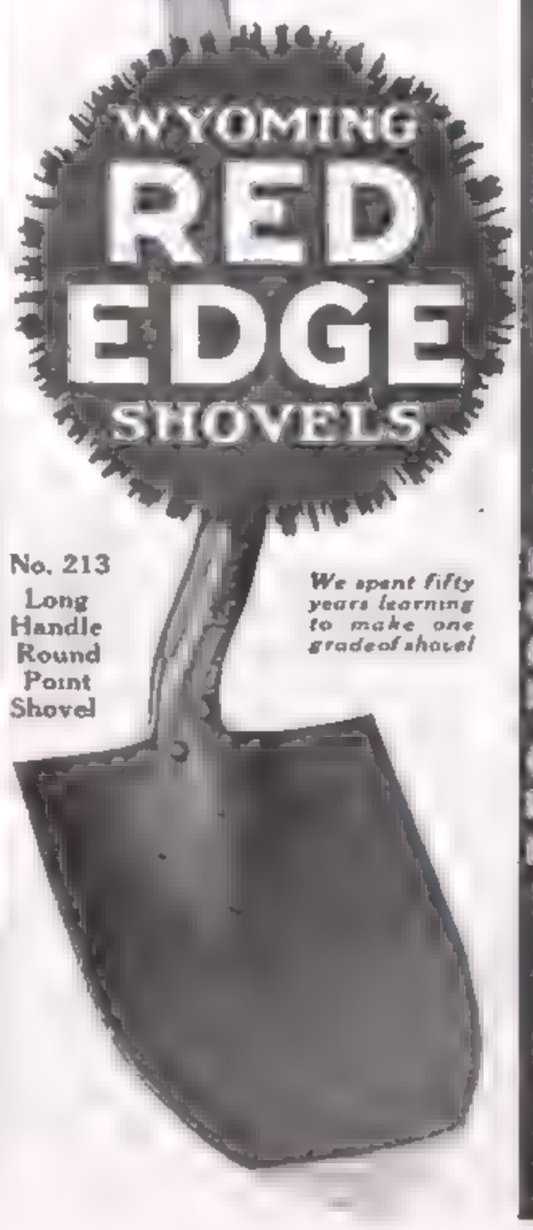

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(Continued from Page 139)

"By golly!" he cried for the hundredth time in this land of wonders.

The noise had not been that of a waterfall. From the center of a cuplike basin a thick column of water shot straight upward for ten feet, to break gracefully and fall back into the pool with a thunder of sound. From this natural artesian well sprang the stream, full-grown.

But Mavrouki allowed no time for a particular examination. He turned, and, in spite of Maclyn's commands, darted off in the direction from which he had come. As Maclyn had no desire to be left to the solution of the rather complicated maze of elephant trails, he had perforce to follow, promising himself, however, an early return to this marvelous natural fountain.

He arrived at the tongue of forest to find the old man casting about like a bird dog, quartering tirelessly back and forth through the thickets, his brow wrinkled, muttering to himself.

Maclyn, hot and steaming, sat down philosophically on an outcropping rock to cool off and await the subsidence of this burst of activity. The Watassi squatted beside him, conversing in low tones.

At length Mavrouki returned, shaking his head, and sat down. He took the map he had drawn from Maclyn and studied it carefully. "*N'dowa* is a liar, eh?" said Maclyn.

"I do not understand," said Mavrouki. "There is the Sacred Water as I saw it. But of the House of God—nothing." He was evidently deeply discouraged and a little shaken.

"Better ask your *n'dowa*," suggested Maclyn.

Mavrouki shook his head. "It is not the season for my god to speak, *bwana*," said he despondently. He remained in thought for some time. "It was of the long ago," he said at last. "The great trees have died. It may be that the houses of the god have died also. For the Sacred Water is there as I have seen it."

"Well, cheer up, old sportsman," observed Maclyn comfortably, in English, as was often his habit. "The best of these *n'dowas* come a cropper once in a while. There are no flies on the temple we did find. I'm satisfied."

"*N'dio, bwana*," agreed Mavrouki, as he always did to inunderstandable remarks.

They rested for some time. The outcropping rock was not particularly comfortable, and shortly Maclyn arose. It was a curious rock, standing up like a tiny lopsided pyramid. Maclyn could not but notice that it was of a different formation from that of the black lava of the walls. Gradually an idea was borne in on him that it was not so much like a pyramid as like one corner of a slab embedded slantwise in the earth. He examined it more closely, but his flash of inspiration died. Look as he might, he could discover no trace to justify the belief that man had had anything to do with its fashioning. It was exactly like any of the thousands of natural squared blocks characteristic of the place, nor was there the faintest trace of any tooling on its surface. At this rate he could find remains of prehistoric temples anywhere he had a mind to look. That was the formation of the country. Besides, though forest trees might, as Mavrouki had said, die and rot away, how could all coherence so completely disappear in the course of a few thousand years from structures as massive as Mavrouki's crude sketches had indicated? In this dry remote country were no disintegrating forces so powerful. It was absurd!

Nevertheless Maclyn arose and poked about a little and found a number more similar pieces scattered here and there, but without order or plan. Nor on any of them were there the slightest indications of any other fashioning than that of Nature.

"Shucks!" said Maclyn. He was suffering a slight reaction from his exuberant anticipations. His spirit was surfeited with wonders and his common sense had swung uppermost.

He commanded camp to be made near the stream and went out to get some needed meat. Tomorrow he would strike back to the base camp. Then he and Breck would move over to this side. They'd have a bully time. He'd show Breck the cave, and they'd hunt around for traces of Mavrouki's occasional *shenzis*, and they'd finish the map. Breck would be pleased about the elephants. He'd rather like to see some of them himself. Perhaps they'd make an expedition and climb the cone. Yes, that's what they'd do. Ought to get some view from up there—get a notion of the country roundabout. They'd be able to see what was on the other side. Perhaps they might see where all these beasts had come from, and how they got in. Anyway, they could judge where they wanted to explore next.

There must be a decent country somewhere over there; these *shenzis* couldn't inhabit a place like that thirst they had crossed over. By Jove, yes! New tribes that had never seen a white man!

Thus Maclyn, sprawled by the camp fire, lingeringly enjoying his small daily allowance of tobacco; his mind kindling to the possibilities opening before him, his thoughts become sensible and practical among reasonable probabilities, straying farther and farther from fantastic and impossible theories of temples and lost tribes.

But old Mavrouki was restless. As soon as night had fallen he had drawn apart from the others and built himself a little fire of his own. Its tiny flame flickered in the darkness, the stems of the bushes outlined against it. The old man squatted by it, his blanket drawn over his head. For a long time he remained thus, motionless; then arose, threw aside the blanket and strode to the men's fire, where he picked up the single *panga*—a sort of broad-ended machete—and disappeared.

"Where are you going, Mavrouki?" called Maclyn, but received no reply. He wondered idly why the gunbearer did not order one of the Watassi to get the firewood, and returned to his waking-dreaming.

The fire died, was renewed. All the stars came out, peering through the thin foliage overhead. Across the darkened bowl of the crater the Southern Cross hung low, touching the rim. Maclyn was just about to spread his blanket on the pallet of sweet grass the men had collected for his bed, when Mavrouki suddenly materialized out of the blackness. His ordinarily imperturbable old face was alight with eagerness; his one eye blazed. From one hand depended the *panga*, incrusted with earth. In the other was a glittering object which he held out to Maclyn.

"See, *bwana*, see!" he cried excitedly.

The object was a small vase with two handles. It was of extraordinarily graceful shape, lightly ornamented with engraved mathematical symbols, and was apparently of pure gold.

Maclyn held it in his hands, staring at it stupidly. "Where did you get this?" he inquired at last.

"By the stone—where you sat, *bwana*. I dug with the *panga*. My *n'dowa* is strong. It did not lie. Here was the house of that god."

Maclyn stared at the object. Then suddenly he struck his forehead with his open hand.

"Fool!" he apostrophized himself. "Nut! Imbecile! Of course! Earthquakes! Why didn't I have sense enough to think of that before? Right in a volcano, too! That would knock 'em flat!" He snatched Mavrouki's sketches from his wallet. "By golly, you certainly called the turn!" he cried, with awe in his voice. "Lord, I don't understand it!"

The vase was, allowing for the crudeness of the sketch, accurately pictured; the ornamentation consisted of the queer mathematical-looking characters Mavrouki had indicated on the margins of the paper.

He leaped to his feet and executed a few dance steps, hopping about ecstatically as the full significance of what he held in his hand slowly penetrated to his intelligence.

"Oh, boy! Oh, boy!" he chanted.

The Watassi looked up at him curiously. Mavrouki glowed with ill-suppressed pride. "Tomorrow we dig, *bwana*," said he.

"Tomorrow," amended Maclyn decisively, "we go to camp, *maramoja*, right off quick, and we bring Bwana Kali Sana. And," he added excitedly in English, "if we don't knock his cynical old Scotch eye right out of his head, I'm a Chinaman."

A wild, long-drawn demoniac shriek burst from the forests at their backs, a wail as of a lost soul in torment, shivering the peaceful night silence into a chilling agony.

"Good Lord!" cried Maclyn, his heart almost stopping.

With difficulty, Mavrouki explained that this was not a devil, but only a tree hyrax. Others answered. The forest wailed and shuddered with them. All night long Maclyn was conscious, through the veils of sleep, of these weird piercing shrieks. They seemed to him echoes out of a fierce and ancient past.

XXIX

MACLYN'S story made a most satisfactory sensation, when finally he reached the climax. Breck listened with merely normal interest to the account of the cave, contenting himself by asking whether there had been any evidences of human visitors. Nor did he pay more than passing attention to Maclyn's description of the artesian spring and the forest. Indeed, at this point of the narrative, the mention of the elephant trails aroused him most.

He asked questions as to their number, age, use and the like; and finding Maclyn's answers not sufficiently informed, he was about to call Mavrouki. But Maclyn was not going to see his dramatics spoiled in any such fashion.

"Now just wait a minute until I get through," he begged, "then you can wallow in your confounded elephants all you please."

"Sorry," said Breck. "Carry on."

But when Maclyn reached his climax and produced the gold vase in earnest of the genuineness thereof, Breck's reactions were at first entirely gratifying. He turned the thing over and over in his hands.

"Extraordinary! Extraordinary!" he muttered. "Lad," he said at last in an awe-stricken voice, "it's immense! There's never been anything like it before."

He called in Mavrouki and questioned him at great length.

"I can't make much out of him," he grumbled when the old gunbearer was at length dismissed. "What he really knows is all mixed up with his absurd *n'dowa* talk. But there's no question he's got hold of a certain amount of genuine information. It may be legend, though it's pretty detailed. Anyway, he insists that he dug this thing up where what he calls a house of god once stood; and he claims he knows where other houses stood."

"There are a lot of queer stones in that brush," put in Maclyn eagerly. "I thought them too numerous and scattered to be anything but natural."

"Earthquakes would shake them down," said Breck.

"I thought of that afterward."

"Of course," observed Breck thoughtfully, his skepticism again in the ascendant, "this may be another bit of hocus-pocus."

"How do you mean?"

"These witch doctors are up to any tricks."

"I don't quite see ——"

"Why, Mavrouki may have brought this thing with him," explained Breck.

"Good Lord!" cried Maclyn. "Talk about your Scotch caution! Now I ask you ——"

"Mind ye, lad," interrupted Breck, "I'm not saying he did. I'm just telling you the possibilities, so that you may have your mind prepared for disappointments."

Maclyn got to his feet and flung about with impatience. "I'm not going to prepare my mind for disappointments!" he cried. "I've got my mind prepared for gold

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"You say you found no evidence of human beings recently?" Breck changed the subject.

"None."

"Mavrouki says there were traces of fire at one place on the floor of the cave." Mavrouki, for obscure reasons of his own, had said nothing of the fresh footprint.

"Why didn't he tell me?" cried Maclyn.

"Part of his celebrated *n'dowa*, I fancy." Breck grinned wickedly.

"The secretive old devil!" grumbled Maclyn. "How old was the fire?"

"It was just a trace of soot, he said, inside the cave. Might have been made last week or five years ago."

"By Jove!" cried Maclyn, his imagination rekindling. "The place is a temple! It certainly was made to order! I'll bet that's where those Pharaoh johnnies come to sacrifice! I'll bet ——"

"Wandering *shenzis*, more likely," broke in Breck dryly. "They generally camp in a cave. Wandorobos drifting in with the rains."

"You certainly know how to take the joy out of life!" growled Maclyn. "What's the matter with the temple idea?"

"Not a thing," admitted Breck unexpectedly. "I think it not unlikely. Wandorobos would not be likely to sweep out the embers and ashes."

Maclyn surveyed his companion with amused exasperation. "I give it up, Kali Sana!" he cried. "What do you think, anyway?"

"Well," said Breck, "of course it's impossible to say; but with all due respect for contrary possibilities, it seems verra likely, from the various evidence, that we have happened upon a big thing, a verra big thing." As was usual with Breck, his Scotch accent was coming strongly to the surface under excitement.

Maclyn drew a deep breath. "At-a-boy," he applauded, "you reckless old devil! Lucky you've got me to keep your imagination in check. Otherwise you might turn around and go home."

But having conscientiously indulged his native caution, Breck unexpectedly went to the other extreme. Turning the golden vase around and around in his hands, he seemed to draw from its graven characters inspiration for the most fascinating speculations. His intimate knowledge of ancient history was enormous. Maclyn flushed hotly as he remembered what he now considered his presumptuous contribution as to the Shepherd Kings. Breck knew all about the Shepherd Kings, and the great migration up the Nile. He discoursed at length on kinship of scattered tribes as evidenced by language roots. He mentioned archæological and ethnological authorities of whom Maclyn had never even heard. Gradually he wove a tissue of probabilities, based on the intangibles of many theories wrapping them closer and closer about this possible new discovery. Evidence, material evidence, had heretofore lacked. The theories had remained postulates. But if ——

"And here we've got the evidence!" finished Maclyn, on fire again. "It connects up the whole thing!"

"Perhaps," warned Breck.

"No perhaps about it! It's a cinch!"

"It's a strong probability."

"Well, it's easy found out. We'll go dig up some more things. We'll root up the whole place, like a lot of ground hogs. Lord!"

"That's one thing; we must be verra chary of our digging," said Breck.

Maclyn, stopped short in full career, stared at his companion in comical dismay. "Now what?" he demanded.

"Why," said Breck, "don't you see? It's experts' work. It takes knowledge. We would just blunder and disturb things and mix up valuable evidence and perhaps destroy."

"I hadn't thought of that," mourned Maclyn disappointedly.

"But, of course, we shall collect sufficient evidence to satisfy us."

Maclyn chirked up. "Couple more gold vases and maybe a jeweled crown or so?" he pleaded.

Breck smiled. "Or a bit of building stone indubitably fashioned by tools," he amended dryly.

"Shucks, I want a crown," insisted Maclyn. "Come on, just one little teeny crown. It needn't have jewels, if you insist."

They laughed together. Breck was almost animated. He seemed to have shaken off the lassitude that had gripped him for so long. Gradually it was borne in on Maclyn that the old elephant hunter was, in spite of cautious speech, as excited as himself.

Shortly they threw aside all doubts and plunged whole-heartedly into roseate dreams and plans. Then it was midnight, and the glittering fabric not yet completed. Breck called a halt.

"Time to turn in," he insisted. "We've got to get some rest if we're to march tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" repeated Maclyn. "Hold on; it's quite a way. Do you think you are strong enough to go tomorrow? Hadn't you better wait a day or so yet?"

"Certainly not," stated Breck emphatically. "I'm as strong as a lion. Of course we go tomorrow!"

xxx

BUT Breck was not quite so strong as a lion. In the cool of the morning and for seven or eight miles, he went well enough, but then his strength began to wane. He plodded on as doggedly as usual, but oftener and oftener he stopped to rest. Too long a spell of it turned him pale and short of breath.

He made light of his condition. "It's always this way after a go of fever," he said. "Have to go a little slower, that's all. Lord bless you, lad, I've been through it a score of times! Just let me take my own gait."

Nevertheless, Maclyn anguished around him in the most absurd fashion. He pranced about, covering uselessly anxious miles in his mind—miles of which his young strength had not realized the number and quality when he had traversed them before. He really worked over them harder than did Breck. He constantly pointed out encouraging landmarks.

"See that funny rock sticking up over there? I remember that when I passed it yesterday. It wasn't very far out. We'll soon be there now."

Breck thought of him rather humorously in the light of a parent bird distressing itself over a fledgling on the ground. He was not comfortable, nor very strong, to be sure; but he was getting on all right. He had, as he said, done this sort of thing many times before. It was only a matter of gauging and conserving one's strength.

"Now quit worrying," he admonished the young man. "I'll get there. Just give me time."

He did get there, and Maclyn was the nearer exhausted when finally they made camp next the stream below the great geyser fountain. But before they did so, and against Maclyn's protests, Breck insisted on a brief examination of the brush area where lay scattered, apparently at random, the blocks of stone. He said nothing at the time; but later, when camp had been made and food cooked and eaten, he recovered enough to discuss the matter.

"I believe we have it, lad," said he. "Of course, one can't tell positively yet; but these blocks may well have formed not one but several buildings, shaken down by earthquakes and buried by time. I don't know. It's a big job, a tremendous labor."

The final effort seemed to have exhausted him, drained him dry. Nothing in him responded to his usual lashes of will power. The mere thought of the big job, of the long trip home, flooded through him a certain sickness, a loathing of soul. Maclyn

(Continued on Page 145)

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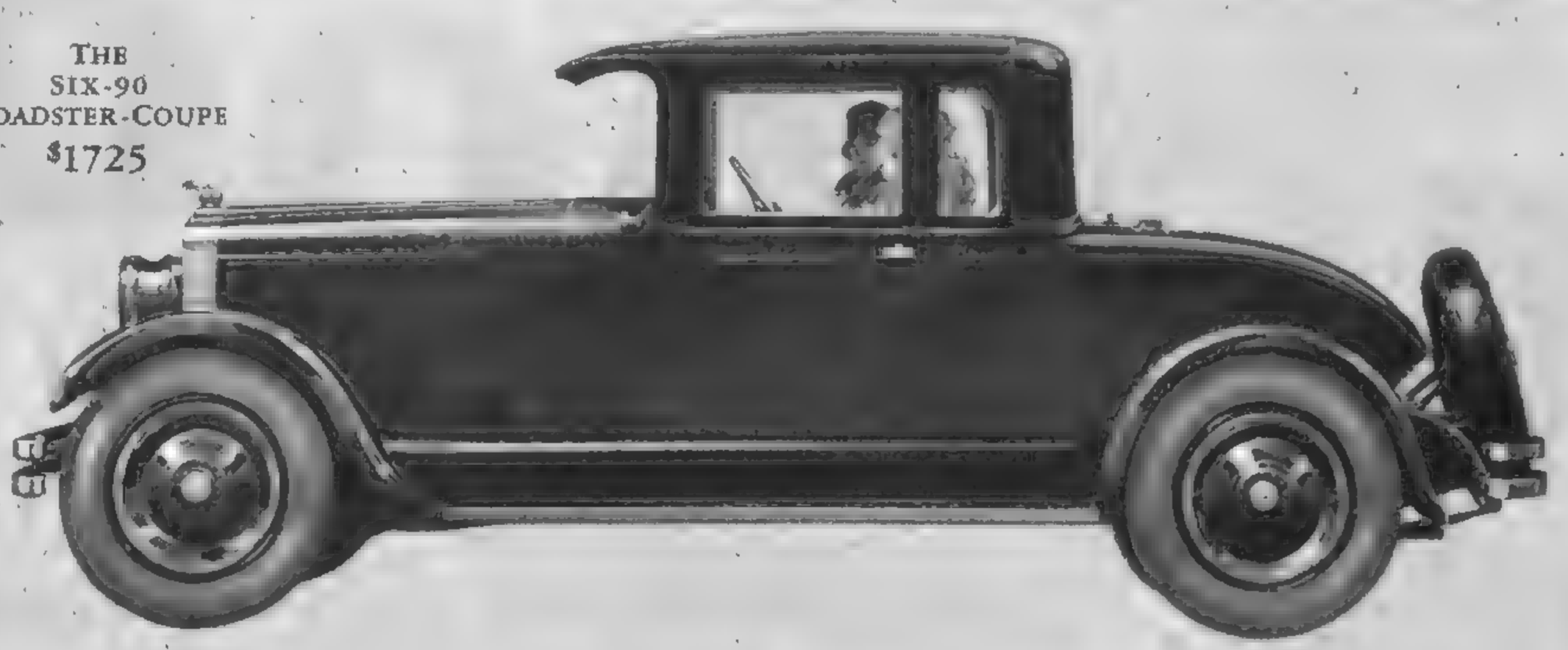

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(Continued from Page 142

sat beside him, chattering cheerfully, obviously waiting for him to catch his breath before beginning at once this fascinating new game. The young man's mind was wholly occupied with details. He was planning—laying out future excavations, inventing leverages to move the biggest rocks, trying to remember scarcely noted marvels of American ingenuity which would come in handy here. He managed in his enthusiasm to pile up a most exhausting effort—in imagination, of course; but poor Breck had to close his eyes for strength to contemplate it, even. These details beat upon him like merciless hail. He turned his face away in weak despair.

Finally, by an immense effort he summoned up all his being to suggest that Maclyn make some sketches of the place where the vase came from.

"I don't feel up to going at it today," said he. "By tomorrow I'll be all right. Better not do any more digging until I take a look—if you don't mind."

"Sure not!" cried Maclyn heartily. "And I'll just map out the location of all the big blocks that show above ground. That might help give us an idea."

He departed. Breck sighed with a great content. For the moment Maclyn's flowing exuberance almost choked him. He had been down like this before, but always he had been able to draw himself up to efficiency by sheer will power. Of course, he could do so now if a sufficient emergency arose.

For a long time he rested, then roused himself to summon the Watassi and to put them to work. The simple camp had been made in the density of a thicket by the stream, a close, low, leafy bower cooled by the fling of the water. It was a delightful place, and in the absence of predatory beasts should be safe; but Breck had the old Africander's instinctive objection to getting into a place where he could not see out. So he started the men to clearing away on the side of the plains. When finally he could see out, he felt much more comfortable.

Maclyn, returning toward sunset, looked at first a little dismayed. "You've gone and desecrated my garden!" he cried in mock reproach. "You've got no æsthetic sense whatever."

"It's better to desecrate than be desecrated by some prowling thing," said Breck briefly. He told Maclyn he was feeling much better, which was true as long as he was let alone. But he seemed to have lost the power of response. He tried to rouse himself to appreciation of Maclyn's sketches and his eager excited surmises, and he did manage a simulation of interest, but there was no flash inside. Sleep—sleep was what he needed; about a thousand years of blessed sleep; and no planning, no responsibility, no thought for a tomorrow—just sleep.

He found his mind floating in spite of himself, away from Maclyn's enthusiastic exposition, searching vaguely for something. No, not searching—drifting on idle winds, but toward some point of attraction. What was it? He did not know and he did not care. But he was drifting toward it. Then, without surprise or jar, his mind had alighted on it, gently, idly, as a thistledown alights. He was old!

The thought had never come to him before. He had never been old before. What had aged him? The answer floated to him, as he had floated to the question. Youth had aged him. The years had passed over him so unmarked, depositing each its imperceptible layer of dust on the brightness of his spirit and the strength of his powers, that he had not noticed. Only when, in the fresh vigor of Maclyn's youth, a contrast was held insistently before his eyes had he been forced to realization.

After dark they turned in for a good night's sleep. But they had reckoned without the hyrax. The moon was approaching the full. Whether because of this, or because of the invasion of their accustomed solitude by the strange sight and sound of human beings, the little creatures were unusually vocal. Their blood-curdling shrieks and screams tore the night stillness into tatters. In spite of his lethargy, Breck tossed and turned, winding his blanket uncomfortably. Even the natives, who can usually sleep through anything, raised their heads and spoke to one another in low tones.

Mavrouki's slender form outlined itself above Breck's couch, uncertain.

"Yes—what is it?" demanded Breck.

"*Bwana* cannot sleep."

"Too much *kalele*."

"If *bwana* will permit, I will speak my *n'dowa*."

Breck's taut nerves twanged in an explosion of impatience. "There is *kalele* enough. Go lie down," he commanded.

But Mavrouki was strangely persistent. "It is necessary that I speak my *n'dowa*, *bwana*," he persisted. "There is danger."

"Danger!" snorted Breck. "You are an old fool! Don't you know a hyrax when you hear one?"

But Maclyn, who had been lying on the broad of his back, staring at the leafy canopy overhead, intervened. "Oh, for Pete's sake, let him go to it! A little more racket won't do any harm. Go ahead, Mavrouki, speak your *n'dowa*. Add an especial curse for me." Breck grunted wearily.

Encouraged by this permission, Mavrouki stepped out into the cleared space and dropped his blanket. The moon shone full upon him. In a high shrill falsetto he intoned over and over again a phrase of four sounds.

Maclyn sat up the better to see the show. Over and over again Mavrouki uttered his cries. The hyrax ceased calling, frightened by these strange sounds, but still Mavrouki shrieked on.

"My Lord," muttered Maclyn, "he seems to have turned the trick! I don't wonder they quit; he's got them dumb with envy."

"He's a consistent old fool, anyway," observed Breck, who was listening closely. "That's the same language he talked to those *shenzis*."

"Shall I tell him to shut up?" asked Maclyn.

"Can't do that. Bad to stop an *n'dowa* in the middle."

"Good heavens," muttered Maclyn uneasily, "he's worse than the hyrax!"

"You started him," said Breck with weary relish. "He'll stop after a while. I've seen him do it to drive thunder away, but I've never seen it done with animals. One always learns something new from the beggars."

At length Mavrouki seemed satisfied. He picked up his blanket and composedly returned to the shadows. Had Breck or Maclyn happened to have stood in the patch of moonlight, they might have discerned the reason Mavrouki had terminated the performance. From the edge of the forest two dark figures had emerged and had stolen away across the veldt. And the words of Mavrouki's chant had been these: "Oh, god of the mountain, here with us is thy son."

"The danger is gone, *bwana*," he said.

"Oh, go lie down," groaned Breck wearily.

Mavrouki waited a moment to be questioned; then, as the question was not forthcoming, he faded into the darkness. These things were in the hands of the god; his *n'dowa* had told him so.

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THERE was now no reason why Breck and Maclyn should not have enjoyed that much-needed night's sleep. Whether it was because of Mavrouki's incantations, or because the shadow of the mountain had drawn back from the forest on which the moon shone full, or because the withdrawal of the dark figures from their vicinity had relieved their alarm—the fact remains that the hyraxes did not resume their concert. But the first drowsiness had been driven away and would not be wooed back. Maclyn lay quiet, but Breck tossed and turned,

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seeking in vain comfort for his aching body.

Finally Maclyn spoke softly. "Awake, *bwana?*" Breck sighed a weary assent. "I'll get you some cold water," the young man suggested.

"Perhaps that might help," agreed Breck, who suddenly discovered his mouth was parched.

Maclyn returned with a brimming gourd. But after Breck had drunk and had returned the vessel, the young man stood staring out through the opening that had been cut in the brush.

"That's a funny thing," said he.

"What?"

"Across there. I thought for a minute I saw a light, or a fire. But I don't see it any more. Yes, there it is again."

Breck raised himself on his elbow. Across the veldt, against the cliff, there seemed momentarily visible a faint glow. One moment they thought to see it, the next they lost it. It might have been near at hand, the phosphorescence from decay; or very far away, the flash of heat lightning distant over the horizon. Or it might have been nothing, an optical illusion, the imagination of staring eyes.

And suddenly the Watassi were all about them, huddling close, too terrified to speak coherently, trembling, their teeth chattering. "*Bwana! Bwana!*" they moaned, pointing.

Maclyn was swept by the contagion of a hypnotic fear. He felt his hair prickle.

But Breck was at last aroused. "Get out! Go back! Lie down!" he stormed.

But for once the ordinarily docile natives did not instantly obey. "It is the god," said Morenda. "He is angry."

Breck kicked aside his blankets, drove them away, returned panting. "I'll *kiboko* the lot if there's any more of this," he threatened. "I'm getting fed up with this nonsense."

"What do you suppose it is?" asked Maclyn.

"That?" Breck threw himself wearily into his blankets. "I don't know—anything. Moon on polished rocks. Phosphorescence. Volcanic action—that's it; reflection on the vapor from one of those hot springs. The next man who says anything about *n'dowa* or gods or such rot to me ——"

He rolled over on his side and drew his blanket viciously around his shoulders. "Better turn in, lad, and get some sleep," he advised more calmly, "if those fools will let you."

In spite of his bad night, Breck felt much better the next day—so much better that he began to take an interest, and announced himself as quite ready to go ahead. Accordingly they all followed Mavrouki to the spot where he claimed to have found the vase. It had apparently been a point selected at random near the center of the thicket.

"He's done some digging, all right," muttered Breck, examining the fresh-made holes; "but that may be a blind. Why did you dig here, Mavrouki?"

The old man hopped about eagerly, pleased as a child, overjoyed to have gained complete attention at last. "See, *bwana*, here; and here, and yet here again, are the old corners of the house of this god; and thus ran a wall, making a small room and a large room."

Indeed, as Mavrouki rapidly indicated certain of the square bowlder rocks, they did seem to take shape as he suggested; but, as Breck immediately pointed out to Maclyn, this was only because he deliberately ignored other exactly similar bowlder rocks.

"And here"—Mavrouki pointed to the hole—"just before the wall, in the center, stood the table for giving to the god."

"The altar," Breck both translated and paraphrased. "Well, that's all very interesting. *Tizama*," he addressed the old gunbearer again, "then if we dig here some more, we will find other things? That ought to fetch him," he added to Maclyn in English.

But Mavrouki remained entirely cheerful. "Without doubt, *bwana*," said he.

Breck motioned to Barra-Barra, who carried the *panga*. The latter began to dig. Breck perched on the nearest rock, smoking his short pipe, watching closely, and from time to time warning Barra-Barra to be cautious.

It was slow work, and the ground was hard. After a time Maolo relieved Barra-Barra, and then Kiberiti took a hand. The hole grew steadily deeper, but no golden utensils rewarded the labor. Maclyn, who had at first hovered tense and eager, relaxed and sat down. Mavrouki looked at first puzzled, then anxious. Breck watched him, a line of speculation between his eyes.

"Do you suppose he was faking it?" asked Maclyn.

"I don't know," confessed Breck. "I am beginning to doubt a little. If he is faking it he is a good actor. Watch him."

Morenda took over the *panga* from Kiberiti, who emerged, dripping with perspiration, from a waist-deep hole.

"How much deeper you going?" asked Maclyn. "I don't believe we'll find anything here."

"No, I don't expect we will. But I want to get down to the lower corner of that rock. That might give us an idea of its shape and size."

The digging proceeded. Breck smoked philosophically. Maclyn, beginning to be bored, prowled about to see if he could find anything interesting in the immediate vicinity. In this manner he had wandered to some distance when he was summoned by a call from Breck.

Kali Sana was down in the hole, stooping over, examining something.

"Whoopee!" sang out Maclyn. "Found something?"

"Look here," said Breck, straightening up, "I just happened to catch the light right." He had brushed off the clinging earth from the outer surface of the rock, alongside which the men had been digging, to expose indubitable markings on its face. "Chisel work," said Breck. His manner was as imperturbable as ever, but his eyes shone.

Mavrouki appeared from the direction of the camp, bearing carefully the golden vase. Breck seized this, examined it closely for a moment, stooped to the markings on the rock; then deliberately climbed out of the hole.

"All right! *Bassi!* That settles it," said he. He handed the vase to Maclyn. "Look for yourself. The markings on the rock are these two," covering with his blunt forefinger two of the geometrical symbols carved on the vase. "Probably the rest of them are below ground."

"Glory be!" breathed Maclyn in a hushed voice.

They looked at each other a little awe-stricken. Until this moment of absolute proof, neither had realized how much he had doubted—and hoped.

Maclyn was the first to recover. "Here, give me that *panga!*" he cried. "I'll show you how to dig!"

But Breck called a halt. "No, we've got what we wanted," he vetoed. "The rest is expert work, of which we know nothing. We would just blunder. We'd mix up evidence from which all sorts of deductions might be made. We might even destroy valuable finds through our ignorance of how to handle them. Why, modern methods ——"

"I know," conceded Maclyn reluctantly. "I've read something about it—Carter and old King Tut—but, Lord, I did hope for just one little jeweled crown!" He gazed longingly into the depths of the hole. "I'll bet there's all sorts of them."

"Not unlikely," conceded Breck. "They generally kept their altar pieces in some sort of casket or crypt underneath the altar itself. But come on; no use thinking about that yet."

Mavrouki insinuated himself to their attention. "It is as I have said, *bwana*. It is the house of the god."

(Continued on Page 149)

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WHITE TRUCKS
and WHITE BUSSES

(Continued from Page 146)

"Mavrouki," observed Breck, "you're welcome to your precious *n'dowa* or any other idiocy that happens to please you. I apologize." Then in Swahili: "It is the house of the god. You have spoken truth."

"*Asanti, bwana,*" returned Mavrouki with dignity. "And now may I go?"

"Go? Where?"

"I would go to speak to this god." Breck nodded his assent. Mavrouki extended his hand. "May I take the god's *balauri?*" he requested.

"The vase? What are you going to do with that?" asked Breck, startled

"It is my *n'dowa, bwana,*" stated Mavrouki humbly. "I will bring it safe," he added. Breck hesitated.

"Oh, let him have it!" broke in Maclyn. "He certainly deserves that much."

"Well," agreed Breck doubtfully, "but, *lizama,* see you care for it well."

"Yes, *bwana.*" Mavrouki carefully wrapped the vase in his jacket and turned away.

"Give him my love and tell him he's one peach of a god. I'm for him," cried Maclyn. "You might mention that we'll be back, and that if he doesn't mind I wish he wouldn't scatter any more *n'dowa* around where somebody else might get hold of it."

Mavrouki listened gravely to the incomprehensible English syllables. "*N'dio, bwana,*" he assented, on general principles; then, as there seemed nothing more, he disappeared.

Waiting only to sketch the location of the stone and to copy faithfully the two symbols inscribed upon it, the others returned to camp. Here Breck sank a trifle wearily against a slanting tree trunk. Maclyn flopped down by his side. The two began an eager discussion. Suddenly Maclyn flung up his head to listen.

"Good Lord!" he cried. "Are they going to keep it up all the time?"

From the depths of the forest above them sounded the long quivering wail of a hyrax. After a moment's interval, it was answered from far away. Then silence.

"I never knew them to call in the daytime," commented Breck.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE UNSOLVABLE FARM PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 7)

the states where corn and wheat lend themselves most readily to large-scale operations as specialty crops. The word "politicians" is used advisedly, for the writer has found very little spontaneous demand among actual farmers for the boot-strap type of legislation.

It is difficult to see how any export-surplus legislation could help the corn grower.

The statistics of the United States Department of Agriculture show that the percentage of the corn crop exported averages only 2 per cent for the twenty years ending in 1924. For some reason the percentage shot up to 9.9 in 1897, but in 1924 it was only .4 per cent. The average for the six years following the World War was 2.18 per cent. The year 1919 saw the highest average price per bushel, $1.34, but only .6 per cent of that year's crop was exported. On the other hand, the price in 1906 was only 39 cents, and 3 per cent of the crop was exported. In 1919 the buying power of foreign nations was at low ebb, but in 1906 it was comparatively healthy. The table of production, prices and export percentages is so full of inconsistencies with respect to the working out of the surplus theory that it is impossible to conceive that the segregation of the marketable corn surplus, amounting to only about 2 per cent, and dumping it on the foreign market at a low price could have any effect on the domestic price.

The story regarding wheat is very different, but no more comforting to the boot-strappers.

The Wheat Surplus

The average percentage of the American wheat crop exported during the six years ending 1924 was 29.22 per cent. In 1919, when the average price of wheat was the highest in history, $2.15, the export volume of 219,864,548 bushels was only 22.7 per cent of the entire crop, considerably lower than the average for the six years. In 1921, when the United States exported 279,406,799 bushels, which was 34.3 per cent of the total American crop, the domestic price was only 92.6 cents. In 1923, with an export volume of only 156,429,824 bushels, which was only 19.9 per cent of the entire crop, the domestic price was approximately the same, or 92.3 cents a bushel.

It is admitted that the prosperity of the American wheat farmer depends somewhat upon his export market. But it is self-evident that the absorptive power of foreign markets varies unaccountably and seems to have very little if any effect upon the domestic price, so far as playing the exportable surplus against the domestic consumption is concerned. But the whole theory of the boot-strappers is based upon the playing of a dumped surplus against the domestic consumption in an effort to improve the domestic price. In other words, if one is seeking for the reasons for variations in the price of wheat or corn, he must seek elsewhere than in the ratio between the domestic consumption and the exported surplus.

Production Figures

At present the outside world demands wheat of the United States to the amount of more than 200,000,000 bushels annually, but it is not likely that this demand will continue very much longer. Senator Borah, who is a close student of Russian affairs, told the writer not long ago that he believed Russia would soon be in position to supply the foreign demand, and the time is rapidly approaching when the American wheat farmer must tune his operations in harmony with domestic consumption. Since Senator Borah is one of the last who could be accused of playing for the favor of the East as against the West, his opposition to the boot-strap bills is worth noticing.

However, assuming a healthy foreign demand, let us see how the machine age gears its mechanism with the economic facts of wheat.

It is axiomatic in any kind of industry that the minimum profitable selling price in a competitive market may be based upon the lowest possible cost of production. The man who cannot reduce his manufacturing cost to that of his competitors has to go out of business.

The question of whether it costs $1.50 to produce a bushel of wheat is academic and, in practice, immaterial.

Tom Gray is a farmer who lives near the station of Hickock, in Grant County, in the Far Western part of Kansas. In 1926 he harvested 1760 acres of wheat with three combines, getting more than 30 bushels per acre. That was an unusually heavy yield, but it must be remembered that most farming ventures are made on the tempting basis of the best yields rather than on the average yield.

I went through his field in June, just before it was harvested. I learned that the land in that district which was purchased more than five years ago cost ten dollars an acre or less. Mr. Gray this year harvested enough wheat on his land to pay for the land three times over, taking the market

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Essex 6 (11 gal tank only)
Hudson
Jewett
Nash
Oakland
Olds
Overland 6
Pontiac
Reo

$7.50

Chevrolet

$6.50

Ford

1926-27 only—state if tank is under cowl or seat

NO doubt you have often wished that you could have on the instrument board of your Ford the same dependable gasoline gauge you have seen as standard equipment or an accessory on nearly all of the better-known cars today.

These owners *know* how their gasoline stands every minute. A glance at the faithful red column of the Telegage tells them to a fraction of a gallon how much gasoline they have in the fuel tank. They don't guess—they are certain—for the Telegage has set a new standard of dependability, as accurate as the finest instrument ever placed in the most expensive motor car.

And now the Telegage is ready for you! Ford dealers everywhere can install it. You too can enjoy the peace of mind and safety which means so much to Telegage owners. With the Telegage on your Ford, you too can tell at a glance how many miles your gasoline supply will take you—when to buy, and how much.

Do you want to know how really accurate and dependable the Telegage is? Try this test: With a gallon measure, fill the fuel tank one gallon at a time. The red column of the Telegage will rise line by line, checking gallon for gallon.

Two-thirds of all cars selling at $700 or over now carry the K-S Telegage as standard equipment. Thousands are being installed each month on cars not factory equipped. You will want one for your Ford without delay. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us, and we will send you instrument complete with directions for installing. When writing give dealer's name, make and year of car, and enclose check according to the regular retail prices listed at left.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION
294 SECOND STREET ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN
Chicago Branch: 2450 Michigan Boulevard

The K-S GASOLINE Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

value of the land at the very period Iowa farms were experiencing their most extravagant inflation.

It is easy to see that many farmers are willing to take a chance at raising wheat on cheap land once classed as semi-arid, on the basis of a cost not to exceed 25 or 30 cents a bushel. A conference of farm-organization leaders in Iowa during the summer announced that it cost $1.41 to raise a bushel of corn. And yet corn sold as low as 70 cents a bushel, with Mr. Gray's wheat worth about $1.25 a bushel. The usual expert estimate of the cost of raising a bushel of wheat is around $1.50.

This instance shows several things at a glance. It shows that wheat farmers are willing to gamble on a crop. It shows that machinery has worked a marvelous transformation in farming. It shows that farming is a highly individualistic occupation, and each farmer is competing with all the other farmers in production. It shows that it is impossible to establish a standard cost basis for raising farm crops. Arthur Huntington, well-known Iowa farm engineer, emphasizes this point when he says that the cost of producing a bushel of corn varies from less than 15 cents to more than 75 cents.

But the most highly significant thing about the exclusive wheat farmer is that his factory is a part-time plant.

In traveling through Western Kansas I asked one of the wheat farmers this question: "How many days in a year does an exclusive wheat farmer have to work if he is just trying to get by with ordinary tillage and doesn't raise any other crops or produce of any kind on his farm?"

Eleven Months' Vacation

"Thirty days," was his answer. "If he has a tractor and other improved machinery, and hires a hand or two, he can plow a half section in two weeks, and hitch a disk and drill behind so as to seed the ground at the same time. Then, in harvest, he can take care of his crop in ten days or less. That allows him three or four days for making repairs."

Is there any manufacturing plant in the country that expects to make money working only thirty days out of the year?

And yet this is the kind of farming that the boot-strappers propose to encourage by establishing an artificially high price on wheat, corn and perhaps one or two other specialty crops. In this new age of machinery, specialty-crop farming is the easy way, it seems.

"But this is an age of specialization," someone replies. Mr. Huntington points out that from the engineering standpoint the tendency is to make the farm a factory instead of a home. He traces the growth of the fabricating factory from the home to the present-day large industrial plant to illustrate his point.

Fair enough; let the farm be a factory, but in a well-regulated factory there is one principle that is far more important than specialization or mechanical efficiency. That is all-year production. And if the farm is to be brought into a parallel with the other factories, it will have to be an all-year plant, which means intelligent diversification. And the boot-strappers, as aforesaid, would not only withhold relief from the diversifiers; they would actually penalize them by making bread, clothing and meat higher.

A Family Fight

It should be said, before leaving the subject of exclusive wheat farming, that in the long run it is not a gold mine. Some years there are failures because it rains at the wrong time for wheat. Other years there may be insect pests or high winds or hail, so the average exclusive wheat farmer fares not so well in the long run as the farmer who diversifies by keeping dairy cows, pigs, chickens and raising forage, vegetables, fruit and a variety of small grains.

I do not doubt that in some parts of the Middle West where land is high priced farmers are losing money by selling corn at 70 cents a bushel or wheat at $1.25 a bushel; but the only conditions that are to blame are the conditions brought about by other competing farmers who think, rightly or wrongly, that they can raise and sell corn and wheat at those figures and make a profit. In other words, the farmers are not fighting Wall Street or some vague devil who may be killed by legislation. They are merely fighting one another. They are keeping apart as individual antagonists and competitors by refusing to coöperate, by refusing to restrict production of corn, wheat and cotton, by refusing to diversify and establish all-year factories on their lands

The boot-strappers say, "Manufacturers and organized laborers raise their prices artificially; why shouldn't farmers do the same?"

The answer would seem to be simple enough. Both manufacturers and organized laborers have the facilities for restricting their production.

Capital, labor and agriculture form the great triangle in economic life.

The protective tariff helps the manufacturer keep up domestic prices on his product, but only on condition that he restricts his production. Most commodities are subject to the stern law of turnover, either because they are perishable or because they tie up capital and cause destructive interest charges, or both. If there

(Continued on Page 163)

PHOTO BY HOWARD T. HAINES

A Harvester-Thresher Combine

"Look! They're entertaining again!"

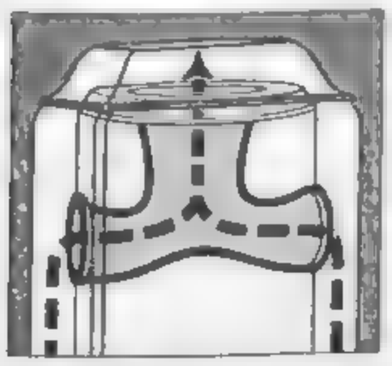
FOR the third time in two weeks, there's a line of cars in front of the house. Their home is rapidly becoming the most popular in town. Although a year ago they rarely entertained. Some people called them "unfriendly," but one or two others guessed the reason—their living room.

But now!—that room is something to be proud of. The ugly old stove is gone. Instead, there's a handsome Estate Heatrola, its graceful design and gleaming mahogany finish lending just the correct note.

Goodbye to sneezes

Before, the house was half hot and stuffy, half cold and damp. The family called the winter months the "sneeze season." But now, the whole house, upstairs and down, is cozy. Heatrola's moist, circulating heat keeps the apples in the children's cheeks, keeps away colds, saves doctor bills.

Saves fuel, too. Heatrola uses no more fuel than a single stove—it saves, on an average, 45 per cent over antiquated methods. And it's so convenient to tend, so easy to keep clean.



The INTENSI-FIRE—*exclusive with Heatrola*

The Intensi-Fire Air Duct is a patented device built into the Heatrola, directly in the path of the flame. It tremendously increases Heatrola's heating capacity, without using a single extra pound of fuel.

Avoid late-winter illness

The worst months for colds, "flu" and other more serious illnesses are just ahead. Exchange the risk of illness for Heatrola's healthful comfort now. See your Heatrola dealer—he will tell you how you can do so. And more easily than you ever dreamed was possible!

No Need to Wait!

Are you one of those who need a better method of home heating, but have decided that you must make the old stove "do" a little longer? Then see your Heatrola dealer today—or write us—for details of the extraordinary "Enjoy-It-Now" Club offer. It is an offer so liberal that you simply cannot afford to deny yourself Heatrola comfort any longer.

THE ESTATE STOVE CO., Hamilton, O.
House founded in 1845

New York . . . 245 West 34th Street
Minneapolis . 714 Washington Ave., N.
San Francisco . The Furniture Exchange
Portland, Oregon

There is only *One* Heatrola—*Estate* builds it

Estate HEATROLA

Heats the Whole House

Mail this coupon for details!

THE ESTATE STOVE CO.
Hamilton, Ohio

☐ Send me the details of your "Enjoy-It Now" Club offer

☐ I am planning to build. How can Heatrola save 15% on the cost of my new home? *(Check one you wish)*

Name

Street No. or R. F. D.

Post-office *State*

© 1927, The Estate Stove Co.

LIGHT FROM UNDER A BUSHEL

This is Number One in a series of advertisements about Pacific Mills, published that the millions of people who use our fabrics may know about the company which has served them in the past and expects to play a more conspicuous part in their lives in the future

The DUCHESS *decides it*

CANNES in midwinter, caressed by the soft sun of southern France. Half the *élégantes* of Europe seem to have gathered at the Casino for the morning *apéritif*.

At one table sits an American girl who seems to be keenly interested in certain of the women. Her appraising glance goes from one group to another.

Then, the cynosure of all eyes, enters the Duchess de R——, accepted arbiter of that small coterie of the *haut monde* whose choice of a *café* or a new color gives the instant *cachet* of success.

The American girl observes her closely and with a little sigh of satisfaction leaves her table and starts for a Paris studio—on her way back to an American mill. She is from the Pacific Mills style bureau and came to France for just such confirmation of a new tendency in printed fabric design as the frock of the duchess has afforded her.

The Riviera, Longchamps, Deauville, Biarritz, Palm Beach; wherever the first authentic hint of new style trends is seen, a representative of Pacific Mills is present.

The time-worn custom of a textile manufacturer waiting for orders from the trade to indicate the style, has been abandoned by Pacific Mills. The new Pacific style bureau gets its information at the source of Fashion and is in a position to style its fabrics in the newest colors and the most advanced designs.*

It is believed that this new development will mean as much to the public and the trade as the intrinsic merit of Pacific fabrics has meant for three generations.

** At the recent exhibition of cotton manufacturers' products Pacific Mills was awarded the prize for the best exhibit.*

Pacific Mills

24 THOMAS STREET · NEW YORK

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD OF FINISHED COTTON CLOTH AND WORSTED DRESS GOODS

(Continued from Page 150)

is overproduction of any given product, therefore, it must be dumped on the market, and in that case the protective tariff fails to help. Manufacturers have the facilities, through organization and understandings and reciprocal information, to restrict production to a point that insures profitable selling prices.

Organized labor is equipped to restrict its production. Christian G. Norman, chairman of the board of governors of the Building Trades Employers of New York, testified at a meeting of the State Industrial Survey Commission last August that the average bricklayer laid 1600 to 1700 bricks a day when he received $5.50 or $6; whereas at present, when he gets $14, he lays only 700. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, told President Coolidge at a White House luncheon last summer that "labor must have shorter working hours in order to meet the condition of overproduction."

This conclusion comes from the fact that is indicated in the report of the National Industrial Conference Board, which estimates that the volume of production in 1923 was 33 per cent greater per wage earner than it was in 1914, and it required 25 per cent less labor, 13 per cent less power, 17 per cent less management personnel per unit of production, and 7 per cent less actual working time per man than in 1914. There is no doubt that union leaders exercise a watchful eye on the number of jobs as related to the number of workers, and that wages are kept at a high level by balancing the supply against the demand. Thus the onward march of the machine process is met by organization and restriction.

Henry Ford meets the problem by declaring a five-day week. In other directions days are shortened from twelve to ten, from ten to eight and from eight to six hours.

The third element to the triangle—the farmer—finds himself powerless to meet the problem brought about by the coming of the Gargantuan harvester-thresher combine, the improved plows, disks, drills, cultivators, tractors, and the like. He alone is unable to meet overproduction by restriction. And that is the simple reason why the farmer's dollar lags behind the other men's dollars in buying power.

Expensive Machinery Neglected

He meets the problem tardily by moving away from the farm and going into other occupations, but such a consummation is reached only through grief and hardship—by working twelve to sixteen hours a day and becoming disheartened perhaps. The fact is that the average farmer works too hard and is paid far too little, in comparison with other occupations; but there are nevertheless great numbers of farmers who take it comparatively easy and make good money.

The remedy of the mass program, which is the artificial raising of prices, doesn't begin to meet the problem. In the first place, it must fail because it does not include the necessary factor of restricting production, possessed by the two other elements in the triangle. In the second place, it must fail because there are scarcely two farmers alike, facing the same problems of production. If it would work at all, which is doubtful, it would succeed only in increasing the present evil of overproduction. It would cause a still greater glut of specialty crops included in the bill.

The machine age is crushing innumerable farmers in another way.

A survey in a typical Kansas county shows that at least 65 per cent of the farm machinery is left to stand out in the weather all year. The total amount paid for this machinery in one year was $150,000, so that $100,000 worth is exposed to undue deterioration.

My father, on his Iowa farm, had a self-binder which lasted 25 years because he kept it constantly under cover, even putting bundles of grain and canvas on it to protect it during the night after a day's work in the field. But let 15 years be a conservative estimate for the life of an average machine kept covered. According to an expert implement man, an average machine cannot be expected to last more than three years if left out in all weather. Using these figures as a basis, it can be figured conservatively that the state of Kansas loses not less than $2,000,000 a year needlessly because of this wanton waste of good machinery. And the conditions throughout the plains region probably would be the same.

Nowadays the problem is made more serious by the combine, which costs $2500 or more. It contains much machinery that is easily damaged by exposure. Rust, wind and sun will do immeasurable damage to it. No factory manager would dream of allowing a piece of machinery like that to remain out in the weather all year. But today there are thousands of combines standing out in the rain and snow all over the wheat country. The careless use of farm machinery causes much greater loss than could be remedied by legislative enactments. The life of a $3000 machine should be from 3000 to 5000 days if cared for. If neglected, it is only from 50 to 100 days of actual use. Harvest usually takes only about 20 days. But this machine will probably deteriorate faster if left standing in a fence corner than while in actual use.

Encouraging Urbanization

It is said that American agriculture is undergoing a revolutionary change, and that it must be placed on a factory basis or else the farmer will go back to peasantry. By "peasantry" is meant the condition of the farmer who lives on a small owned or rented tract and subsists largely upon the foodstuffs and clothing he can wrest from the soil himself, deprived of the larger freedom that comes with the handling of plentiful cash and the purchase of comforts and luxuries.

But the same people who rightfully object to this conception of farming also deplore the tendency of farmers to abandon the country and go to the cities. They dread the excessive urbanization against which Ferrero, the Italian historian, warned the civilized world.

Thus occurs a peculiar paradox.

The encouragement of specialty crop farming is encouragement to urbanization.

Here is a verbatim quotation from a Kansas newspaper concerning a typical town, which for convenience is called Blankville:

> A recent survey shows that the farm population is coming to the city at an alarming rate. Some of the farmers have made so much money off the wheat crop of the past season that they are ready to retire. Others are bringing their families to town on account of superior school facilities. Then others just like to live where there is plenty doing. . . . Farming methods are changing. In many instances power machinery is being used and there is no stock to take care of when it comes time to unhitch. . . . It is estimated that 20 per cent of the population of Blankville is composed of active farmers.

The legislative and artificial encouragement to wheat farming means the rapid acceleration of such a movement as above described. It means the rapid destruction of the farm home and the ultimate establishment of many large bare tracts without houses, trees, orchards, gardens, barns or other improvements, upon which specialty crops like corn and wheat may be planted and harvested, largely by machinery. The abandonment of farms as homes means the deterioration of diversified farming, such as dairying, poultry raising, the production of vegetables, fruit and a wide variety of field crops.

In order to practice diversification a farmer must live on his place and work its various departments all year. One week he may be sowing wheat. Another week he may be preparing ground for corn. Another week he may be cutting or stacking hay. At other times he may be hauling fertilizer on the fields or plowing stubble or gathering a potato crop. Milking and the

Let old Squire Pipe be the judge . . .

His HONOR, old Squire Pipe is unquestionably the world's ablest judge of pipe tobaccos. Who else is by nature, training and experience so well-qualified to try a tobacco and hand down a decision on it? . . So, in the case of Granger Rough Cut, the plea is that Judge Pipe's verdict be accepted as FINAL!

To make a long brief brief: Character witnesses the country over have sworn to the sterling quality of Granger. Experts have vouched for the superiority of its *rough cut*. Chemists have testified that the new "glassine-sealed" foil-pouch keeps the tobacco in perfect condition.

Finally, it has been shown that by using this foil-pouch (instead of a costly tin) it is possible to sell Granger at just ten cents. On these arguments Granger rests its case! A couple of pipefuls will convince Squire Pipe that it is the world's greatest pipe tobacco . . . and any good judge of tobaccos will confirm the decision!

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch, sealed in glassine, is ten cents. . .

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

UNDER the directors' table —under the desks on which momentous plans are worked out—on the feet of men who can and do demand the best things of life —you'll see this Florsheim, the "Walton." A shoe as distinguished as its wearer.

The WALTON • *Style M-226*

Write for Booklet "STYLES OF THE TIMES" *Showing the right shoe for you*

Most Styles $10

The Florsheim Shoe

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers • CHICAGO

care of sheep, hogs, horses and poultry keep him and his family on the place. It is therefore obvious that diversified farming lends itself best to that form of rural life which sociologists and historians wish to retain as a part of the American heritage. On the other hand, the specialty-crop farm, which is a part-time factory, has no particular charm, even if the family withstands the temptation to move to some town or city. It is often merely a bare tract and a house to live in. There are now thousands of men in the Wheat Belt who live in town, carry on some urban business and take a few weeks off each year to take care of a wheat crop, or hire the work done. And this tendency is increasing. The boot-strap legislation, instead of keeping people on the farm, to enjoy the idyllic joys of rural life, would have precisely the opposite effect. It would accelerate urbanization by encouraging cold machine farming on large houseless and treeless tracts.

Diversified farming does not mean a debased peasantry. On the contrary, it means greater financial returns over a period of years. It is the logical result of an all-year production system. It means efficiency in its broadest sense.

If a manufacturer found that he could fabricate gadgets only one month in the year, he would arrange to manufacture dornicks, widgets and other similar articles during the other months and thus meet the overhead and make a profit besides. Otherwise he would probably go broke. Also, if there were by-products he would take care of them and he would arrange his year's schedule so as to dovetail the various lines and round out an interlocking scheme of production. The farmer who raises corn, but no hogs or poultry or cattle to eat corn and transform it into a more profitable commodity, is violating one of the principles of manufacturing. The tending of his corn crop takes only a part of his time, but there is overhead in farming, as in other industry, and it goes right on. What he does with the rest of his time tells the story of his success or failure.

After all, diversified farming is the soundest factory policy, even though the machine age has encouraged specialty farming and an apparent mechanization of agriculture. Thus the paradox is somewhat cleared up.

An artificial premium on wheat or corn will not particularly help the farmer who raises small crops of these items along with others. It will rather induce him to drop others and concentrate on the two artificially boosted items. He cannot compete with the large-scale tractor-and-combine operations of the Tom Grays out on the low-priced mesa land

The farm problem is called unsolvable in this article because those who are doing the most arguing about the farm problem refuse to discuss diversification. They say that farmers don't want any more advice. They have had plenty. What they need is legislation.

But legislation of the boot-strap variety, if it does anything at all, will only encourage greater overproduction of the crops that are already overproduced, for it fatally lacks the element of restricting production. I have a farm in the Wheat Belt. If Congress fixes it so that I can be sure of getting $1.50 to $2 a bushel for wheat, I shall break sod and plant wheat next year. So will a lot of other landholders who are not farmers at all. And then there will be a still more imposing surplus to juggle out of sight somehow. It will be pretty soft for me and other part-time farmers who earn a living in other ways the other eleven months of the year. And because of the serious economic dislocation, the diversifiers, who constitute the backbone of American agriculture, who make farm homes and rear families in the wholesome rural atmosphere, will pay the penalty.

What Do YOU Say to Selling a Day for $12?

"I wrote you for your offer because I thought I could make a little 'side money' during my vacation," writes Shirl H. Stewart, Montana.

"I do not know yet what my best day's profit will be (he had bonus still to come when he wrote) but I think it will amount to between $12 and $15. Perhaps I will do better with more experience."

IF you have a few spare hours that you would exchange for CASH, let us outline the Curtis subscription agency plan for you. Is there any reason why you should not do as well as Mr. Stewart? Experience not necessary. You needn't spend a cent. Mail the handy messenger below *today*.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
757 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Send me your spare-time cash offer. I'll look it over.

*Name*_____ *Age*____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

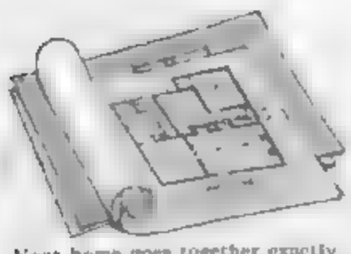
DOGVILLE ITEMS—After the Affair With the Grocer's Cat Yesterday, the Neighborhood Agreed That Spike, the Bull Terrier, Was Short of Judgment and a Glutton for Punishment. Spike Had Forgotten the Cat Was the Mother of Five

3940 Saw-Cuts Saved

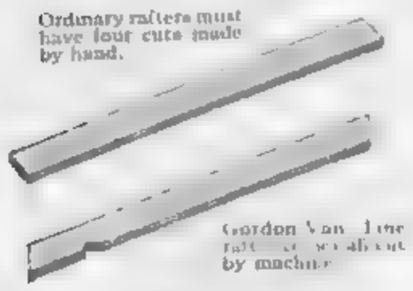
Our power-driven saws wipe out the costliest item in home-building—the labor of hand-sawing framing lumber. In the material for this house you save by actual count 3940 hand saw-cuts!

Plan-Cut Home No. 633
Materials $1703
See Book of
100 Home Plans

Down comes the cost of building *through the Plan-Cut Method!*

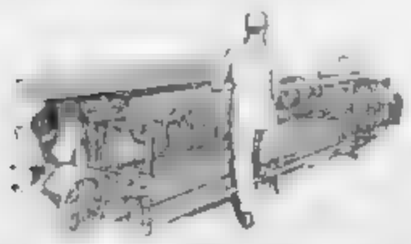


Your home goes together exactly right because exactly planned



Ordinary rafters must have four cuts made by hand.

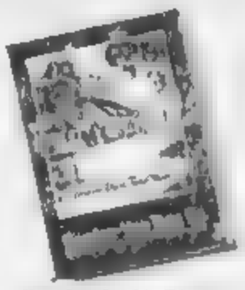
Gordon-Van Tine rafters are all cut by machine



We saw, notch and bevel all parts possible by machine. At [illegible] cost of [illegible] hand labor. Think of the [illegible] saving this makes for you!

When Gordon-Van Tine perfected their PLAN-CUT System, home-building ceased forever to be an experiment.

Today, the old hit-or-miss methods are a thing of the past. Now scientific planning and fast machinery take the place of guesswork and hand labor. You can build with surety; in a fraction of the time formerly required; and *build better at lower cost* through the savings of machine-sawing.



Book of 100 Plans shows photos, floor plans, specifications, prices of homes 4 to 10 rooms. Explains Plan-Cut method fully. Write for it.

Expert Planning

A skilled architect plans your home. Whether you build a town house or a country house—a house large or small—Colonial, English, Spanish, Dutch, bungalow or cottage, your plans represent the highest effort of trained experts. Regardless of cost, no home could be designed with greater attention to structural soundness, beauty and roomy comfort.

You know exactly what your home will be like; how it will endure; the convenience features that save steps and lighten housework. And you know in advance what it will cost to the last penny. We guarantee there will be no "extras."

Saving Saw-Strokes Saves Cost

Once planned, all of the lumber for your house, with the exception of siding and finish, is accurately cut to that plan. The material is sawed, notched, beveled, and dimensioned by power-driven machines at mill. Heavy rafters are cut and notched. Joists, studs and girders cut to exact lengths. Stairwork, doors and cupboards machined and mortised as necessary.

Instead of spending costly days measuring, planning, fitting and hand-sawing your carpenters begin framing and nailing at once!

Plan-Cut is the quickest construction known. It brings to small homes the speedy erection of steel-ribbed skyscrapers. Customers write us that their labor-costs are lowered on the average 30%.

Strength and Rigidity

In building, the priceless thing you must have is tight, solid construction. This Gordon-Van Tine Plan-Cut system gives you—not at an additional expense, but at an *actual saving*. Because the parts are cut true to steel-gauge measurements, the construction is the tightest, staunchest possible to build.

All framing material is shipped in sealed car to your station. There are no waits, no "idle time" once your workmen start.

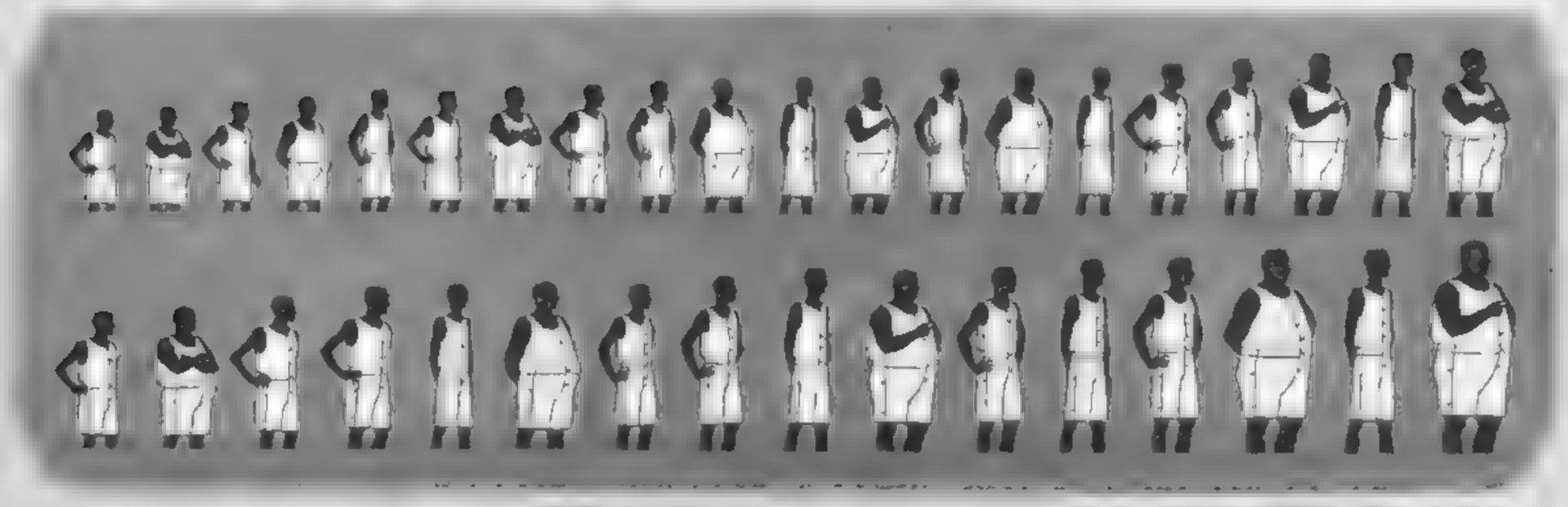
With such construction and only warranted first-quality materials used we guarantee your home for 20 years. And finally, this top-quality Plan-Cut material is sold to you *direct-from-mill at wholesale prices*—the further savings that buying at the source always brings!

Also Plan-Cut Summer Cottages, Garages, Barns, Poultry Houses. Mention in coupon if interested.

Gordon-Van Tine
(ESTABLISHED 1865)

PLAN-CUT Homes

Gordon-Van Tine Company
918 Case Street, Davenport, Iowa
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.
Please send me Books
I am interested in
Name
Address



36 Sizes for 36 Builds

Which is Yours?

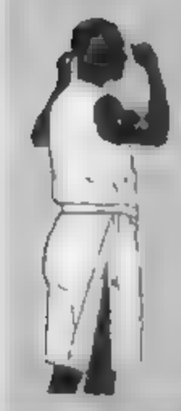
YOUR figure is illustrated above. It is the figure of an individual and, as such, demands individually designed underwear. Obviously, you should not wear "any old underwear." And yet, that is what some men are doing today.

Are you tall—short—stout—slim? No matter what individual build you have, there is a Rockinchair Unionsuit made to fit you. That is not possible with ordinary underwear.

How were these 36 sizes arrived at? Thousands of men were measured and these five basic model-groups developed: Regulars, Short Stouts, Little Joes, Slim Jims, and Big Bills. Men in each group, of course, varied in proportions. In all there were 36 DISTINCT "BUILDS" and a Rockinchair Unionsuit was designed for each. It was tailored to fit—actually custom-made.

Your individual model is determined by 3 measurements—your chest, waist, and trunk (trunk measured from center of right shoulder, down the front, through the crotch, and back to the starting point).

There is a Haberdasher or Department Store near you featuring Rockinchair and cooperating with us to see that men are correctly fitted in Underwear. A salesman will take your three measurements. His Rockinchair Size-Indicator will then automatically point out your individual model. Go in today—and enjoy Rockinchair fit-comfort and style.



Rockinchair originated the sanitary, convenient side-leg opening and the broad effect in the back, affording absolute freedom of body movement.

Write for "The Story of Rockinchair"

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(Continued from Page 11)

He shouted the word. He flung down the telephone and it fell off the table and banged upon the floor and rolled there. "Sorry!" said Thomasow.

And with no further explanation he bolted out of the door into the hall: the sound of his running feet died swiftly away.

In the silence Sully could hear the click of the telephone as the operator tested the connection. Then Campart, staring at the open door through which Thomasow had gone, said some explosive word in his native tongue. And then he turned back to the table and looked down at it, and he snatched at the strip of velvet lying there, and he cried out urgently:

"Sully! After him! They're gone!"

"Eh?" said Sully.

Campart threw up his hands; he screamed. "Pursue him!" he cried. "Move, lump of a pig! The thief!"

Sully leaned slowly to one side to look; he saw that, as Campart had said, the rubies were gone and the table was bare.

"Say, they are gone, ain't they?" he muttered.

Campart made some further outcry, reverting to abuse that rattled off his tongue; and abruptly he gave up hope of rousing Sully. He turned and ran out into the hall and along toward the elevators. He was crying out as he ran. When he came back into the room a moment later, still frantic and vociferative, he was in despair.

"He is escaped," he cried. "What a man!"

This, Sully gathered, was a reproach directed at himself, but he paid no heed. He was at the telephone, asking for Mr. Howes. Campart took the instrument from his hands—snatched it away. Sully submitted to this, and Campart demanded that Howes come at once to the room.

He said twice or thrice, as though repetition made it more emphatic: "They're gone! I'm robbed! This lump of a policeman let the thief escape."

And when he was finished he hung up the receiver and turned to pour further abuse on Sully. But Sully had gone out into the hall; and when Campart followed him he saw Sully talking to the floor clerk, a competent woman of middle age, at her desk at the end of the corridor. And when Campart followed him there, still making many outcries, Sully turned to him at last to ask:

"Where's Mr. Furthmann?"

He had some difficulty in overbearing Campart's clamors, but in the end he got this information, and he directed the floor clerk to telephone Mr. Furthmann and ask him to return to the hotel.

By that time Howes and one or two others had come up in the elevator and Sully went back to meet them. Campart assumed control of proceedings; he summoned them all to come into his room to see what had been done. They followed him readily enough, all save Sully. Sully returned to speak for a moment to the floor clerk. Then he went after the others into Campart's room.

Campart was telling them what had happened. Howes was there, and the chief clerk, and Howes' secretary; and before Campart was done a police inspector arrived. Doane was his name, and Campart had to go back to the beginning on Doane's account. He was becoming by this time a little calmer, able to speak more lucidly. Then Furthmann appeared, and Campart began all over once more. Howes and Doane and Furthmann listened to him, questioned him at this point and that. Sully sat on the bed and chewed gum.

Campart spoke of Thomasow. "I knew nothing about him. He had telephoned to me, that was all," he said. "But I trusted this pig of a detective to protect me." He looked scornfully at Sully.

Sully caught Doane's eye. "A young fellow," he said slowly. "Kind of smooth. No expression in his eyes. Eyes a little puffed, like he'd been a fighter once. Eyes kind of pale blue. Right ear a little bigger at the top. Kept his hat on, but his hair looked thin and yellowish. Third finger of his left hand twisted at the first joint, kind of, and the joint bigger than the others."

Campart stared at Sully. "You knew him then?"

"No, but I looked at him," Sully mildly replied.

Doane, the inspector, said casually, "Guess that was Tommy Wills. What'd he call himself—William Thomasow?" He chuckled. "Guess it was Tommy, all right."

Furthmann spoke to Doane. "A thief?" he inquired.

The inspector hesitated. "Might be," he agreed. "If he took it in his head. Clever boy, Tommy. Turn his hand to most things."

"I went to the telephone," Campart repeated. "I left the rubies on the table and he stood beside them. I trusted this lump of a thing to watch over them. The call must have been arranged to draw my eyes away. Then he shouted and ran, and I saw they were gone. And this would not stir from his chair to pursue."

Furthmann asked, "You did not go after him yourself?"

Campart threw up his hands. "But yes. To the elevators. But I rang and they did not come. Then I knew he had had time to be gone."

Howes looked at Sully. "Why didn't you go after him, Sully?"

Sully shifted his gum. "He didn't go down the elevator," he said. "He went around the corridor the other way. Down the stairs maybe, or maybe he had a room here."

"Den of thieves!" Campart cried. He was becoming hysterical again; he swung to Furthmann and poured out voluble words in his own tongue, gesticulating. The others waited, listening, trying to appear to understand. The little man was obviously in great distress. Howes felt vaguely sorry for him. Such a loss was, of course, a severe one; it would perhaps ruin Campart, certainly hurt him professionally.

Furthmann spoke to Howes, putting Campart gently aside. "Mr. Campart tells me you were in his confidence," he said, and Howes nodded. "You knew the rubies were in his possession?"

"Yes," Howes assented. "Yes, of course."

"But you failed to protect them," Furthmann pointed out, rather as a question than accusingly.

"We're only responsible for articles left in the safe downstairs," said Howes. "That's well understood."

"But you designated this man—this Mr. Sully—to act as guard during such interviews as this one was."

"Mr. Campart requested us to do so," Howes replied. "It was a courtesy, nothing more."

"It was you who made that suggestion," Campart insisted. "You said I was not safe to bring them up here, that I should have protection. So I abandon my own precautions, which have never failed me, and trust to yours. It was you who proposed this, my friend."

"I believe that is true," Howes agreed after a moment. "Yes, I did offer to let him have Sully. But it was still only a courtesy. It entailed no responsibility."

Furthmann smiled a little. "I suppose that is a matter to be decided," he replied. "There might be other views. I have a large investment at stake here. It is certain that I shall take all possible steps, legally, to recover from the parties responsible for my loss."

Howes bowed. "That is for you to decide, of course," he assented. "We can talk it over later on. The rubies may be recovered."

Campart exclaimed, "A hundred and forty thousand dollars!"

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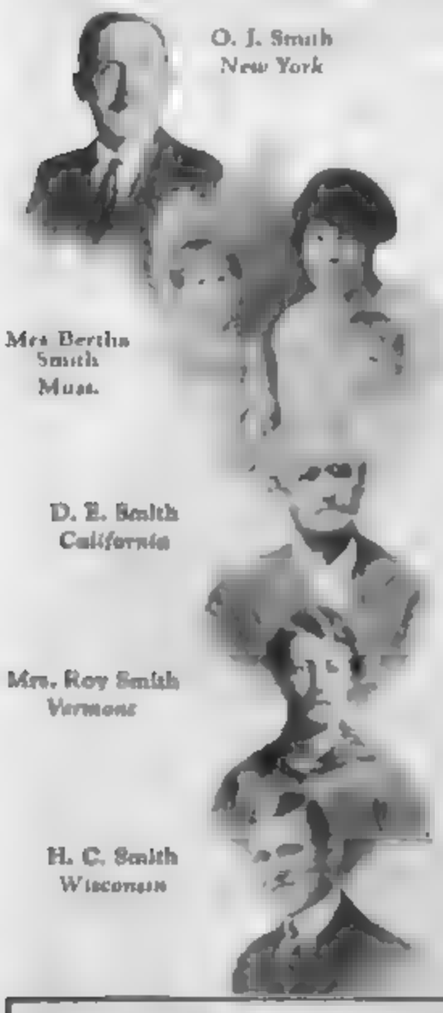

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"Asking price," Howes replied with a faint smile. "But you could not sell. Even their value is subject to appraisal, I presume. At least, experts have seen them. There will be opinions to be had."

"You speak of recovering them," Furthmann remarked. "Yet I do not observe any activity in that direction. The thief is gone, and he is not pursued." He looked toward Doane. "He is known to you. Perhaps you can find him?"

The inspector shook his head. "Tommy might be mixed up in it," he confessed. "But he never took them rubies right off the table there; never did that; not just a grab and run. That wouldn't be Tommy's dish. Nothing rough for Tommy. No, sir, he just did what he was told. Came in and put on a show, and got out again."

Campart threw up both hands with a laugh full of scorn. "No doubt that is why this great clod did not pursue him. All this he understood in that flash of a minute, so!" He brushed his hands together sharply.

"No," said Sully slowly.

"Then why let him go?" Campart challenged. "Why did you sit there so? You were here for that one single purpose: To catch this man if he required to be caught."

Sully shook his head. "No," he insisted. "No; my job was to see to 't he didn't take them rubies."

He fell silent, as though he had finished, and Campart cried, "Well?"

"Why, he didn't take 'em," said Sully.

Campart stared at him for a long minute. Then abruptly he swung across the room; he sat down in the easy-chair where Sully had been sitting; he looked at the table; and he leaped up triumphantly. "You do not know that," he cried. "You could not see the rubies. The lamp was between. He could take them unseen! What a guardian!"

"No," Sully agreed. "No, I couldn't see them. I'd seen them before. But I could see him. He never took them."

Inspector Doane nodded. "That's right," he agreed. "He didn't come in here to do a snatch job. He came in to make a show. That play with the telephone and all, it was to attract attention, get you to looking that way."

Furthmann said, with an edge to his tone, "There is here a great deal of conversation about what has not happened. Yet what did happen? The rubies do not appear. They are gone. And someone is responsible. To me, if you please. That should be remembered."

Doane was looking about the room. He said thoughtfully, "There was somebody else here, in it. That's the answer. When you were all looking at the telephone and Tommy's show there."

Campart burst out again at that. "Yes, yes," he cried. "That was it. I perceive now. See!" He pointed. "The window was open, there at my left hand, beside the table. When we looked toward the telephone someone reached in the window. There is an iron balcony outside."

"Fire escape, eh," said Doane. And he started to cross that way, but Sully, sitting placidly on the bed, shook his head.

"Nobody reached in the window."

Campart flamed at him. "This did not happen and that did not happen!" he exploded. "You know so many things that did not happen." He stared at Sully. "Perhaps you know what did happen, my friend!" His eyes narrowed. "You sat there, you needed only to reach forward to pick up the rubies, to drop them in your pocket. Or perhaps to pass them out the window to one who waited there. It was you who opened the window." His voice rose. "I remember now. He insisted that it be opened. Me, I protested; it was already chilled in this room here. But he would have it so. He opened the window, made all ready. And you knew so much about this Tommy—this Thomasow. The joints of his fingers!"

His own accusation fired him; he made a move toward Sully, as though he would have struck the calm man there on the bed. He flung out a denunciatory finger.

"Look in his pockets!" he cried. "Let us see!"

Sully sat still. No one stopped Campart, but Campart checked himself, laid no finger on the big man. And Sully thoughtfully put his hand into his pocket and fumbled there, and then he smiled, and then, amazingly, he chuckled. He took something out of his pocket, and they stood breathless to see what it was. But it was only a fresh piece of chewing gum.

And Campart cried, "See, he laughs in our faces!"

"I was only thinking," said Sully humbly, "that I'd rather have a piece of chewing gum than your rubies. In my pocket, anyway. I'd rather have it there." He looked at Mr. Furthmann. "I wouldn't give you a piece of chewing gum for your rubies," he said.

Furthmann's beard bristled a little. "You are pleased with your jest," he commented.

"Why, yes," said Sully. "Yes, I'm having a good time."

Howes, after a moment, asked, "Why, Sully? What do you mean?"

Sully jerked his head toward Campart. "Watching him," he replied. "Watching the show he's putting on. It's kind of funny in a way."

Howes looked at Campart attentively, then back at Sully again; and Inspector Doane looked at Campart; and Furthmann looked at Campart and then at Sully. And he said in a graver tone:

"What is it that amuses you, Mr. Sully? I find nothing amusing in the fact that these gems are gone."

"Why, they ain't gone," said Sully. "I guess we can get them any time."

In the little silence it was Campart who laughed, somewhat shrilly. And Howes said in a low voice, "All right, Sully!"

So Sully got up lumberingly from the bed, and he led the way into the hall and they followed him. Inspector Doane was at his heels, but Sully turned and said to the inspector, "Don't crowd me." So Doane dropped back. Sully looked at him.

In the hall, Sully led them toward the elevators. The shafts opened into an alcove off the main corridor. The floor clerk, that competent woman of middle age, stood just within this alcove, and Sully stopped to speak to her.

"Anything happen, Maggie?" he asked.

"No, nothing," she replied.

He hesitated. "Now, Maggie," he said, "you saw this young fellow run out of Mr. Campart's room, didn't you? Where'd he go? Come this way?"

She shook her head. "No, no; he ran along the corridor the other way and around into the other wing. I guess he didn't go down the stairs. I telephoned down, but they said he hadn't come. I suppose he has a room here."

"Then who come out?" Sully asked.

"Mr. Campart came out," she said.

"What'd he do?"

"He came in here, to the elevators," she replied. "I couldn't see him in here from my desk. But no elevator stopped while he was here. Then he came back out into sight and went back into his room."

"Then I come out?"

"Yes."

"Where'd I go? Did I come in here where the elevators are?"

"No."

"Been in here at all?"

"No."

"What'd I do?"

"You told me to call Mr. Furthmann, and then, when Mr. Howes came upstairs, you told me to stand here where I could see if anyone came up in the elevators, or down, or did anything in here."

"See anything?"

She shook her head. "Just the guests on the floor."

Sully nodded, and he looked at the others, and at Campart.

"So," he pointed out, "if the rubies are in here anywhere, Campart brought 'em here. I thought we might take a look."

(Continued on Page 162)

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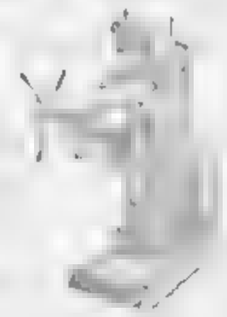

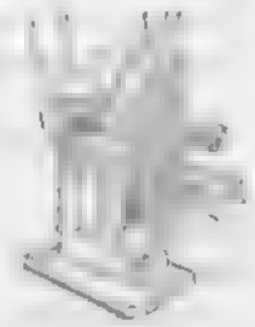

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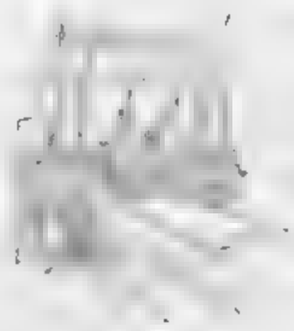

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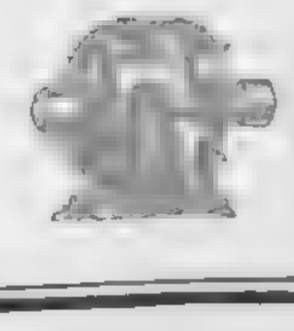

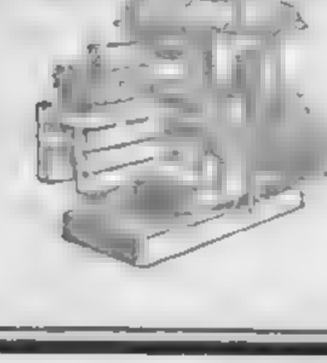

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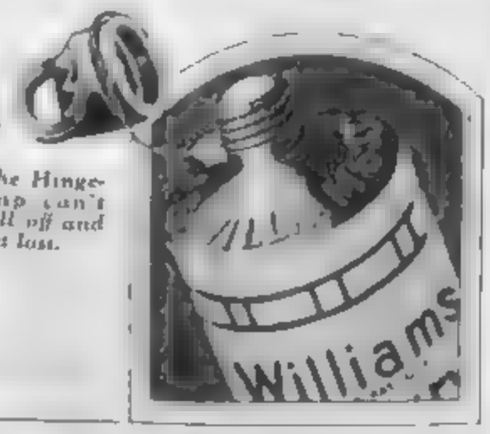

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(Continued from Page 158)

Campart cried out angrily, but Inspector Doane touched his arm and Campart stood trembling. Sully had paid no attention to him; he was inspecting the alcove before him. It was scantily furnished. A single chair against the wall, a potted plant, two jars filled with sand in which cigarette butts might be dropped.

He crossed to look at the potted plant, touched with his finger the earth about its roots, shook his head. He looked into the nearest jar, scanning the surface of the sand, then into the other one.

And then, without touching the sand, he picked up the jar and with a sweep emptied it across the rug. The sand spilled and slithered there, and Furthmann, watching so attentively, gave a low cry and bent to pick up his rubies where they rolled, half covered with the sand.

Doane held Campart gently by the arm.

"All seven!" Furthmann cried.

After Doane and Campart were gone Furthmann and Howes went down to deposit the rubies in the safe again. Sully stayed in Campart's room, making a methodical examination of the little Frenchman's belongings, with Howes' secretary to assist him. By and by Howes came back upstairs, and he spoke to Sully approvingly.

"Good job," he said. "We appreciate it, Sully."

Sully nodded. "Kind of tickled me," he agreed.

"You see him take them?" Howes asked.

The detective shook his head. "No, no. I was watching Thomasow, Tommy, whatever his name is." He added thoughtfully, "I suppose Campart hired him to come in and put on the show. He did a good job anyway; he fooled me. I was watching him. Never saw Campart pick 'em up at all."

"How did you know?" Howes asked.

Sully smiled. "I told Furthmann I'd rather have a stick of chewing gum than his rubies," he reminded Howes. "Just as soon anyway. If it wasn't for that they'd be gone."

"Come on," Howes urged with a grin of appreciation. "Don't be deep, Sully. What happened?"

"He told me to open the window," said Sully. "And it wasn't hot in here. I didn't want anybody reaching in. I knew the fire escape was handy there. I knew Thomasow didn't take them. Campart, he yelled they were gone, and run out of the room. If Thomasow didn't take them, then Campart took them, or I took them, or someone reached in the window. Well, I didn't take them and nobody reached in the window. And he didn't have but a minute to hide them out there. I just had to ask where he went, and the rest was plain."

"Why couldn't someone reach in the window?" Howes insisted. "It was near enough."

"Look at the curtain," Sully told him. "I couldn't stop their reaching in, but I fixed it so I'd know if they had. When I opened the window I stuck the curtains down to the window sill with my chew of gum. They're still that way. That's what fixed Campart."

He added gravely, "He always kind of laughed at me chewing gum. It don't pay to laugh at things you don't understand."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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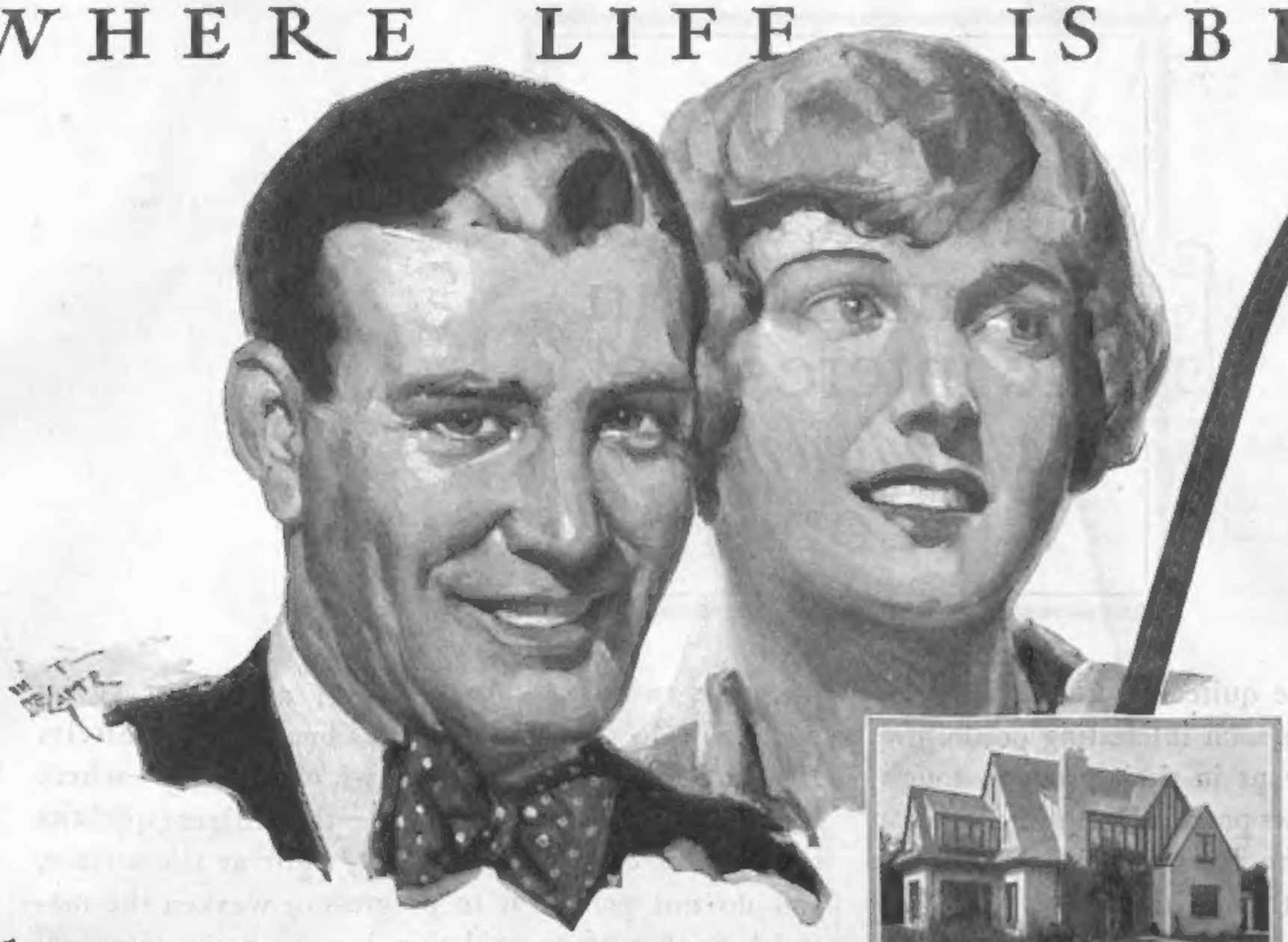

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"*San Francisco, November 15, 1926.*

"My dear Joe:—

"You ask me how I like California by this time, now that I've been out here a little over a year. It isn't a Utopia, nor an Eden, but I sure do like it.

"As I think I told you, it was not until my third trip out here, in the spring of 1922, that I began to *appreciate* California.

"When I landed in San Francisco early in February of that year, I found the sun shining brilliantly, and the air just snappy enough for a light-weight coat. I did some business, and I began to form a liking for California. From that time on, I came once or twice a year, got to know some people out here, began to understand why people boosted California so enthusiastically, and then I decided this would be a great place to live. It is. You can say what you will it's mighty pleasant to do business out here. People have time to visit with you and to play, and still a lot of business is done.

"After looking around a bit, we decided we'd like to live down the peninsula from San Francisco. We rented a house for a year, to see if we'd like it, after having been 'cooped up' in an apartment back East for so long, and last April, long before our lease was up, we bought a house that was just going up and would be ready in September.

"We've got the place now that we always hoped we could afford some day, but never could have bought back East where land values are so high. Some fellows who have been out here from 'home' have shown me, by actual figures, that my place back East, would cost easily twice what I paid for it. We don't need expensive building protection against extremes of heat or cold, or a big storage basement for fuel.

"There are no two ways about it, Joe, life out here *is* better, and easier. We aren't fighting snow, ice, cold weather, or excessive heat or humidity, at any time of the year. Our 'winter' out here, is a rainy season, from late December into March, but the rest of the year the weather is delightful, and dependable—every day is prettier than the one before.

"I bought a new car just a little over a year ago and the speedometer now reads 21,450 miles. I have a lot of business in Los Angeles and the southern part of the state and go down several times a year. There are 42,000 miles of improved roads in California, and we certainly do enjoy them.

"We live outdoors practically the year round. Only last Sunday we had a picnic in the mountains just back of where we live, and I never saw a more perfect day.

"Nearby are Monterey and Carmel, and countless other perfectly beautiful places, all within easy access by car, and open the year round.

"I don't suppose I'll ever get rich—don't think I've got it between my ears—but I'm making a good living, and getting a lot more out of life than I ever did before. It certainly is a pleasure to do business out here, with these cordial, courteous people.

"As for Grace, she has served notice on me that if I go back East, I can go alone.

"Does this answer your questions?

"Cordially,—R. J."

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